31 October 1981 US $1.95 (by air) 30p ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 60c NZ 70c Den Kr 10.75 Fr NF 6.00 Ger Dm 4.50 Malaysia $2.25 Spn 175pts IR 43p (inc. VAT)

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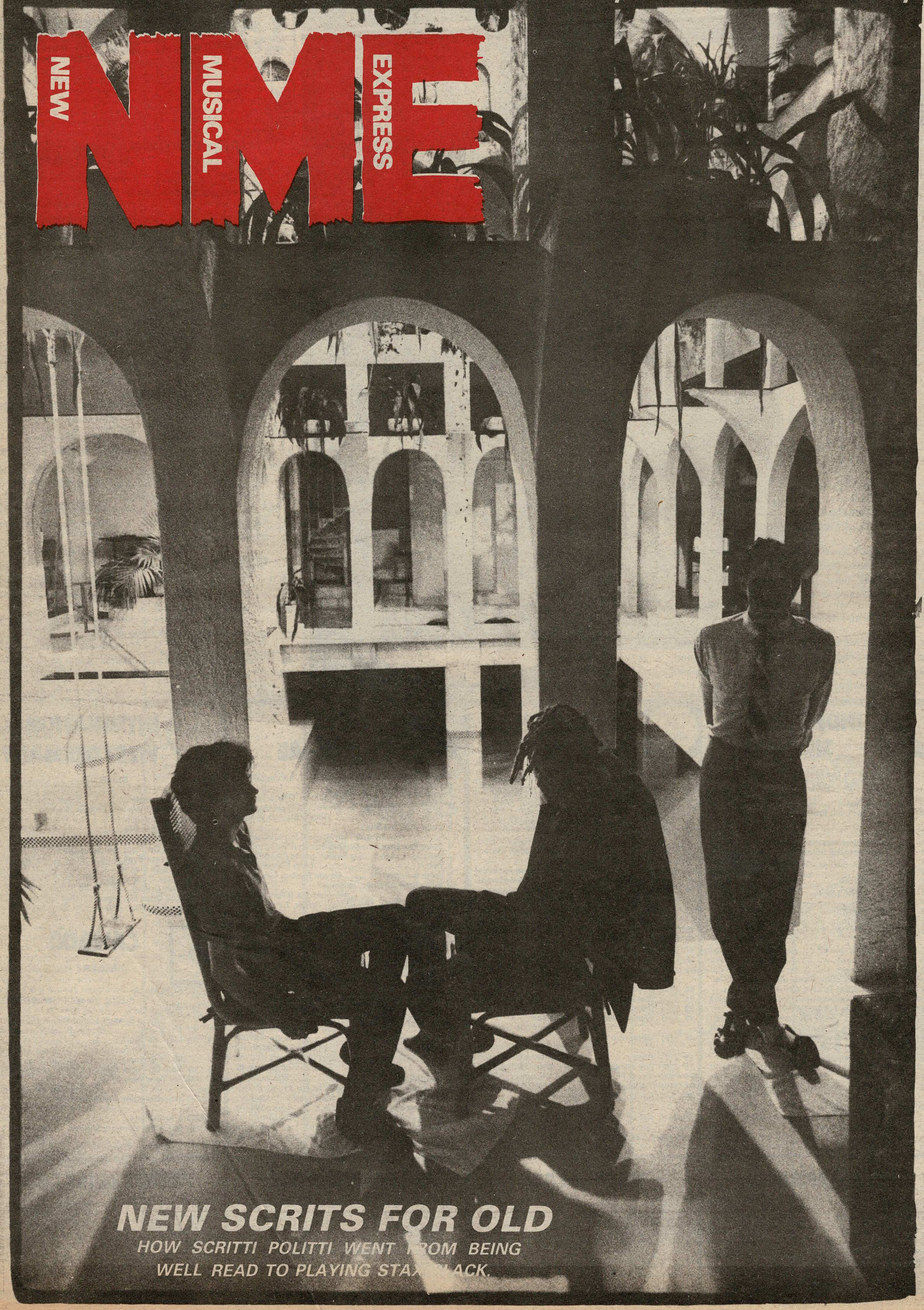
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME



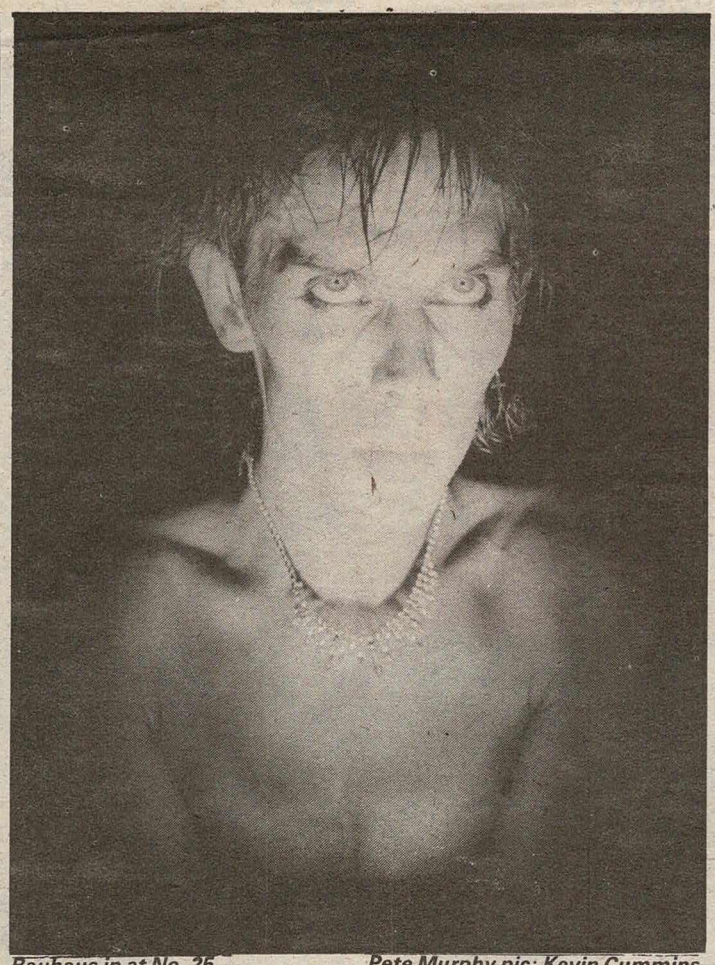
NEW SCRITS FOR OLD

HOW SCRITTI POLITTI WENT FROM BEING WELL READ TO PLAYING STAX BLACK.

Scritti Politti underneath the arches / Photo: Pennie Smith

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
1	1	**IT'S MY PARTY** D. Stewart & B. Gaskin (Stiff)	4	1
2	10	HAPPY BIRTHDAY ..... Altered Images (Epic)	3	2
3	8	OH SUPERMAN Laurie Anderson (Rough Trade)	3	3
4	24	ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS ..... Jam (Polydor)	2	4
5	12	GOOD YEAR FOR THE ROSES Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	4	5
6	4	THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS Toyah (Safari)	4	4
7	7	OPEN YOUR HEART .... Human League (Virgin)	3	7
8	2	BIRDIE SONG ..... Tweets (PRT)	7	2
9	3	UNDER YOUR THUMB Godley & Creme (Polydor)	6	3
10	(—)	EVERY LITTLE THING SHE DOES IS MAGIC The Police (A&M)	1	10
11	5	IT'S RAINING..... Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	3	5
12	25	LABELLED WITH LOVE..... Squeeze (A & M)	2	12
13	11	WALKING IN THE SUNSHINE Bad Manners (Magnet)	5	11
14	17	LET'S HANG ON.....Barry Manilow (Arista)	5	14
15	21	HOLD ME B.A. Robertson & Maggie Bell (Swansong)	2	15
16	18	SOUVENIR Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	9	3
17	9	JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH Depeche Mode (Mute)	6	9
18	15	HANDS UP..... Ottowan (Carrere)	9	4
19	13	SHUT UP..... Madness (Stiff)	5	3
20	14	INVISIBLE SUN ..... Police (A & M)	6	2
21	(—)	WHEN SHE WAS MY GIRL Four Tops (Casablanca)	1	21
22	6	PRINCE CHARMING.... Adam & The Ants (CBS)	8	1
23	29	TONIGHT I'M YOURS ..... Rod Stewart (Riva)	2	23
24	19	QUIET LIFE ..... Japan (Hansa)	4	16
25	26	WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN Fureys (Ritz)	2	25
26	(—)	WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE Diana Ross (Capitol)	1	26
27	(—)	LOVE ME TONIGHT .. Trevor Walters (Magnet)	1	27
28	28	MAD EYED SCREAMER..... Creatures (Polydor)	4	18
29	22	TAINTED LOVE ..... Soft Cell (Bizzare)	14	1
30	(—)	TWILIGHT..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1	30



Bauhaus in at No. 25. *Pete Murphy pic: Kevin Cummins*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
1	1	**GHOST IN THE MACHINE** Police (A&M)	4	1
2	16	DARE..... Human League (Virgin)	2	2
3	4	IF I SHOULD LOVE AGAIN Barry Manilow (Arista)	2	3
4	2	SHAKY..... Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	6	2
5	3	MADNESS 7..... Madness (Stiff)	3	2
6	9	HOOKED ON CLASSICS Louis Clark/RPO (K-Tel)	5	3
7	6	SUPERHITS 1 & 2..... Various (Ronco)	6	3
8	8	ABACAB ..... Genesis (Charisma)	6	2
9	5	DEAD RINGER..... Meatloaf (Epic)	8	1
10	(—)	HEDGEHOG SANDWICK Not The Nine O'Clock News (BBC)	1	10
11	20	OCTOBER..... U2 (Island)	2	11
12	10	STILL..... Joy Division (Factory)	2	10
12	(—)	BODY TALK ..... Imagination (R & B)	1	12
14	(—)	GOSH IT'S BAD MANNERS Bad Manners (Magnet)	1	14
15	11	WIRED FOR SOUND .....Cliff Richard (EMI)	6	6
16	7	TATTOO YOU. Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	8	2
17	13	CELEBRATION ..... Johnny Mathis (CBS)	6	10
18	11	RAGE IN EDEN ..... Ultravox (Chrysalis)	7	3
19	26	TIME..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	12	1
20	16	PENTHOUSE & PAVEMENT Heaven 17 (BEF/Virgin)	6	12
21	14	DENIM & LEATHER..... Saxon (Carrere)	5	14
22	22	ROCK CLASSICS LSO/Royal Chorale Society (K-Tel)	7	9
23	24	ISMISM..... Godley & Creme (Polydor)	2	23
24	(—)	SONIC ATTACK..... Hawkwind (RCA)	1	24
25	(—)	MASK..... Bauhaus (Bauhaus)	1	25
26	20	SECRET COMBINATION Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	22	3
27	25	THE VERY BEST OF ANNE MURRAY Anne Murray (Capitol)	4	21
28	18	HAPPY BIRTHDAY ..... Altered Images (Epic)	5	18
29	(—)	TOM TOM CLUB ..... Tom Tom Club (Island)	1	29
30	28	ASSEMBLAGE ..... Japan (Hansa)	4	15

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(2)	**Dead Cities EP**	Exploited (Secret)
2	(3)	**Thunder In The Mountains**	Toyah (Safari)
3	(1)	**Everything's Gone Green**	New Order (Factory)
4	(5)	**Never Again**	Discharge (Clay)
5	(4)	**Just Can't Get Enough**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
6	(10)	**Sunny Day**	Pigbag (Y)
7	(20)	**Kids Of The '80s**	Infa Red (Secret)
8	(12)	**Sweetest Girl**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
9	(13)	**Sexual**	U K Decay (Fresh)
10	(8)	**Reality**	Chron-Gen (Fresh)
11	(6)	**Police Story**	Partizans (No Future)
12	(9)	**Barbed Wire Halo**	Annie Anxiety (Crass)
13	(16)	**Stretch**	Maximum Joy (Y)
14	(15)	**Message/Speech**	Associates (Situation 2)
15	(25)	**Oh Superman**	Laurie Anderson (R. Trade)
16	(24)	**When You Were Sweet 16**	The Fureys (Ritz)
17	(7)	**All Out Attack EP**	Blitz (No Future)
18	(11)	**Saeta Vegas**	Nico (Flick Knife)
19	(26)	**Mr Clarinet**	Birthday Party (4AD)
20	(17)	**Leather, Bristles, Studs etc**	GBH (Clay)
21	(27)	**I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys**	The Higsons (Romans In Britain)
22	(18)	**Holidays In Cambodia (12")**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
23	(—)	**Work**	Electric Guitars (Recreational)
24	(—)	**Run Of The Dove**	The Last Chant (Chicken Jazz)
25	(30)	**The Resurrection EP**	Vice Squad (Riot City)
26	(23)	**Neu Smell**	Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
27	(22)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)
28	(19)	**You Scare Me To Death**	Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
29	(—)	**Wonderful Offer**	Laura Logic (Rough Trade)
30	(—)	**Stars On 45 Pints**	Starturns (V-Tone)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
2	(3)	**Present Arms (Dub)**	UB40 (Dep International)
3	(2)	**Wise And Foolish**	Misty (People Unite)
4	(6)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dept Int)
5	(13)	**Total Exposure**	Poison Girls (X Ntrix)
6	(5)	**Red Mecca**	Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trade)
7	(15)	**You Scare Me To Death**	Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
8	(11)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
9	(18)	**Scientist Rid The World**	Scientist (Greensleeves)
10	(7)	**Punks Not Dead**	Exploited (Secret)
11	(9)	**Early Years**	Fall (Step Forward)
12	(10)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
13	(4)	**The Curse Of Zounds**	Zounds (R. Trade)
14	(8)	**Prayers On Fire**	Birthday Party (4AD)
15	(22)	**Fruit Of Original Sin**	Various (Crepescule)
16	(24)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
17	(12)	**Deceit**	This Heat (R. Trade)
18	(23)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
19	(27)	**Emotions And Motions**	I'm So Hollow (Illuminated)
20	(29)	**Rock Until You Drop**	Raven (Neat)
21	(—)	**Pleasure**	Girls At Our Best (Stage One)
22	(—)	**Carry On Oi**	Various (Secret)
23	(19)	**Playing With A Different Sex**	Au Pairs (Human)
24	(16)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)
25	(17)	**Snaz**	Nazareth (NEMS)
26	(28)	**Fire Escape In The Sky**	Scott Walker (Zoo)
27	(26)	**Cover Plus**	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
28	(14)	**The Last Call**	Anti-Pasti (Rondolet)
29	(—)	**Let Them Eat Jellybeans**	Various (Alternative Tentacles)
30	(—)	**Ballad Of Etiquette**	Richard Jobson (Cocteau)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

REGGAE

1. **Dreaming Of Your Love** ..... Safrice (S&G)
2. **I Want To Make It With You** Jean Adebambo (Third World)
3. **Love Me Tonight** ..... Trevor Walters (Magnet)
4. **Push Lady Push** ..... Ringo (Black & White)
5. **Look How Me Sexy** Lynval Thompson (Jah Guidance)
6. **Have You Ever** ..... Dennis Brown (Powerhouse)
7. **Let's Make Love** ..... Investigators (Love Birds)
8. **Fort X** ..... Lone Ranger (GG)
9. **Bank & Praise** ..... Devon Russell (Studio 1)
10. **Everytime Ah Hear De Sound** Mutabaruka (High Times)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2

FUNK

1. **Get What You Want (LP import)** Spunk (Gold Coast)
2. **Make Me Funk (LP import)** The Space Cadets (Vanguard)
3. **Do It Roger (LP)** ..... Roger (WEA)
4. **Blue Jeans (12" import)** ..... Chocolate Milk (RCA)
5. **Let's Start The Dance Again (12" import)** Bohannon (Phase II)
6. **Snap Shot (LP import)** ..... Slave (WEA)
7. **Hupendi Muziki Wango (12" import)** K.I.D. (Sam)
8. **Happy Days (12" import)** Northend (Emergency)
9. **Controversy (LP import)** ..... Prince (WEA)
10. **Tears Are Not Enough (12")** ..... ABC (Neutron)

Compiled by Colin Faver, Dancefloor Reaction, Monday and Tuesday in Heaven, Charing Cross, London WC2.

INTERNATIONAL

WEST GERMANY

SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**Dance Little Bird**	Electronics (Philips)
2	(5)	**Ja Wenn Wir Alle Englein Waeren**	Fred Sonnenschein & Seine Freunde (Hansa)
3	(3)	**Japanese Boy**	Aneka (Hansa)
4	(2)	**Rain In May**	Max Werner (CNR)
5	(4)	**Hold On Tight**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
6	(6)	**For Your Eyes Only**	Sheena Easton (EMI)
7	(10)	**Dich Zu Lieben**	Roland Kaiser (Hansa)
8	(7)	**Green Door**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
9	(–)	**Only Crying**	Keith Marshall (Polydor)
10	(9)	**You Drive Me Crazy**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)

Courtesy 'Der Musikmarkt/Billboard'

CANADA

SINGLES

1	(1)	**Start Me Up**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
2	(2)	**Endless Love**	Diana Ross & Lionel Richie (Motown)
3	(6)	**The Voice**	Moody Blues (Threshold)
4	(9)	**Arthur's Theme**	Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)
5	(3	**Who's Crying Now**	Journey (CBS)
6	(4)	**Hold On Tight**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
7	(7)	**For Your Eyes Only**	Sheena Easton (Capitol)
8	(5)	**Stop Dragging My Heart Around**	Stevie Nicks (Modern)
9	(11)	**Private Eyes**	Hall & Oates (RCA)
10	(10)	**Sausalito Summer Nights**	Diesel (RCA)

Courtesy 'Canadian Broadcasting Corp/Billboard'

FIVE YEARS AGO

1. **If You Leave Me Now** ..... Chicago (CBS)
2. **Mississippi** ..... Pussycat (Sonet)
3. **When Forever Has Gone** ..... Demis Roussos (Philips)
4. **Hurt** ..... Manhattans (CBS)
5. **Howzat** ..... Sherbet (Epic)
6. **Summer Of My Life** ..... Simon May (Pye)
7. **Don't Take Away The Music** ..... Tavares (Capitol)
8. **Dancing With The Captain** ..... Paul Nicholas (RSO)
9. **Play That Funky Music** ..... Wild Cherry (Epic)
10. **Sailing** ..... Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)

TEN YEARS AGO

1. **Maggie May** ..... Rod Stewart (Mercury)
2. **Witch Queen Of New Orleans** ..... Redbone (Epic)
3. **Tired Of Being Alone** ..... Al Green (London)
4. **Sultana** ..... Titanic (CBS)
5. **Simple Game** ..... Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
6. **The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down** ..... Joan Baez (Vanguard)
7. **Till** ..... Tom Jones (Decca)
8. **For All We Know** ..... Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
9. **'Cos I Luv You** ..... Slade (Polydor)
10. **Tweedle Dee Tweedle Dum** ..... Middle Of The Road (RCA)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

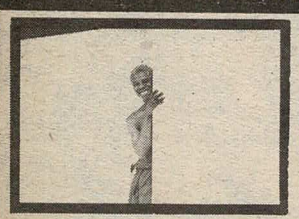
1. **Reach Out And I'll Be There** ..... Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
2. **Stop Stop Stop** ..... Hollies (Parlophone)
3. **I Can't Control Myself** ..... Troggs (Page One)
4. **Distant Drums** ..... Jim Reeves (RCA)
5. **Winchester Cathedral** ..... New Vaudeville Band (Decca)
6. **Good Vibrations** ..... Beach Boys (Capitol)
7. **Semi-Detached Suburban Mr Jones** ..... Manfred Mann (Fontana)
8. **High Time** ..... Paul Jones (HMV)
9. **No Milk Today** ..... Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
10. **Guantanamera** ..... Sandpipers (Pye Int)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1. **Walkin' Back To Happiness** ..... Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
2. **His Latest Flame** ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
3. **Girl In Your Arms** ..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4. **Hit The Road Jack** ..... Ray Charles (HMV)
5. **Wild Wind** ..... John Leyton (Top Rank)
6. **Take Five** ..... Dave Brubeck (Fontana)
7. **Big Bad John** ..... Jimmy Dean (Philips)
8. **Take Good Care Of My Baby** ..... Bobby Vee (London)
9. **Sucu Sucu** ..... Laurie Johnson (Pye)
10. **Mexicali Rose** ..... Karl Denver (Decca)

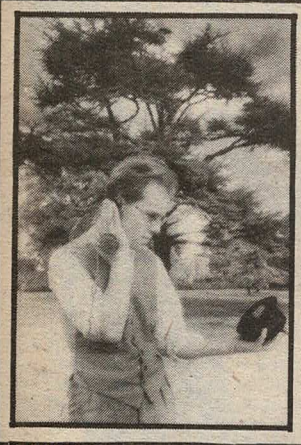
NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION



THREADS 4

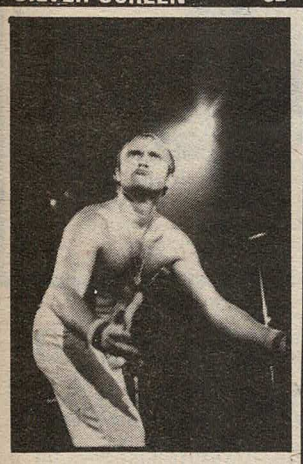
DANCIN' MASTER 7
DANGEROUS VISIONS 10



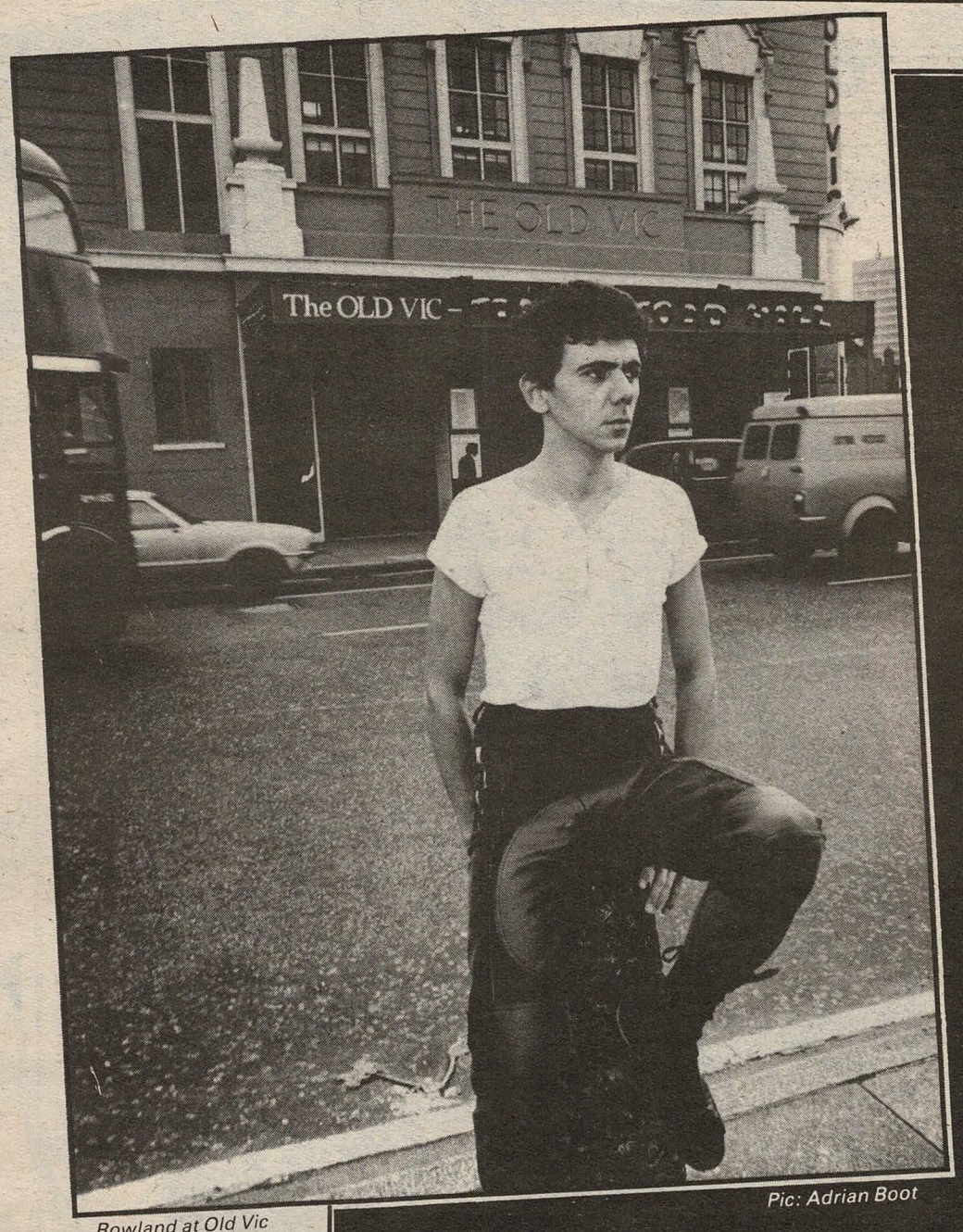
THOMAS DOLBY 11

TOM TOM CLUB 28

SILVER SCREEN 32



LIVE 48



Rowland at Old Vic

Pic: Adrian Boot

YOUNG SOUL REBELS PLAY OLD VIC

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS return to the concert platform in flamboyant style, by playing three shows at London's historic Old Vic Theatre on November 13, 14 and 15. These will be the last performances of their 'Projected Passion Revue', with comedy duo Outer Limits and dance group Torque.

Throughout its 150-year history, the 1,000-seater Old Vic has been acknowledged as a cornerstone of the arts, arguably the world's leading classical theatre. And now Dexys are following in the footsteps of Olivier, Gielgud and O'Toole to present the first-ever rock concerts at the venue.

Administrator Andrew Leigh explained that the booking is experimental and was accepted because the theatre has been empty since May when the resident company went bankrupt.

Only future booking is the Christmas show *Toad Of Toad Hall*, and Leigh said that — providing the Dexys experiment works out — there's no reason why subsequent rock concerts shouldn't be staged there.

From Dexys' viewpoint, the booking underlines their stated policy of wanting nothing to do with the rest of the pop and rock world. Their spokesman commented: "Our live shows have more in common with theatre than rock routines. The Old Vic is steeped in tradition, and it's just the right venue to stage our two-hour variety show."

Tickets are on sale now at the Old Vic box-office and usual agents priced £4 and £3.50.

After their London appearances, Dexys start work on a brand new show, which they'll be taking on the road in February. Meanwhile, they have a new single released by Phonogram this weekend, coupling 'Liars A-E' and 'And Yes, We Must Remain The Wild Hearted Outsiders'.

Chambers gets medical all-clear

Pretenders tour in hand

THE PRETENDERS have confirmed plans for a major UK tour before Christmas, now that drummer Martin Chambers has been given the all-clear to resume work after next month. The band's recent American tour had to be curtailed when he injured his hand in a freak accident, but a specialist has now pronounced him fit for the British outing.

Their schedule, which climaxes in three London shows, opens in Ireland at the Dublin Royal Showground on November 25 — then moves into the UK to visit Liverpool Royal Court (27), Glasgow Apollo (28), Edinburgh Odeon (29), Newcastle City Hall (30), Manchester Apollo (December 2), Malvern Winter Gardens (3), Leeds University (5), Bristol Hippodrome (6), Birmingham Odeon (7), Derby Assembly Rooms (8), Leicester De Montfort Hall (9), Norwich East Anglia University (11), Brighton Centre (12), London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (13) and London Tottenham Court Road Dominion (15 and 16).

Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50 (the two Scottish dates and all unseated venues), and £4 and £3.50 (elsewhere). Early in the New Year, The Pretenders return to the States to complete their interrupted tour, then travel on to the Far East for their first tour of Japan and Australia.

Meanwhile, they have a new single rush released by WEA, written by Ray Davies and titled 'I Go To Sleep'. The B-side is a live version of 'English Roses' recorded last month at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, and there's a limited edition containing a bonus live track of 'Louie Louie'.

● **Damned dates, U2 Xmas shows, Blondie Easter tour — pages 39-41.**

Pic: Pennie Smith

Chrissie Hynde

Now Madness catch the Jobs Express

MADNESS will headline the first of the three free concerts for the unemployed at London's Rainbow Theatre (November 27-29), and **The Beat** are now confirmed officially as billtoppers on the second night. Hazel O'Connor will not now be appearing in the series, as she will be involved in a major new project (details to be announced next week), but another star attraction is currently being lined up for the final show.

Among the special guests who'll be appearing in the concerts — though it hasn't yet been decided on which nights — are **Tom Robinson, OK Jive, Modern Romance** and **Chris Thompson & The Islands**. And the Jobs For Youth Campaign, who are organising the shows, say that a number of big-name artists will be added to this guest list.

Tickets for the Saturday show (November 28) will be allocated primarily to the young out-of work people travelling on the Jobs Express train — which, as reported last week, departs from Newcastle on November 23 with 125 passengers on board, picking up additional groups en route before arriving in London four days later. Tickets for the other two concerts will also be allocated in advance and distribution arrangements will be announced shortly, though it's expected that they'll be available mainly through Jobs Centres.

● **Madness** have added another concert at London's Dominion Theatre, their third, to their current UK tour schedule — it's on Wednesday, November 18, and tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50 and £3. An extra provincial date is at Malvern Winter Gardens on November 13 (all tickets £3.50).

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HYPE-MADE IN BRITAIN

THE 'OFFICIAL' seven days of British Fashion Week were pretty dull this year, especially when seen in the reflected light of a particularly pale set of near-concurrent Paris collections. But Vivien Westwood and Malcolm McLaren's World's End 'collection' at least made it onto the catwalk — something that had looked doubtful after a week's postponement and a 45-minute delay on The Day.

World's End definitely represents the institutionalised end of 'alternative' British fashion at this point (World's End socks were a big item) and they turned out a rather redundant exercise in Old Sounds and Cold Styles. The main features in an obviously budget-conscious collection were cut-and-fold shorts with revealed pockets and little shifts which both made liberal use of Aertex; and the cut of both distinctly recalled the Swanky Modes 'flap' collection of over two years ago.

Aertex wasn't the only cheap note-layers of thin T-shirt cotton were screen-printed with Matisse cutouts (in Matisse blue) and waved about; bright, heavier cottons were printed in bold Marimmekko-style graphics, and fitted jackets of polished cotton with double rows of covered buttons and dyed eyelet trim all recalled other Westwood endeavours, while continuing the 'piratical' obsession. There were Biba-style flimsy satin wrappers, loose frock coats in leather (unlined) and in lighter fabric which looked straight from the secondhand shop, plus canvas face masks which resurrected last year's 'Elephant Man chic' *(Viz* No 13; photographer Maureen Paley).

As ever with World's End, the best bits were details: mainly boots, of which there were one stunning pair in silver and another in paisley — as well as lower heels encased in canvas sacks. There were also natty large bowler hats which threatened to swallow the heads of the models whole, but improved upon the disorganisation of their coiffures and 'noble savage' makeup (pitched at the level of an amateur production of *Peter Pan* with the Indians in streaky body paint).

The real elements of 'urban savagery' came later — from the foreign press, New York buyers and art school attendees in the audience.

Slightly more adventurous was the *officially* Alternative Fashion Show presented a bit later in the same locale by Ms Alternative herself, Andrew Logan. There the echoes of Paris were frank but also frankly given an individual twist by the more determined of the contributors: Darlajane Gilroy did well with suedes, leathers and studded necklaces which recalled the savage skins and heavy-duty accessories of the aspirant punk couture's inspiration, Claude Montana. And Paula Pieroni's big bubble skirts and off-the-shoulder numbers in net and ruffles followed on from Thierry Mugler's recent controversial parade of female parodies (like Mugler, Pieroni featured little maids and plenty of organza).

Richard Ostell scored with extravagant, full-length leather gowns strapped and laced into easy shapes, and the star of the previous St Martin's School of Art show, Stephen Linard, expanded his menswear into pencil skirts and detail-conscious women's tailoring (Linard even found a use for the MADE IN ENGLAND seam printing in his sleek numbers). And, two final winners: David Holah's see-through sheaths and hobble skirts which benefited from some inventive jewellery contributed by veteran designer Michael Kostiff, and Corinne Drewery's amusing cherub prints.

— BEVERLY HILLS

Alternative Fashion Show. Left: Darlajane Gilroy; right: David Holah, jewellery Michael Kostiff.

DAVID CORIO

Westwood McLaren show. Above: Elephant Man chic; right: World's End socks.

PENNIE SMITH

SOUNDS LIKE A STITCH-UP . . .

THE ROCK BUSINESS is not known for having the best of relationships with rock writers. But rarely has it exploited the rock press more cynically than in the role it has played in the current industrial dispute involving our rival publication *Sounds*.

For the past three weeks, *Sounds* journalists have been engaged in a highly effective work-to-rule, in support of a 15 per cent wage claim. This has meant that very little copy appearing in the paper has been written by *Sounds'* own staff writers. In their place, there have been an increasing number of uncredited articles.

Publicists work overtime shock

So who has been writing them?

The answer, it appears, is record business publicity agents. One angry staffer tells us *Sounds'* publishers have stepped in over editor Alan Lewis' head and have been commissioning what amount to press handouts to print in their pages instead of journalists' copy. Lewis, the staffer added, "is 100 per cent with us."

A brief scan of the last two issues of *Sounds* reveals one glaring fact: no less than eight features have appeared on artists whose publicity is handled by Keith Altham — and all but one have no byline (the other was written by a person called Jello Gordon). And apart from all the Altham acts — Donovan, Slade, Landscape, Nine Below Zero, the Stones, Police, John Entwistle and Bob Calvert — there was also a feature on Atomic Rooster, whose PR Nick Massey rents office space from Altham.

"Yeah, Altham's office has been supplying a lot of stuff," confirmed the staff member, "which we believe to be written by people in his office. Other publicists have been approached, but they've refused to co-operate."

"We've just been lucky I guess that a lot of our bands have been getting in," was how a spokesperson from Altham's office put it when we put the subject to her. Unfortunately, Keith was away in the States with The Rolling Stones, but she did confirm that they had been approached by *Sounds'* publishers during the dispute.

Not all the rock business has been so quick to seize the chance of free space, though. "Surprisingly the record companies have been great," our informant said. "They've refused to supply features . . . and Virgin Records even withdrew 4½ grand's worth of advertising."

Virgin marketing director Jeremy Lascelles denies, however, that the company has taken sides or adopted a stance.

"We've just taken a practical approach to the situation," he said. "We had commissioned six ads for *Sounds*, and Virgin was giving away a Professional flexi-disc in the same issue. And because it had been reduced in size by the dispute, it would've meant that the week's issue would have been top-heavy with Virgin product.

"Plus if I were looking at it from the value for money point of view to the punter, I just wouldn't buy it in its present state. So withdrawing the ads wasn't a political move at all."

Meanwhile, the dispute apparently shows no sign of a resolution. And a group of unscrupulous PRs continue to connive at the realisation of the publicist's wet-dream: a mass circulation pop paper written for the business . . . by the business.

— CHRIS BOHN
— PHIL McNEILL

Festivals to be licensed?

THE GOVERNMENT is being urged to bring in legislation giving local authorities the power to license pop festivals. The call comes from the Association of County Councils' recreation committee, following concern expressed by a number of counties.

The committee wants the Home Office to include this clause in the proposed Local Government Miscellaneous Provisions Bill. The power to license festivals already exist in a number of individual county Acts, but the ACC wants such powers to operate nationwide.

Committee vice-chairman Freddie Emery-Wallis explained: "We need to achieve the necessary control to protect local residents and the environment. Equal powers should be granted to all local authorities, and this would help to avoid a situation where — if a festival was unwelcome in one area — it could simply move on to another."

Portrait Of The Artist As A Consumer

JIM KERR
of Simple Minds

BOOKS
Alexander Platz ..... **Doblin**
Chinatown ..... **Kingston**
America ..... **Franz Kafka**
Picture Of Dorian Gray ..... **Oscar Wilde**
Silent War ..... **Kim Philby**
Labyrinths ..... **Jorge Luis Borges**
Look Back In Anger ..... **John Osborne**

ALSO READS
Morley on India
Bohn in Eastern Europe
Kirsty McNeill on Prejudice, Sex And Why Am I Irrelevant
John Gill on Art Without Shame
Julie Burchill on Andy Warhol
Betty Page on All Things Shining

ART
Edward Hopper — Painting
Fritz Lang — Film

HEROES
Kim Philby
Ghengis Khan
Great liars, great thieves and various assassins

HEROINES
Cleopatra

FILM
The Damned ..... **Visconti**
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest ..... **Milos Forman**
Chinatown, Repulsion ..... **Roman Polanski**
The Tin Drum ..... **Volker Schloendorf**
Apocalypse Now ..... **Francis Ford Coppola**
All Quiet On The Western Front ..... **Lewis Milestone**
Frankenstein ..... **Andy Warhol**
Anything by Laurel & Hardy

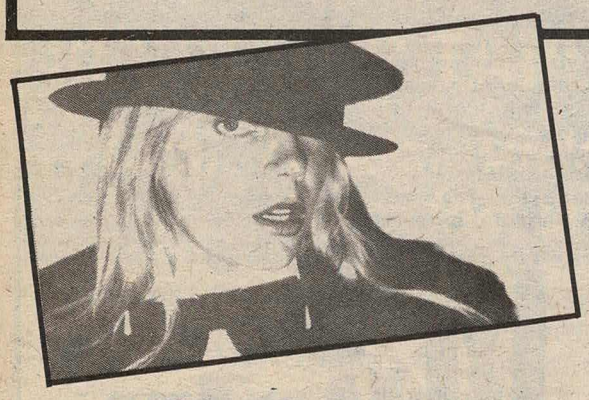
ACTORS
John Hurt
Martin Sheen
Marlon Brando
Oliver Reed

ACTRESSES
Sissy Spacek
Liza Minelli
Glenda Jackson
Brigitte Bardot

RECORDS
Motor Bikes In Africa ..... **Peter Hammill**
Frippertronics ..... **Robert Fripp**
Quicksand ..... **David Bowie**
Get It On ..... **Marc Bolan**
Lamb Lies Down On Broadway ..... **Peter Gabriel**
Needles In The Camel's Eye ..... **Eno**
Amsterdam ..... **Jacques Brel**
The Light Pours Out Of Me ..... **Howard Devoto**
The Passenger ..... **Iggy Pop**
Hiroshima Mon Amour ..... **John Foxx**

EVENTS
Being in New York when Reagan got shot
Walking through a desert
Seeing an angel
First Moon landing

WORST SICK JOKE
Heard in spring of last year from some Yank:—
Question: What is soft and yellow and sticky and liquidy and glows in the dark?
Answer: Iran after the Yanks have flown over.

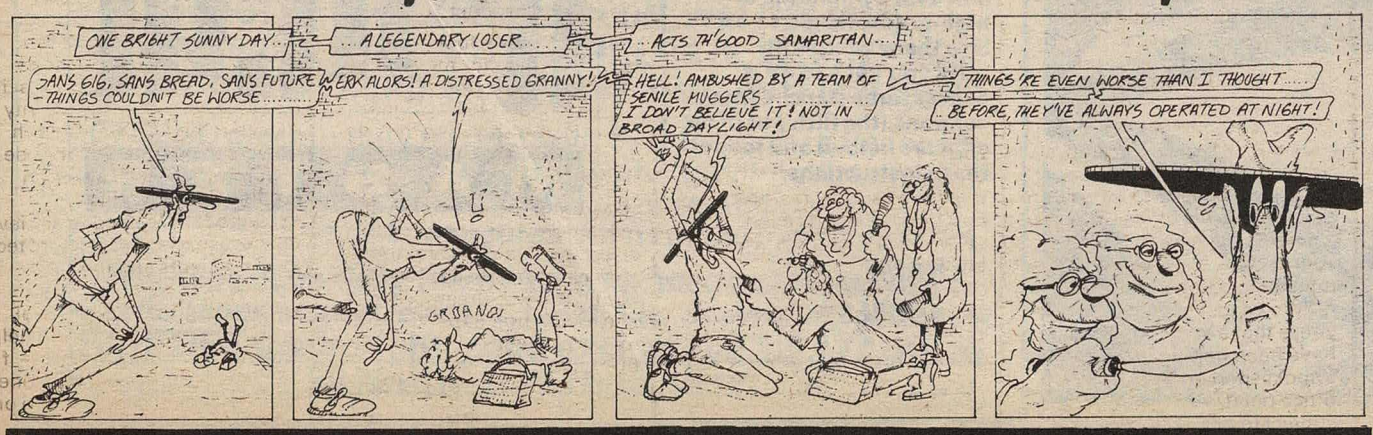


East to West — Art's best . . .

POSSIBLY the hottest contender yet in the Alternative Print imagination stakes reaches *NME* from none other than Belgrade, Yugoslavia, where the sibling team of Srdan and Goran Vejuoda have organised a photo exhibition for the city's Student Cultural Centre — and a fanzine catalogue to go with it. Everything about the exhibit, from its postcard/invitation through its huge screenprinted publicity posters is open, inviting, imaginative and internationally aware. The fanzine. *Boly*, consists of superb black-and-white xerox photo-collages. Some pages (an upside-down Clash concert ticket superimposed on a picture of a cafe with a Rolls-Royce advert appended) offer their own genuine, visually-induced frissons. Great!

— CYNTHIA ROSE

The Lone Groover — Benyon


ONE BRIGHT SUNNY DAY...
...A LEGENDARY LOSER...
...ACTS TH'GOOD SAMARITAN...
SANS GIG, SANS BREAD, SANS FUTURE -THINGS COULDN'T BE WORSE.....
ERK ALORS! A DISTRESSED GRANNY!
HELL! AMBUSHED BY A TEAM OF SENILE MUGGERS I DON'T BELIEVE IT! NOT IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!
THINGS 'RE EVEN WORSE THAN I THOUGHT.....
BEFORE, THEY'VE ALWAYS OPERATED AT NIGHT!
GRRANO!

YOU are a talented musician (believe me). You're full of creativity. You've got a pile of ideas four feet high. You may well have pawned your granny to buy an instrument. You want to make your own recordings to explore more ideas. You haven't got £500 or so to buy a 4-track deck and you can't get a drumkit in the bathroom anyway. Dilemma? No way. What you need is a

TENSAI PORTABLE STUDIO

which solves both of those problems, plus a few more you hadn't yet encountered. It allows you to make synchronised two-track recordings a la professional system; it has its own built-in, drum machine with seven mixable rhythms, tempo and a beefy sound to match. In just two 'takes' you can record two guitars, two mics AND drum machine on to one stereo track. It's got a highly-sensitive 3 band radio, too, inputs and outputs for everything imaginable AND it's battery/mains. Enough? Why don't you cancel NME for 4½ years and buy one with the money? Less elitist and louder, too.

BEAT THE SYSTEM

Buy it here. Systems run from daft prices (all fully guaranteed manufacturers' demonstration/service stock * brand new) like these!

1 B. I. C. turntable/cart; Akai 23 WPC amplifier; Marantz SP235 speakers & all connections £115
2 Akai turntable/cart; Akai 28 WPC amplifier; Akai SRH40 speakers & all connections £148.95
3 Akai D/D turntable/cart; Akai 38WPC amplifier; Akai SEL50 50W speakers; complete, just £236.95
4 Trio KX50 cassette deck (touch controls)*; Akai 23WPC amplifier; SP235 speakers. Complete £149

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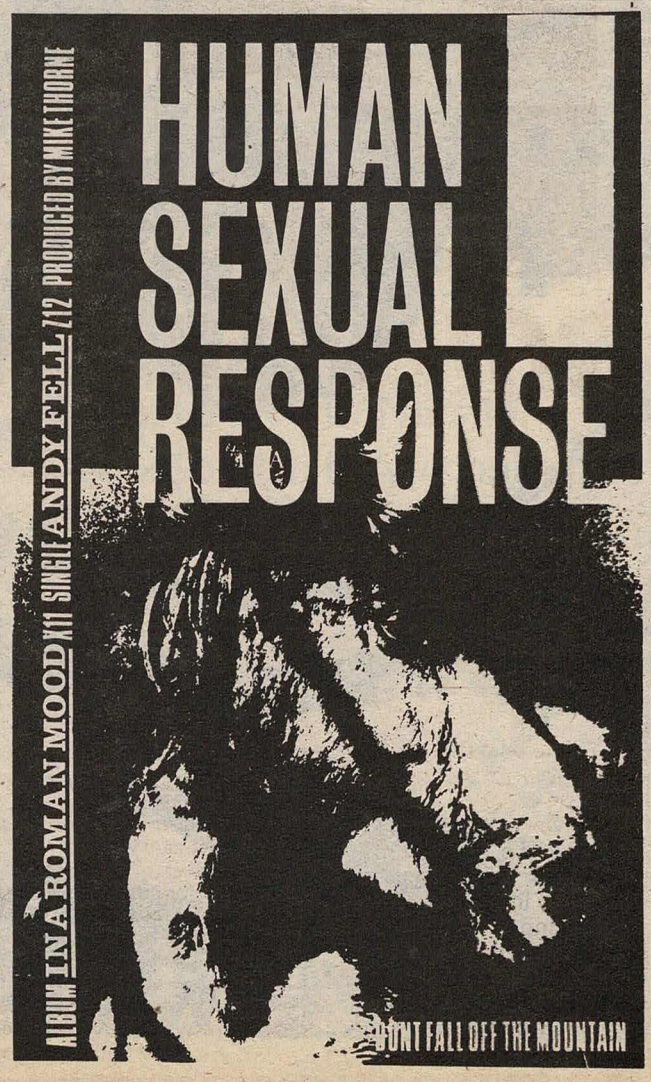
NEXT WEEK IN NME

KOOL AND THE GANG

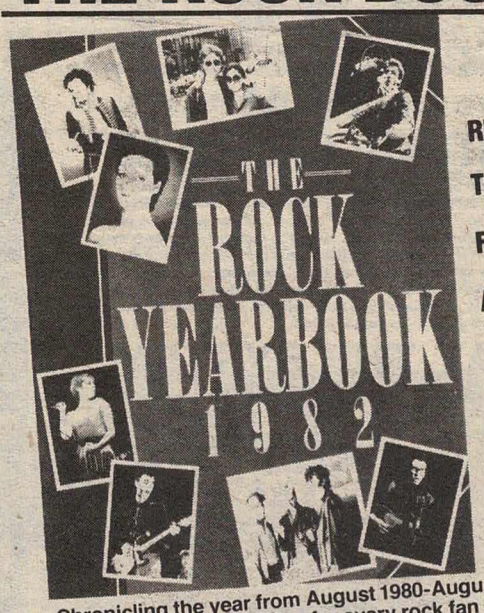
Adrian Thrills rushes back from the US with the latest Gang games and stories.

THE ASSOCIATES

Lynn Hanna enters the new cafe society (it'll make sense when you see Pennie's pix). That's giving it to you on a plate.



THE ROCK BOOK OF THE YEAR



REVIEWS OF OVER 1,000 ALBUMS

THE YEAR'S CHARTS

FASHIONS OF THE YEAR

ACTS OF THE YEAR

MUSICAL TRENDS OF THE YEAR

256 PAGES – COLOUR AND B/W THROUGHOUT

Chronicling the year from August 1980-August 1981, this is an indispensable companion for every rock fan and the perfect Christmas gift. **£6.95 paperback £12.50 hardback.**

AND

The most unusual book of the year, this is a lavish photographic memento of the most inventive and exciting gimmicks in the history of the record. With over 600 colour illustrations, this is a must for every record collector and fan. **£6.50**

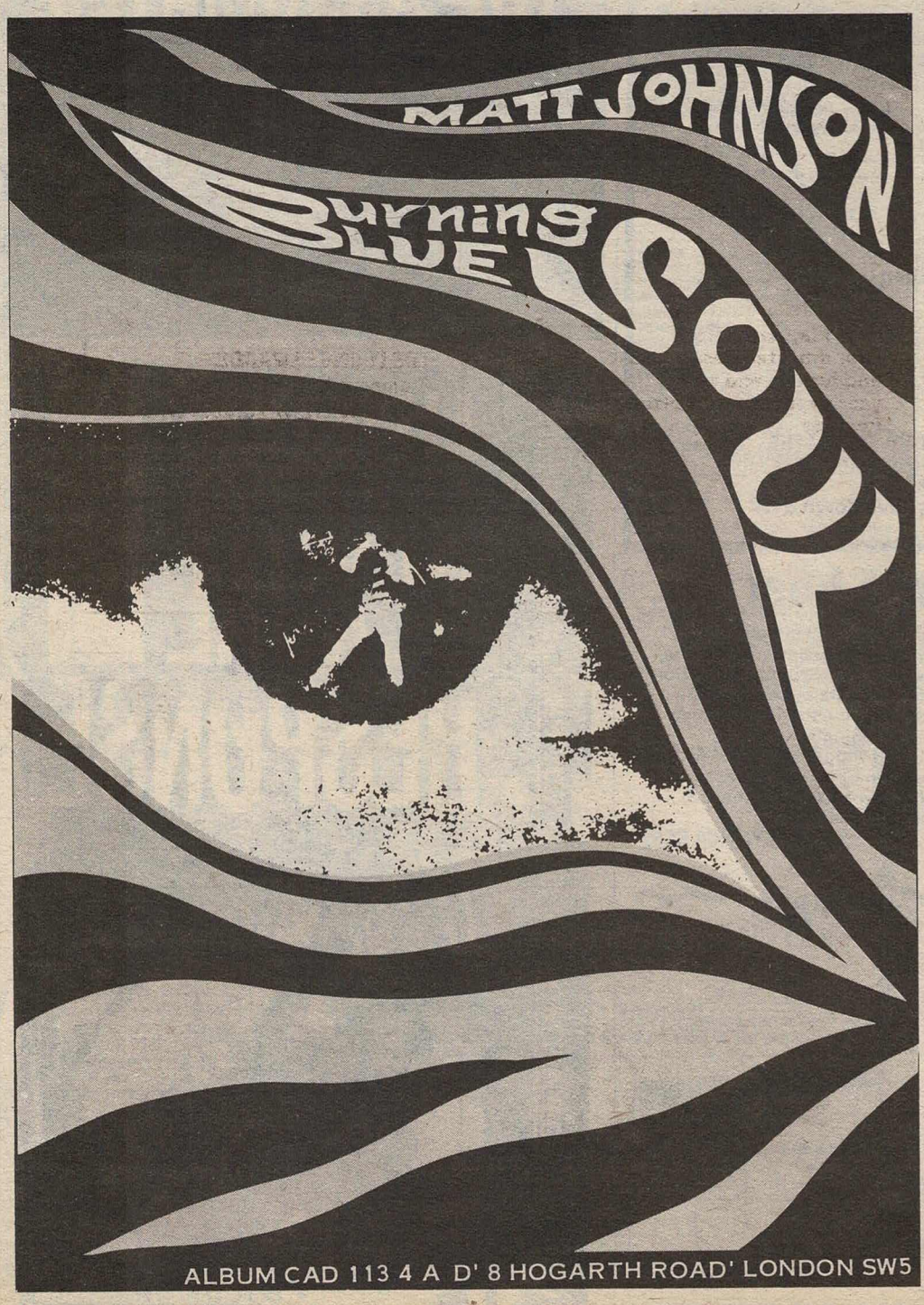
The ideal Christmas gift – candid photos of rock musicians as you've never seen them before.

£4.95

The history of the spinach-eating sailor. "Fabulous"

£3.95

Virgin



ERROL

ERROL HERE, and take me seriously. I'm everywhere, deep inside all your considerations of art, knowledge and morality, the intellectual conscience and the origin of truth. Consider the dignity of folly and of being jolly. Consider the paradoxes and games involved in my not inconsiderable wit. Monday, I flew out to Paris.

What a place! I went over to spend Monday specifically having a nervous breakdown. Just to have a nervous breakdown in Paris costs over 300,000 francs. I flew back for Tuesday and my regular order of a dozen chocolate eclairs, and was glad to receive a phone call from the massive and magniloquent **Stevo**. His message to the world is: "After you've read this paragraph go to your boxes and polish your cars, work hard and buy your videos, radios and cassettes. But remember if you buy a 26" colour TV set, your neighbour may well buy a 28" colour TV set."

Thanks, Stevo. Want a mushroom? Hard times, aren't they? It could even turn some people on to a political commitment. Or it could turn some people onto cocaine, which as the godlike **Robin Williams** said in the *Johnny Carson Show* last week, is "**God's** way of telling you that you're making too much money".

God tries to tell me that I'm making too much money all the time. Those hangovers I have are definitely a gift from God — wouldn't you agree? And last week I got a memo from God saying that it was about time I took up the problem of the total health of people. I ignored it. After all, God just does not exist so it was obviously a fake. The only vision I would take notice of is **Fred Nietzsche** at a seance. How much one needs a faith in order to flourish! I reject those who have become cold, hard and tough. After all, the more distrust, the more philosophy. And, don't forget, either abolish your reverences or . . . yourselves! Thank you.

THE GOOD time I had at Club Exclusiv certainly had nothing to do with the club itself. Even I was reduced to getting in on the coat-tails of the famous. But worse, the famous people in question — **Bob Last** and two **Heaven 17** cherubs — were reduced to giving false names before *they* were allowed in. Subsequently, I am now one of the two **Human League** girls. Which one do you want me to be, **Phil?**

Talking of Phil (and I suppose I really shouldn't — don't put a lighted match in a box full of fireworks, children) . . . well, Bob Last was bending my ear with a scurrilous psychoanalytical rundown on his boy wonder. Should I reiterate? It would lose Bob his job, me my kneecaps and win Phil even more admirers . . . I'll think about it.

I'll certainly think twice about going to the Exclusiv again. For a start, it's FAR TOO SMALL. Our party were reduced to drinking Pils and Pernod (blame this on H17 dancer **Glenn Gregory)** once we had realised that waiting to get to a bar person's attention, we'd remain sober all night. After a few dozen P&Ps it seemed like a good idea to get a cab to the Cargo Club — we did, and were refused admission, because it had shut. At one o'clock? A cab back to the Exclusiv, which this time had filled up even more (and was dribbling over the side, out the door and down the stairs) with people like **Richard Burgess** and some **Spandau** boys. Richard was furthering his reputation as one of the most incorrigibly awful dressers in London and the Ballet boys seem to have regressed from suits back to the *High Chapparal* steer-busting look. The female fashion seemed to be bared breasts — and would I like to name the noses that rubbed themselves in that? I am beyond good and evil, therefore beyond morality, but even I was shocked. Aesthetically. It was tragic . . .

Fortunately, my personal guru turned up. **August** was in total agreement with me.

Another thing August had to be appalled with that morning came in the sodden shape of **Rusty Egan.** August politely observed that "my, some of your countryfolk are a little garrulous . . ." but this is but a trace upon the truth that Egan is possibly the most self-deluded boring person alive. My lawyer has just told me to change this . . . change a way of life? OK, Rusty's a rum lad, knowharrimean?

And the songs of the week are 'Mother Of Pearl' and Bettina Jonic singing 'It's Alright Ma I'm Only Bleeding'.

Now, if only that girl would call . . . Or was it a boy . . .?

DANCE!—THIS WAY

THIS WEEK, for your penultimate pleasure in the excruciatingly drawn-out NME Dancin' Master affair, the world's most funked-up rock weekly proudly presents THE NME DANCIN' MASTER OWNER'S MANUAL.

The artefact opposite has been specially designed by a team of highly trained experts to confuse and amuse — an instructive, seductive tour of the goods on offer on our captivating cassette.

And it's all yours for just £1.99 — including post and packing! Twenty-four tracks and over 90 minutes of high-grade delight — for less than two quid!!

All you have to do is collect three Dancin' Master coupons (the fifth out of six appears below) and follow these instructions:—

1. Cut out the order form. Fill in your name and address in block capitals.
2. Make out a cheque or postal order *(no* cash or stamps) for £1.99. Make sure it's crossed, and payable to **"IPC Magazines Ltd".**
3. Send your order form, *plus* your cheque/P.O., plus *three* coupons (which must be from three separate weeks) to the following address: **NME Dancin' Master Cassette Offer, P.O. Box 101A, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 5AZ.** Anything sent to *NME's* editorial offices will be returned.
4. You must allow a maximum of 28 days for delivery. If you've heard nothing by the end of that time, then — and only then — you should write *(don't* phone) to us at NME, 3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.
5. All orders must be received by 21 November 1981.
6. This offer only applies to UK readers. Unfortunately, we *can't* accept foreign orders.

5 Dancin' MASTER

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

DANCIN' MASTER OWNER'S MANUAL

INSTRUCTIONS

1

2

3

4

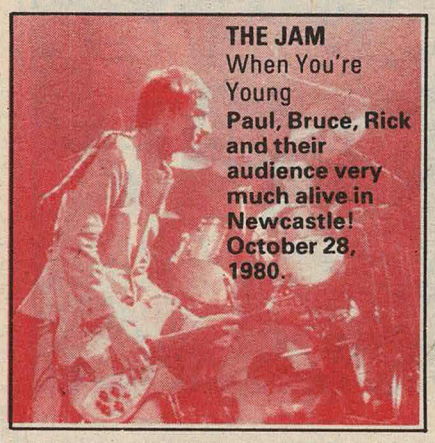
the squares at the top of each page make flick books
for best results trim pages flush on right hand edge of manual

32

NME

dancin' MASTER

dancin' MASTER 19



THE JAM
When You're Young
Paul, Bruce, Rick and their audience very much alive in Newcastle! October 28, 1980.

24

dancin' MASTER 6

BEGGAR & CO
Laughing On
Short-listed as Beggar & Co's last single, but lost out at the last minute to Spandau Ballet collaboration 'Mule (Chant No. 2)'.

9

dancin' MASTER

The NME **Dancin' Master** cassette was duplicated by:

ABLEX,
Harcourt, Halesfield 14,
Telford TF7 4QR
(0952) 584131.
All enquiries: Peter Banks.
The tape was mastered by Michael Taft.

30

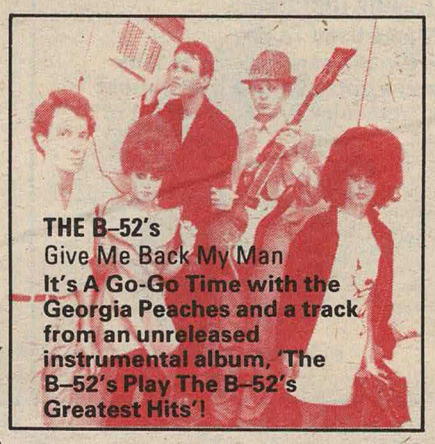
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

Remember - for all that's jumping, moving, jiving, grooving, or just standing still and shooting its mouth off...

NME Every Thursday 30p

3

dancin' MASTER 17



THE B–52's
Give Me Back My Man
It's A Go-Go Time with the Georgia Peaches and a track from an unreleased instrumental album, 'The B–52's Play The B–52's Greatest Hits'!

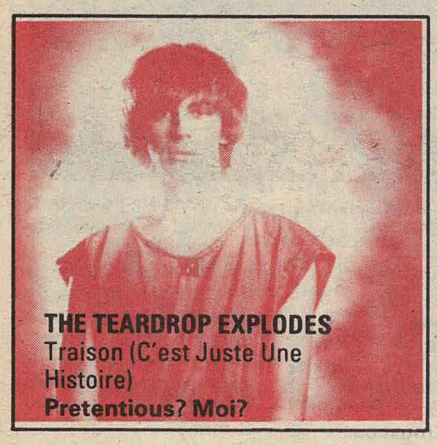
22

8

IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
Inbetweenies
Lord Upminster Y Los Blockheads Billericay on stage at the Hammersmith Odeon 11.8.79.

11

dancin' MASTER 23



THE TEARDROP EXPLODES
Traison (C'est Juste Une Histoire)
Pretentious? Moi?

28

2

LINX
I Wanna Be With You
Go ahead with 'Go Ahead's' 'I Wanna Be With You'.

5

dancin' MASTER 15

GRANDMASTER FLASH & THE FURIOUS FIVE
The Birthday Party
Rapid rap-artee from Grandmaster Flash . . . fast and furious and one of the year's most sought-after imports.

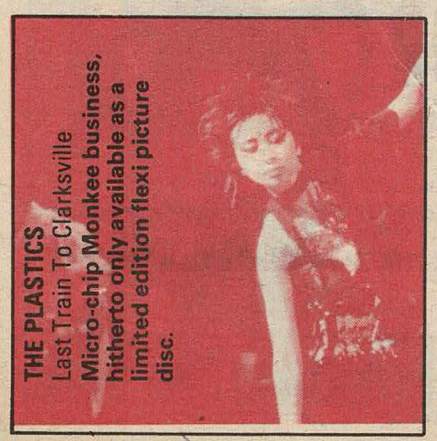
20

10

THE LOUNGE LIZARDS
Stomping At The Corona
Those five New Yorkers who put the zoot in their suits offer a hitherto unrecorded original from a 1981 club date in Paris. The Lounge Lizards are: John Lurie (alto sax), Evan Lurie (keyboards), Dana Vlcek (guitar), Steve Piccolo (bass), Anton Fier (drums).

13

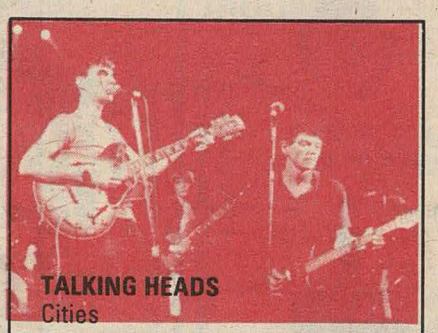
dancin' MASTER 21



THE PLASTICS
Last Train To Clarksville
Micro-chip Monkee business, hitherto only available as a limited edition flexi picture disc.

26

4



TALKING HEADS
Cities
Talking Heads live in concert in Berkeley, California (August 24, 1979) and their first-ever appearance on a compilation.

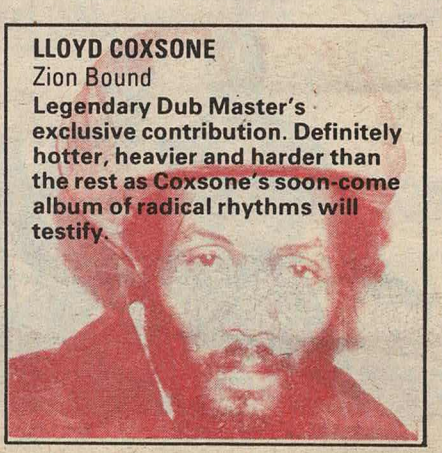
7

dancin' MASTER 13

MADNESS
Shadow On The House
The 'Carry On . . .' team go country.

18

12



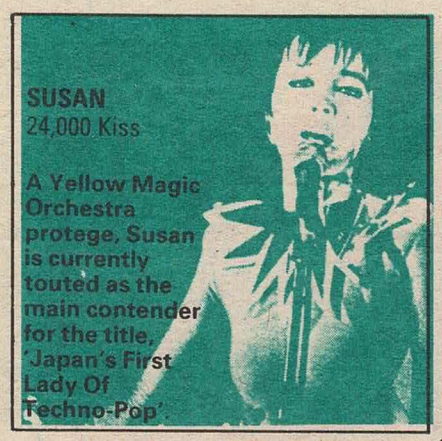
LLOYD COXSONE
Zion Bound
Legendary Dub Master's exclusive contribution. Definitely hotter, heavier and harder than the rest as Coxsone's soon-come album of radical rhythms will testify.

15

dancin' MASTER 7

10

dancin' MASTER 18


SUSAN
24,000 Kiss
A Yellow Magic Orchestra protege, Susan is currently touted as the main contender for the title, 'Japan's First Lady Of Techno-Pop'

23

dancin' MASTER

2

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E Hannibal & Co. Ltd.,
Pinfold Road,
Thurmaston, Leicester LE4 8AP.
(0533) 695413.
All enquiries: Jim Markham.

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Very Wonderful Ideas Inc.
Graphics: **Hamish**

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dancin' MASTER 9

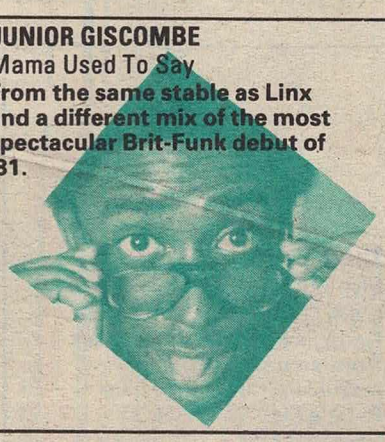
KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS
There But For The Grace Of God Go I

The Kid vigorously shakes his Coconuts in public! Originally recorded by Machine, this 'live' track was only ever available as a ludicrously limited bonus single with the initial copies of the Kid's 'Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places' LP.

12

16

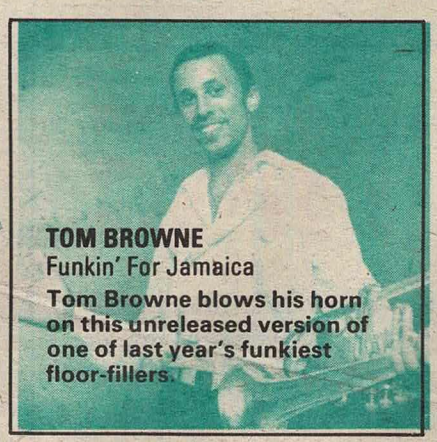
JUNIOR GISCOMBE
Mama Used To Say
From the same stable as Linx and a different mix of the most spectacular Brit-Funk debut of '81.



21

dancin' MASTER 1

TOM BROWNE
Funkin' For Jamaica
Tom Browne blows his horn on this unreleased version of one of last year's funkiest floor-fillers.



4

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U2
An Cat Dubh
Bono Vox's Celtic Crusaders bedazzle Bean Town USA. In other words, U2 live in Boston.

29

dancin' MASTER 11

THE POLECATS
Rockabilly Guy Dub
The Polecats played it, Dave Edmunds produced it, Dennis Bovell dubbed it - it - it - it - it.

14

14

THE BEAT

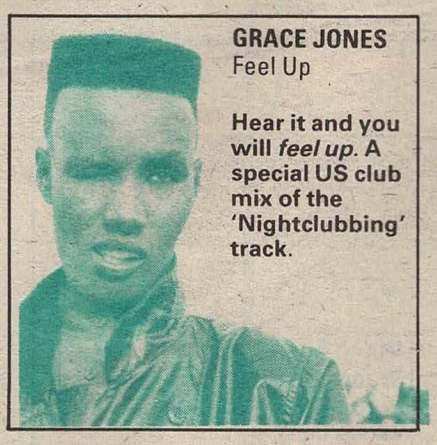
Hit It
The electric toaster Rankin' Roger serves it up exclusively for dancin' masters everywhere.

19

dancin' MASTER 3

GRACE JONES
Feel Up

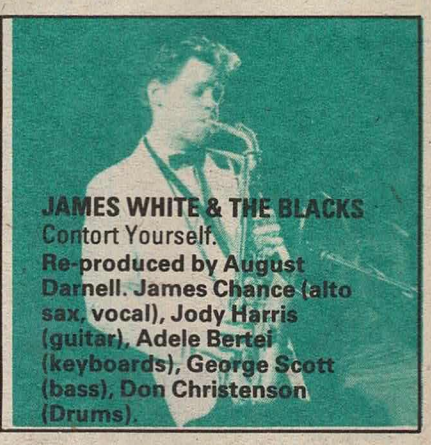
Hear it and you will *feel up*. A special US club mix of the 'Nightclubbing' track.



6

22

JAMES WHITE & THE BLACKS
Contort Yourself.
Re-produced by August Darnell. James Chance (alto sax, vocal), Jody Harris (guitar), Adele Bertei (keyboards), George Scott (bass), Don Christenson (Drums).



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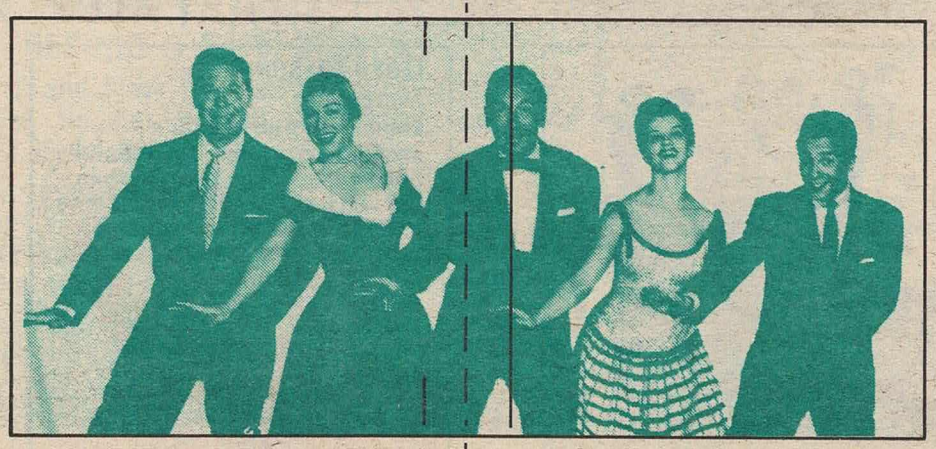
dancin' MASTER



16

17

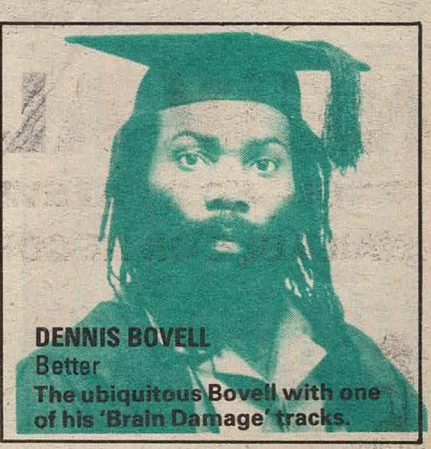
dancin' MASTER 5

ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
Big Sister
Taped at the 'Trust' sessions, the lyrics to 'Big Sister's Clothes' set to the beat of a different drum.

8

20

DENNIS BOVELL
Better
The ubiquitous Bovell with one of his 'Brain Damage' tracks.



25

ALBUM ILPS 9680

CASSETTE ICT 9680

U2 OCTOBER

GLORIA
I FALL DOWN
I THREW A BRICK
THROUGH A WINDOW
REJOICE
FIRE

TOMORROW
OCTOBER
WITH A SHOUT
STRANGER IN
A STRANGE LAND
SCARLET
IS THAT ALL?

NEW ALBUM

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ISLAND

The Other Half — hung-up, drawn out, and quartered . . .

James Fox and Jeremy Irons — even the most sophisticated palates can't tell Beeb from Granada

DANGEROUS VISIONS

By ANDY GILL

IF THE upper classes did not exist, would it be necessary for us to invent them? The Americans have done — though, typically, they've failed to realise that no king and queen worth their curtsey could ever be called Ron and Nancy.

It's an old truism (but none the less true for its age) that the British are obsessed by their class system, by its inequalities, its injustices, and above all by its eccentricities. We moan about aristocratic waste and immorality, but ape it avidly when we get the chance.

It's perhaps this waste and immorality, and the hint of incest at the heart of the closed family system which makes the British such suckers for upper-class soap operas such as *Upstairs Downstairs* and *The Duchess Of Duke Street* — those genteel *Dallases* of fiscal, religious and sexual intrigue set in the cosy drawing-room of history, where the biggest social problem is the positioning of place-cards on the dinner table, and "social context" is something the butler sweeps off the front steps in the morning. Perhaps that's just the point: these things are so firmly placed outside the realms of reality, no parallels of allegories can be tried without the clumsiest of metaphors intruding.

The clumsy metaphor in Trevor Griffiths' **Country** *(Play For Today,* BBC1) was the horses galloping free after the hop-pickers had occupied the stables — an image lent a murmur of "Pay attention! This is *important!*" by the fact that the play's token radical feminist photographer was much given to immortalising the horses on film. Such obviousness should be thrown away, allowed to slip by subliminally rather than dwelt on.

Country "dealt with" the traumatic changes affecting one family/firm in 1945, when Attlee swept to power with the kind of mandate Tony Benn would dearly love. Leo McKern was grumpy and despairing as Lord Leo McKern, head of the beer-brewing Carlion family (not *Don* Carlion, but close enough to hit you with a mallet), whilst James Fox swanned around in urbane Fox Bros. manner as his son, the reluctant but ultimately ruthless inheritor of the family firm. A dozen or two minor characters wandered around desperately trying to flesh themselves out, but they were there ultimately just to say things like "Changes are afoot . . . We don't fit in anymore" and get out of the limelight sharpish, like.

Dinner was little more than a board-meeting with roast beef — as seems to be the case with all such upper-class family affairs — accompanied by mild murmurs of revolution from the stables whilst inside everyone drank port, talked family business and hated each other — as seems to be the case with all such upper-class families.

This was the kind of play in which no one answered a question they were asked. They all knew *the* question, but couldn't bring themselves to think about it overmuch until Edward Fox brought salvation in the form of bottled beer, a brew described lovingly as "Weasel piss!" by the Token Senile Uncle of the family. The curse of the working classes, indeed . . .

Ultimately, of course, it's all completely irrelevant, as no post-war Labour Government's ever had the guts to go the whole hog, abolish the second chamber and redistribute the wealth originally stolen from the country by the landed gentry.

Still, they didn't know that back in 1945: the hop-pickers squatting in the stables were truculent and drunk with victory, the beleaguered household guests paranoid about rampant socialism. That's all. *That* simple. Did it need 80 minutes to tell us this?

Aristo-fantastist video-bores could immerse themselves in The Other Half on Tuesday night by watching *Country* and taping **Brideshead Revisited,** ITV's grandiose and expensive exercise in aesthetic voyeurism. *Brideshead* succeeds where *Country* failed precisely because it has no qualms about social contest and suchlike pinko justification, and can wallow unashamedly in lush, splendiferous Romanticism. (And who in their right mind would expect anything in the way of humane egalitarianism and social justice from a member of the Waugh family, anyway?)

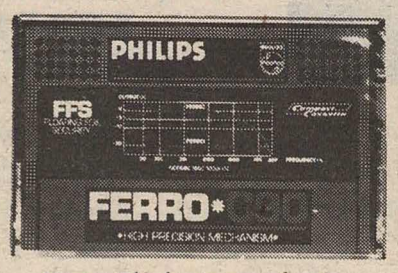
So far — a mere three hours — there's little "plot" worth speaking of (it isn't missed), just a series of finely-etched character introductions and an overwhelming atmosphere of languidity, as if wandering through a dream — which, in fact, is what's happening, a kind of Proustian recollection in tranquillity expertly adapted to a modern medium. It's the sumptuous sloth and slowness of the thing which is its point; meaning is conveyed not by dialogue but by ambience, and the leisurely nuance of gesture against the vast, baroque backdrop of Venice and Brideshead itself.

Hedonism is everything here; the aesthetic is viewed in orgiastic, sexual terms — as Charles puts it, "I was drowning in honey, stingless" — and is

■ *Continues page 12*

As a point of information, the optimum bias setting for SX is approximately 138% of that for EX-II. The average ferric tape in the group required 97.3% of the reference bias, and the average ferrichrome required 109%; the average chrome equivalent required 105% of the chrome-bias standard. We also measured midband (333 Hz) harmonic distortion at typical operating levels: DIN 0 and −10 dB. Note that the meter calibrations on typical home decks generally read about +2 or +3 and −7 or −8, respectively, for these two levels. As a group, the ferrics have the greatest recording capability at 4 kHz – the average is 2¼ dB below DIN 0. The average chrome or chrome equivalent comes in at a little more than 5 dB below DIN 0, the average ferrichrome at about 7½ dB below. At 15 kHz, the ferrics have the greatest recording capability (about −12½ dB). The chrome group averages. The average A-weighted noise level is lowest for the ferrichrome (−57½ dB), a figure almost matched by the average in the chrome-bias group. The average ferric-tape noise level is −51½ dB. The lower noise level and higher midrange headroom of the ferrichromes produce the best mid[illegible] noise level [illegible] the whole [illegible] dB). The dotted curves for maximum high-frequency output re[illegible] order

Isn't it about time someone edited the jargon you read about tapes?



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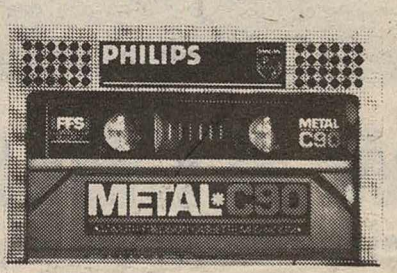

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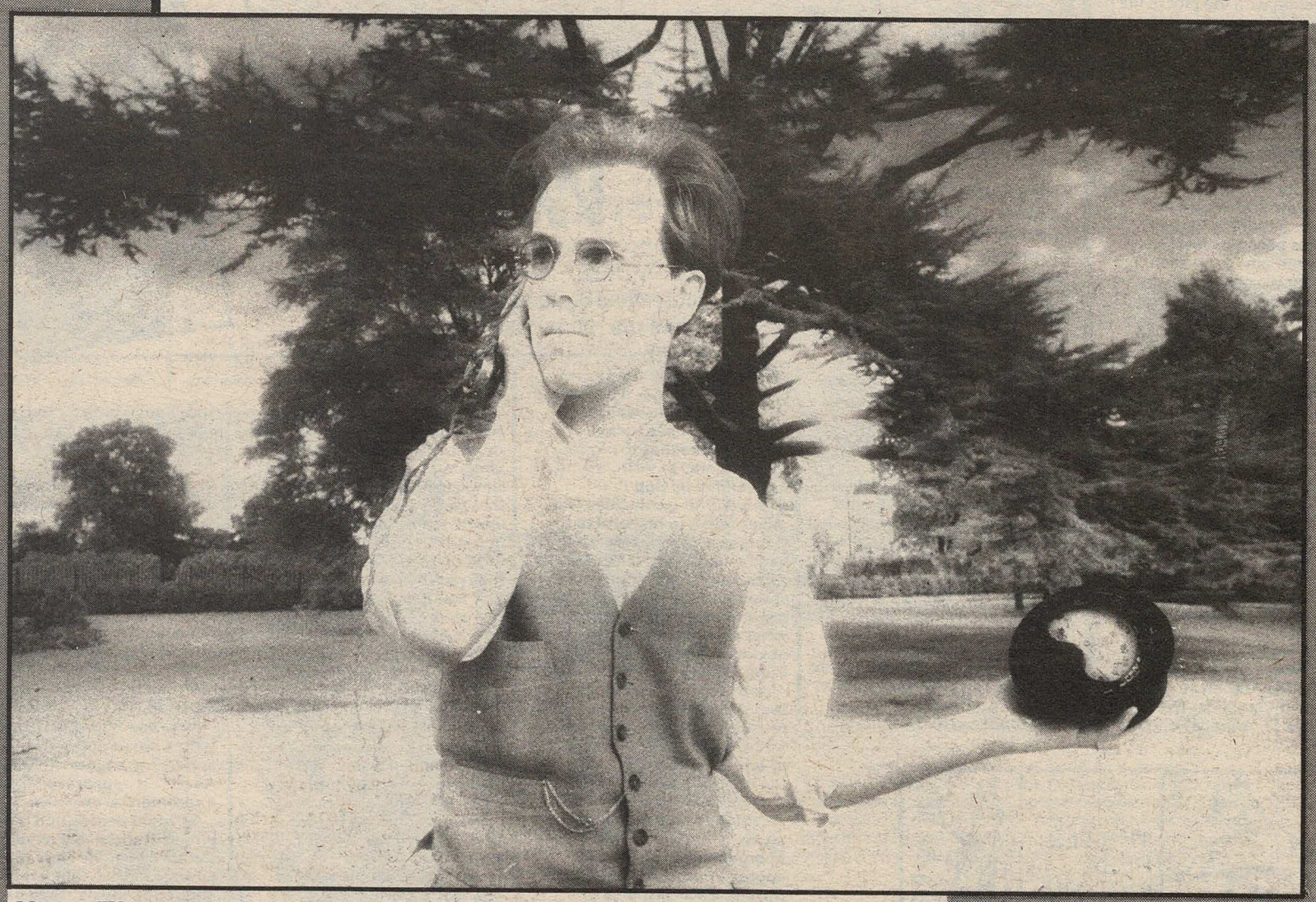
DOLBY: A STEREO TYPE?



How Thomas Dolby will save Venice from sinking, armed only with a pop song and a micro-computer

PAUL TICKELL gets in the swim

SOMETIMES THOMAS Dolby wears tweeds and bow ties and looks like an extra from *Brideshead Revisited*. At other times his appearance shades into the professorial, and you're tempted to make jokes about it: like, um, what's up doc?

Dolby is no nutty professor, though, or doctor of madness. He's serious. Not serious hardboiled egghead or academic, but serious thoughtful, cautious like a rather superior lab technician.

Studio technician would be more accurate and it wouldn't be a metaphor. Tom is establishing himself at the console. He produced, and played most of the instruments on, his EMI single 'Europa And The Pirate Twins', which has been hovering outside the Top 40. The melodious affair hasn't come from nowhere, though. Tom might only be just turned 23 but he's been around.

All around the world for a start. This is partly because his father's work as an archaeologist took him far and wide, cataloguing finds rather than digging them up. Naturally, Tom is full of archaeology stories: like the one about the Greek wide boys who make a find, have facsimiles made of some urn or other, then bury the imitation and lead rich tourists to the 'find' — eureka, a fortune for a piece of well-wrought rubbish.

These racy stories seem at odds with Tom's comfortable middle-class background.

"I went to a series of cheap English boarding schools, but one of them happened to have an excellent music teacher who taught me to play guitar. All my musical development can be traced back to her and to when I was about 10 and used to copy Joan Baez and traditional folk records."

You know what changed all that: punk. However, it wasn't the British scene which sparked Tom off, even if he was into The Clash and Pistols for the "social thing": it was US acts like Blondie and Talking Heads which first pulled him popwards. Well, there was *one* British band: XTC.

Tom the fan has since become Tom the collaborator: Andy Partridge contributes harmonica to 'Europa' and earlier this year co-produced Tom's double-A side single for Armageddon 'Leipzig/Urges'. But we're jumping ahead . . .

DURING '78-'79 Tom was a member of Bruce Woolley's Camera Club.

"When I first started writing songs, they were more like sketches so I wanted to work with people like Bruce who had a lot of skill."

This set-up didn't quite work out for Tom (mainly because he feels that the "establishment side" took precedence over the "underground side" to Bruce), so he joined the Lene Lovich band for a brief period and wrote their single 'New Toy'.

By now his keyboard and synth playing was in great demand, and he's done studio sessions for a diversity of acts — Foreigner, Joan Armatrading, Kevin Armstrong and Local Heroes, and Girls At Our Best. These are the bare bones of Tom's career, but it's only over the last three or four months that they've been fleshed out: with singles. Not all of these carry the Dolby name in big letters, and that's because they're not so much exclusively his babies, as projects in which his collaborators play an equally vital role. For example, there's Low Noise on Happy Birthday Records who've put out a version of Joni Mitchell's 'Jungle Line', all electronic Afro-rhythms and Kevin Armstrong's slicing guitar.

More impressively, on the same label, is The Fallout Club. 'Dream Soldiers' was a pretty fair single, while 'Wonderlust / Desert Song', a double-A side just released, is a great one. There are some telling Morricone trumpet sounds and Leone whistling effects in Tom's startling production, but he sees his role as that of "interpreter": Trevor Herion is the "instigator", the songwriter whose ideas Tom realises. Trevor has a distinctive voice, Bowie White Duke with a bit of noble savage soul, and he sings the pants off Tony Hadley.

Just like Tom sings them off Midge Ure on his own single 'Leipzig', a down-home 'Vienna' which "satirises the time when it was trendy for pop stars to go and pose around Berlin". 'Urges', the other side of the single, lines up its targets too.

"It's about the illusions surrounding nightclubbing and being a victim of those. It's as if there's a conspiracy to make you feel everyone but you is going out and having fun and meeting people of the opposite sex. It's also a song about dancing."

Tom has nothing against dancing; he just finds constant talk about, and invitations to, dance slightly shrill, even neurotic and guilt-ridden.

'Therapy/Growth', the B side of 'Europa', examines a more serene kind of neurosis.

"I don't like people who seek the truth in a big mystical way or the commercial exploitation of this with gurus and all that."

'Europa' itself is altogether more romantic.

"It's about a girl I knew when I was young, and the next thing I knew was when she'd become a model and actress. The song is a romanticisation of the truth using a fairy tale atmosphere with parallels worked in — me as England, her as Europa."

WHEN TOM signed to EMI last June, he adopted the 'scientific' image not only to be different, but also as a way of coping with the pressures of being on a large label and as a way of reflecting his own personality and interests.

"I'm into the artistic side of science; it captures my imagination, not statistics and facts but surprising physical properties like what makes the sky blue. I'm not into invisible things like alkaline or the theory of inertia and other abstract processes. Actually, if you play the piano it's quite mathematical but very physical, graphic — the shapes you form with the keys."

In the history of instruments the piano marked a higher stage of technological development. Although the player touched the ivories, it wasn't actually him or her directly doing the work under the lid. Tom sees analogies between this and the microcomputer, generating digital synthesis, which he now uses more than the conventional synth.

"The microcomputer is the ultimate sound shaping tool. It's a whole new way of approaching music; you can shuffle things around endlessly. In a way it's like arranging for a small orchestra, then delivering the ultimate performance at a blow."

(Ask The Human League.)

Tom is working towards a live show using the resources of the microcomputer — plus some of his own inventions. His room in West London is full of all kinds of contraptions — like old bits of the Suffolk telephone exchange — which he has plans for. But they must be executed fast. Tom has no patience: his inventions must be instant or not at all. It's the same with his songs: however thought out, there has to be a spontaneous core.

"It's the songs which come first, not the hardware."

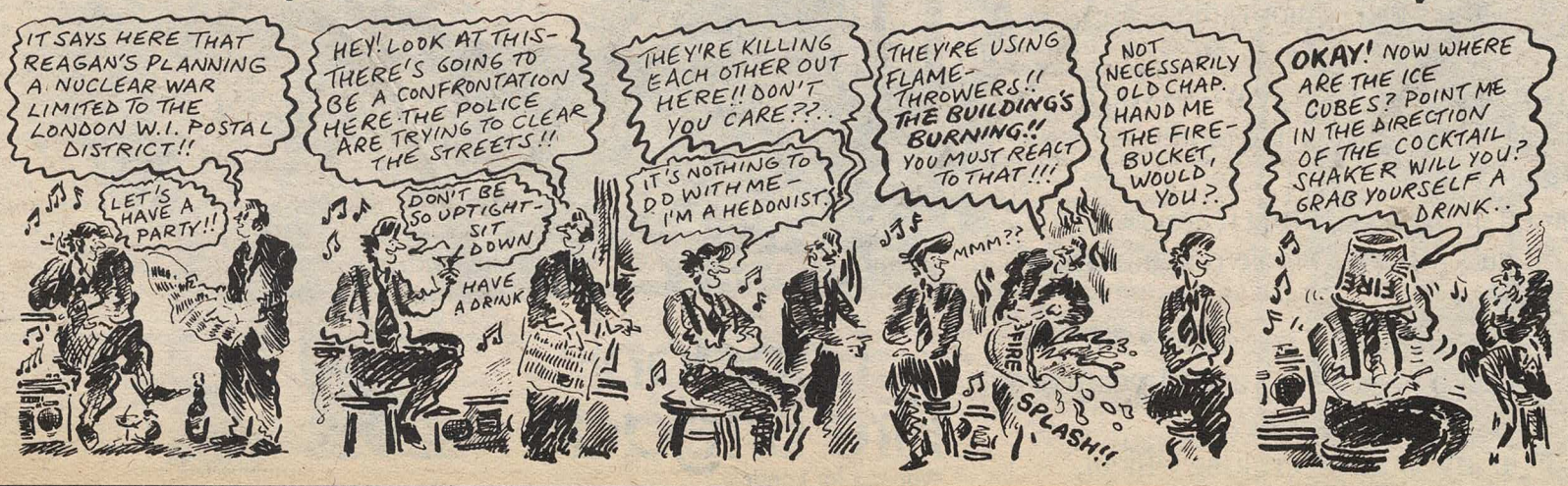
This is why the album which he's recording at the moment (with members of Stimulin and Animal Magnet, as well as people he's worked with before like Bruce Woolley) will surprise a few people.

"It's keyboard orientated without keyboards; it's electronically inspired, but many of the sounds will be naturally generated."

Meanwhile, Tom is in the process of launching his own label Venice In Peril within the framework of EMI. Some of the royalties from the venture will go towards the official fund intended to save Venice from sinking into the sea: archaeology before the event, you might say. The Venice In Peril Committee, though, with its Viscount president, have still to decide whether they'll let Tom use their name.

"They're worried I'm The Sex Pistols and that I might bring their operation into disrepute."

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry


IT SAYS HERE THAT REAGAN'S PLANNING A NUCLEAR WAR LIMITED TO THE LONDON W.I. POSTAL DISTRICT!!
LET'S HAVE A PARTY!!
HEY! LOOK AT THIS- THERE'S GOING TO BE A CONFRONTATION HERE. THE POLICE ARE TRYING TO CLEAR THE STREETS!!
DON'T BE SO UPTIGHT- SIT DOWN
HAVE A DRINK
THEY'RE KILLING EACH OTHER OUT HERE!! DON'T YOU CARE??..
IT'S NOTHING TO DO WITH ME- I'M A HEDONIST!
THEY'RE USING FLAME-THROWERS!! THE BUILDING'S BURNING!! YOU MUST REACT TO THAT!!!
MMM??
FIRE
SPLASH!!
NOT NECESSARILY OLD CHAP. HAND ME THE FIRE-BUCKET, WOULD YOU?
OKAY! NOW WHERE ARE THE ICE CUBES? POINT ME IN THE DIRECTION OF THE COCKTAIL SHAKER WILL YOU? GRAB YOURSELF A DRINK..
FIRE

FELIX DENNIS

In Lowry's strip, *Not Only Rock 'n' Roll*, in our issue dated 17 October, a piece of paper appeared falling off a desk saying "Mein Kampf by Felix Dennis".

Felix Dennis is a publisher and businessman: his social and political views are not in any way reflected by *Mein Kampf*, which is totally abhorrent to him. We regret any embarrassment caused.

As a gesture of goodwill we have offered to supply Mr Dennis with a free copy of Lowry's *Not Only Rock'n'Roll* book. *(That's not funny — Felix Dennis.) (They never are — Ed.)*

DIVISIONS

■ *From page 10*

the yardstick for everything. When Sebastian justifies his belief in the Nativity on the grounds that "it's a lovely idea", he's actually proposing an aesthetic approach not only to art but to religious belief, and beyond that to morality. Like the viewer, he has no connection with the plot of life and circumstance, but drifts along on atmospheric auto-pilot, treating everything and everyone as means of self-satisfaction. It's quite despicable, of course, but quite engrossing, the honeyed beauty of the locations entrapping and drowning the viewer, too.

Whether *Brideshead* will retain its appeal once the lushness becomes just sickly excess remains to be seen; in its favour it's got Jeremy Irons, who brings a beautifully measured hesitancy and shyness to the voyeuristic Charles, and a slew of brilliant cameos, from Olivier as the Byronic Lord Marchmain, Gielgud as Charles's hilarious wind-up artist father, and Nicholas Grace as Anthony Blanche, a kind of roaring combination of Oscar Wilde, Noel Coward and Quentin Crisp.

But for all the studied perfection of its presentation, one can't prevent the sly doubt of irrelevance creeping in. If we must have a lengthy and expensive TV production of a novel, surely it should be one which has a broader social canvas, like Anthony Powell's mammoth *Dance To The Music Of Times*. Or is that asking too much?

THRILLS DESK: CYNTHIA ROSE

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY — WHAT??

PAUL MORLEY fulminates about the lachrymose state of the pop press — and the pop press press

Ringo, Paul, George: no one explained The Beatles to us, really.

THE EASIEST WAY to become a 'journalist' — impress your friends, ignore most aspects of responsibility, involve yourself in a phantomlike world — is to write about pop music. There's plenty of miserable opportunity for simple ones with safe ways to enter the pop media and clog up all the channels of information and stimulation with their superficial and blinkered perpetuation of tired old standards, with their senseless repetition of sad attitudes. The levels of standard or imagination or insight amongst the pop weeklies has never been so miserable.

All writing about pop, from the back page of *The Listener* to the front pages of *Honey / Over 21 / 19 / Company / Cosmopolitan* to the middle pages of the *Guardian* to the bulk of *The Face* — whether it's by writers of the weeklies or writers who have moved on from the weeklies to higher atmospheres or writers who have ended up pop commentating coincidentally — has failed to respond to the changes in the music and its behaviour during the years since punk. The majority of it shows complete indifference to the intention and the irony of what can seriously — that word obviously being couched in irony — be seen as Post-Rock.

Pop writing is still stuck in that ridiculous groove of rebel rousing, the conformist and futile expectation of rock 'n' roll to be some kind of propaganda, the comfortable acceptance that rock can be conveniently partitioned and explained away. There is a complete lack of provocative and useful appreciation/analysis of both the superficial aspects of popular music and the moments where it sweeps into more exciting and exacting areas.

It is all based around the four-square unappetising myths of '60s and '70s rock, clinging to a banal and simplistic brand of assimilation that cannot face up to any unorthodox unit or organisation. The space is still used up to glorify and protect the type of music or attitude that could have existed pre-punk: the writing is politically insensitive, morally inept, completely unentertaining. Reading the words of Robin Denselow in the *Guardian*, Steve Taylor in *The Face* — and the list is endless — you would hardly recognise that there had been a startling shift in perspective during punk, let alone last year.

These people are boring. They are obvious. Steve Taylor approaches the work of ABC, Stimulin, 23 Skidoo, Haircut 100, using the same sort of values as he would in 1971: he *describes* with dull indecision, and that's about it, their work in the November *Face*. Steve Taylor is symbolic of the current spate of writers' utter inability to properly reflect the vitality and variety of popular music. Like just about everybody else he will treat, say, Ultravox the same as he will treat The Human League the same as he will treat The Clash: this is not uncommon. Reading Steve Taylor and a lot of his colleagues on *The Face*, which is disastrous considering their selling point as 'The Final Frontier', you would be totally put off pop music. The way he writes about pop music it appears to trigger off NOTHING AT ALL. It appears to be totally a commercial exercise.

Straight description is no longer any use — it never was, but these people have their strange faith — when talking about pop music. *The Face's* inability to find writers that can sharply and tellingly reflect the changes and challenges of recent music as magnificently as Suck, Savage, Burchill, Penman did during punk's dazed days says much about the present state of pop writing. The mediocre ones have taken over. Theirs is a dull destination. Pop writing is decreasingly dealing with ideas and imagination, it is becoming more and more cautious and conservative. This is in direct opposition to the ways the music is stretching.

Pop music has never been so invigorating and incisive, its commentators never so reactionary. There is a massive dislocation between what is happening and what is being altered, and how all this is being written about. Something has to be done. We're doing our best. There's some of you out there who should join in.

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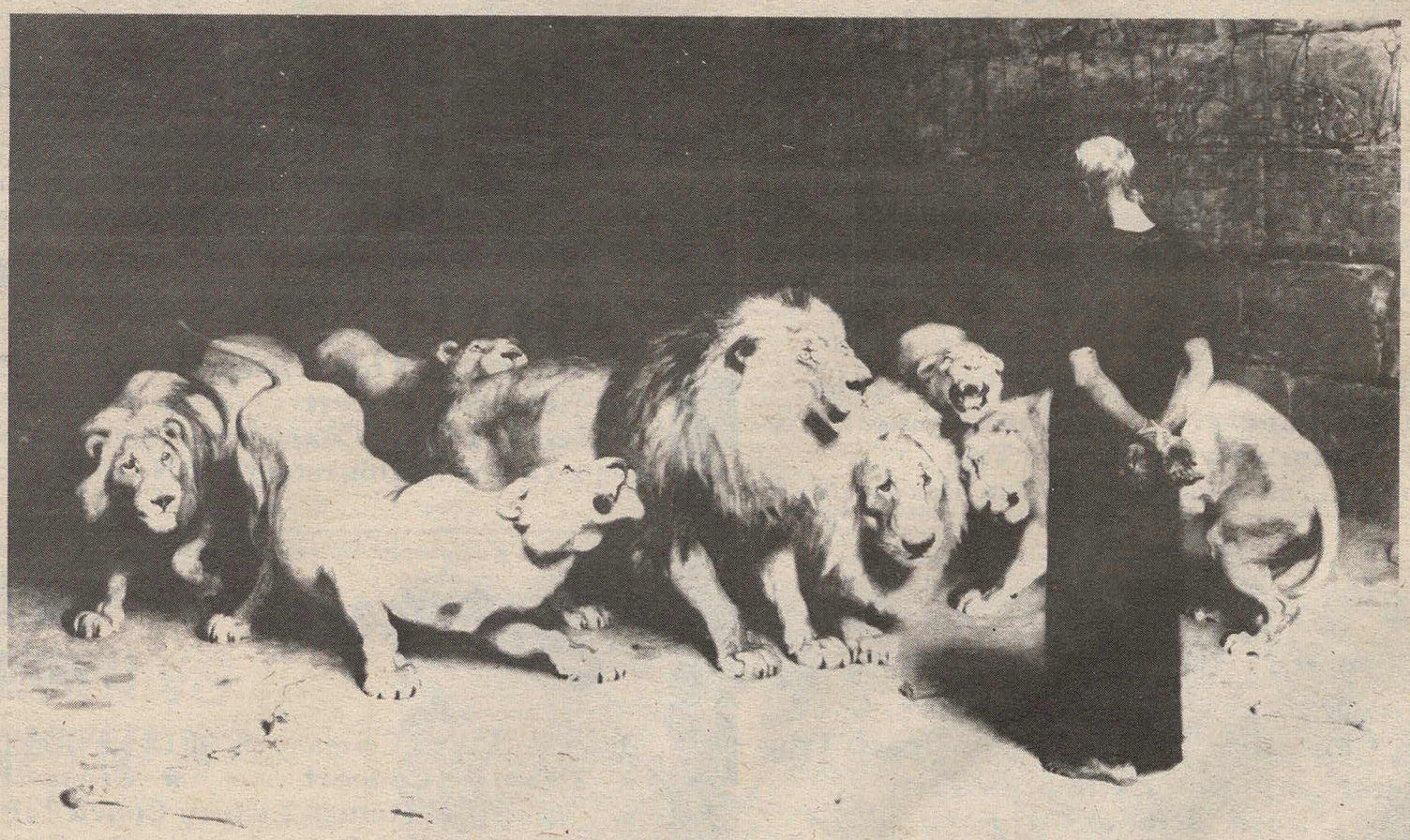

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I'm just an Oi whose intentions are good

Pic: Bryn Jones

Oh Lynn don't let me be misunderstood

Lynn Hanna investigates the Oi Against Racism campaign

THERE'S A POOL of vomit spilling down the steps of the Sheffield pub but inside a queue of shabby punks sit silently on the stairs that lead up from the mock-Victorian bar, patiently waiting for the room upstairs to open.

Tonight The Partizans, Blitz, Infa-Riot and The Business are playing under the unwieldy heading of 'Oi against racism, against political extremism, but still against the system'. Once inside The Marples Club, as The Business' guitarist later points out, you notice the difference from London in the empty space around the bar. Most of the audience, having paid a pound or 80 pence entrance fee if they're unemployed, can't afford the extra price of a pint.

The crude punk-parody that is the Oi movement has found plenty of paying sympathisers, as the chart positions of some of the groups who come under its banner indicate. It also exists under the shadow of right-wing involvement in its ranks; a theory compounded by the concert at Southall's Hambrough Tavern by The 4-Skins, Last Resort and The Business which sparked off a full-scale race riot.

Tonight's concert is surrounded by still more controversy, since it has been organised independently of the RAR organisation, who have themselves held an Oi Against Racism gig in Sheffield just over a week before. To add to the complications, young Londoners Infa-Riot were on the bill for both occasions.

"It went really well," says their loquacious 19-year-old singer Lee Wilson of the RAR gig. "All the skinheads weren't really bothered about the politics, which just goes to show they're not really bothered about right-wing or left-wing or whatever. We're interested in the music. But the papers have got to have something to grip on. What better than using skinheads? If they do something wrong the press are straight in there."

Infa-Riot are signed to Secret Records, who have also released the Exploited LP and a single by The Business.

"The kids ain't got nothing," continues Lee. "We're giving them something, people their own age who're playing music for them. I think really our sort of bands are keeping them out of trouble, from being misled into politics, because we're giving them some other interest, rather than them being twisted by right or left-wing."

Do they think they're setting an example against racism by playing tonight?

"Hopefully, yeah. That's the idea of it. I hope it does some good. Oi's only punk anyway. I honestly do feel sorry for the punks and the skinheads and anybody out of work in Britain at the moment. Not so much down South, but up here they've absolutely nothing. The likes of us aren't going to change nothing, but it doesn't matter if it gives them enjoyment, something to think about rather than going on about smashing the windows in. I think we're calming things down a bit. We do realise what we're doing.

"Some people have stopped me and slagged me off for doing a RAR gig. That's a minority. They can call themselves fans, but I call them people I might have known, 'cos I don't want to know nothing about it. Where they get their ideas from is unbelievable. One minute they say, We're all right-wing, and the next minute they say, Yeah, but anarchy.

"How can they be right-wing and hate the police and the army? They've got it completely confused. I haven't met one genuine person yet who says they're right-wing and knows what they're talking about. That's honestly true. I really can't understand what's going through their brains."

MARCUS FEATHERBY is the thin, intense promoter who for the last nine months has been putting on Oi and punk gigs at the Marples Club. By paying bands not much more than their expenses and paying no rent to the pub for the loan of the upstairs room, he keeps entrance charges down to a maximum of £1.50 a concert. Previously involved in the management of some Sheffield groups, he's now planning an anti-war compilation LP to which he hopes some of the groups he's promoted will contribute.

Tonight he's angrily anxious to have his say, since he feels his character has been unfairly slurred by a previous *NME* report which quoted a Sheffield RAR source as claiming his motives for organising an Oi Against Racism gig were dubious.

"Any form of extremist politics is the most dangerous, pathetic, idiotic philosophy that anybody can hold. If anyone's ever going to follow extremes like that, there will always be trouble. But we've proved here, in a venue in an area with very high unemployment and a large black community, that people can co-exist very happily. And if it can work here, it can work anywhere else.

"I don't make much money out of it. I can get it back without ripping people off. I haven't got all those overheads. When we started, it meant literally talking to every kid individually as they walked in, saying, We don't want trouble here, we're doing it for you. It's cheap, we'll put on the bands you want. Keep it that way and we'll keep it going. They responded.

"I knowingly let in kids when we started who I knew were NF or BM. But do you say at the door, You can't come in, and they go away full of resentment about it, get a chip on their shoulders and go out and beat someone up? Or do we let them in, let them see what good fun the evening can be, let them become part of the crowd?

"There's kids up here tonight who *were* in the BM, the same kids that I first let in. But they're here tonight bringing along black friends, so I think it did a hell of a lot of good.

"There's one kid, who when he first came in was in The League Of St George. He boasted about it. Tonight he's arrived with a black kid, his Nazi tattoos are now transformed into Yorkshire roses. And I feel we've been a positive force in making him feel the world is a different place to what he was indoctrinated into believing.

"We've had Leeds NF people coming here to Sheffield, but our kids here who *are* in the BM and NF have said, Look, no trouble at this gig. This is our venue, it's music, and they've stopped it. They've come up to me and said, Don't worry, you've heard all the rumours, but there will not be trouble."

SINCE SOUTHALL, The Business have found only six places in the country willing to let them play, and their manager Laurie Pryor, a large, fast-talking Londoner, is understandably anxious to improve their image. However, as he also points out: "Surely if a band is given a racist tag, don't you think it's right that they want to get rid of it?

"I live in Lewisham where there's loads of British Movement, and they've said, What's the idea? Are you a commie, or what? I'm getting

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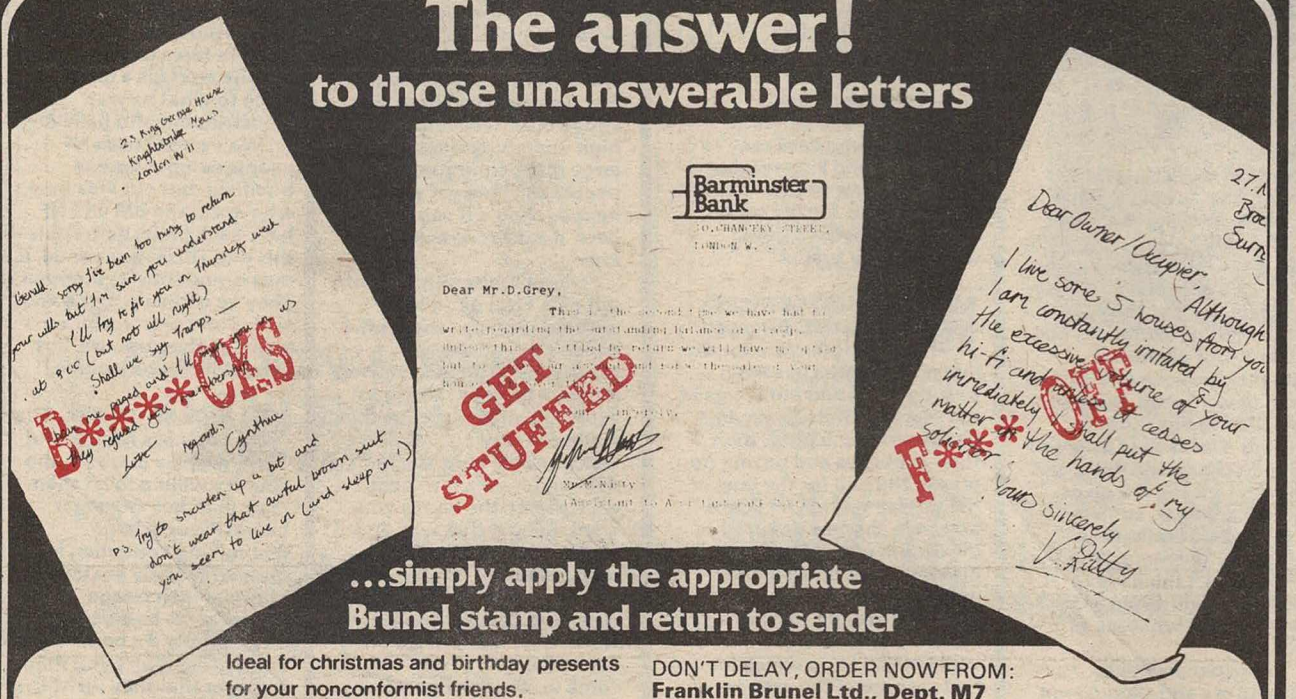

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OI!

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

aggro for this gig, the group are getting aggro, then people turn round and say, Well, dubious band trying to clear their name. You can understand why we're upset."

Are the group ashamed of having been involved in the Southall debacle?

"What d'you mean, ashamed? If we had known there was going to be trouble like there was, we would never have gone. But Southall's like Lewisham or Hackney to me, in fact Lewisham's a harder area. What I think happened was a few skinheads, and I think it *was* the skinheads, started the trouble in a chip shop and it got out of hand and from that it blew up.

"We got in halfway and we didn't know what had happened. There was Asians running about everywhere. It looked like West Ham/Millwall. Our van got attacked. Then people say to me, Will you apologise to the Southall Defence Committee? I don't feel bitterness towards Asians who had their shops attacked, but they should have phoned the police. If you attack someone because they're white, you're a racist, just as if you attack someone because they're black you're a racist."

What would The Business' attitude be to BM members coming to their gigs or trying to disrupt them?

"Our attitude is this: if people want to come to the gigs and they don't want to say anything or wear silly badges or silly insignia, they just want to watch the gig, I don't really care what they are. I think it's a free country and anyone should be allowed to come. But if they start Zieg Heiling or singing 'The Internationale', I'd rather they pissed off and I would tell them that.

"Our drummer was standing at a bar in Leeds and some bloke comes up to him and says, Good at Southall, wasn't it? So he said, I didn't think it was very funny, as it happens. So this bloke says, You're NF, are you? So the drummer says, No. I drink lager. This bloke says, In the right-wing movement, we've all got to stick together. He walked off shaking his head. You've got to belittle them.

"We've stood up now, we've done Oi Against Racism and people still seem to be asking whether we're NF or BM. You tell me, what more can I do?"

ANDY IS A 17-year-old punk who takes the money on the door of the Marples Club and has helped to organise the Oi Against Racism event tonight. Why does he think Oi has a racist reputation?

" 'Cos of the media, that's the only way it can happen. And kids just follow. Half the kids with Crass on their back will stick their arms up. It's stupid. They just follow whatever's going. Like when Exploited played, they were saying they'd been done about Paki-bashing and half the kids must have had Crass on their backs and they were going, hooray, sort of thing. They just follow whatever they're told to do."

(When contacted later, Secret Records' Martin Hooker denied this allegation.

"Exploited haven't been done for 'paki-bashing', and I certainly can't think why they would have said such a thing onstage," he said).

"There are people in the NF who come to the club, but they're perfectly normal, they don't cause trouble. It's up to them if they want to have those views. As long as they don't beat people up if they're black at the place. I don't want them to beat them up outside, 'cos I'm not racist or anything. But if they want to come and enjoy the evening, that's fine. So long as they're not handing out BM leaflets — or SWP leaflets, on the other hand." (A common factor of this evening's conversations seems to be the highly misleading assumption that right and left wing politics can be conveniently lumped together.)

Do you feel it's dangerous taking a negative attitude?

"No. We know quite a few of them. And they're perfectly normal kids, obviously just a bit fucked up by grown-ups mainly, who destroy all kids and get them believing in the wrong things."

Would you like to see them stop following the NF?

"Yeah I would like to. They shouldn't go round beating people up, which is what the NF is about. If we'd stopped them coming in, they'd have probably stood outside and beat up punks and it would just have caused more trouble."

AT THE GRAMMAR school where The Business' guitarist Steve Kent shyly confesses he was educated, his best friend, he says, was Asian. He also, he tells me, has a West Indian adoptive cousin in his family. Steve likes all sorts of music besides Oi and he regrets not being in a punk group the first time around, when he was still an avid spectator in the Roxy audience.

Like most of the people I meet tonight he's willing to talk openly about Oi's relation with politics, but like everyone else at the Marples Club, he's defensive about what he sees as a persistent misrepresentation of motives.

"What really is going to annoy me more than anything is for people to turn round and say we're doing this to clear our name and trying to make out we're goody-goodies really. We would have done it before Southall, but before then, if we'd rung somebody up and said we want to do an RAR, we was having trouble getting gigs anyway. That's our position. The 4-Skins were gigging around the country anyway and they could get most places they wanted to play.

"At Southall, with hindsight, it was a stupid place to play in the first place. The worst thing for me was when we got outside the pub, the police had told us to leave. I thought, I'm God knows how many miles from home and there's a thousand people over there who want to kill me.

"For a while I felt a bit sick. Fuck knows what everybody else in the place was like. But I know that our group and most of the other bands who were there, you couldn't call us racist. I know I'm not, for certain. It wasn't the fact that there was a couple of hundred Asians outside, it could have been a couple of hundred anybodies. It was just that I felt threatened. And I felt that not personally being racist, I was being threatened for no reason.

"It's easy for me to say that I felt that I was in the middle of a situation and I was innocent. I suppose if we played there in the first place we weren't innocent, because we should have thought about it."

Why did you play there in the first place? At the time it looked like direct provocation.

"There were three bands, us, The 4-Skins and Last Resort, we were going to play three gigs and take it in turns to be middle, last and top. The 4-Skins had a lot of people in West London, which I take it is near Southall, saying, When you going to play up here? 'cos we can't get down to where you've been playing, we can't get home or whatever. The Hambrough Tavern tumbled out of the bucket.

"To be honest, I never really

realised that Southall was such a big Asian community as it was. And when you've got a close community like that, they're going to be aware of racial problems. It did cross my mind, but not anymore than if we played in the East End. I was naive to the fact that they would get annoyed."

Why do you think they did get annoyed with your particular bands?

"I don't think it was the bands so much, it was the image. Most people who went there that night were skinheads. And skinheads have got a bad reputation anyway."

Because a proportion of them are attracted to right-wing movements.

"Yeah and it's the image maker thing, people like the NF going round, and they can con these people into it."

What would you say to any of The Business fans who were attracted to the NF?

"Like we're doing this thing tonight, and there's going to be a few people in London who hear we're doing Oi Against Racism and they're going to say, What the fuck did you do that for? I'm just going to say, 'cos it's against racism, and they're going to say, Why? Take all these kids who are into the NF and that, I swear half of them are into it because it's something they can be a part of. I wouldn't like to go into it too deeply, quite honestly, because I don't know what the fuck half the people in this country are on about."

Would you say to kids who were Business fans, Don't join the NF, don't join the BM?

"I think I'd say to them, Do you honestly know what it's all about? Personally I wouldn't have anything to do with it. If you read their stuff and see what they're all about, their long-term philosophy as a part of, We'll get all the blacks out and repatriation, and all that; if you can see further than that, it's up to you, John.

"We played in Great Yarmouth and there was some kids in the corner who started Zieg Heiling. You stand there and you think, what can you do to shut them up? You can't slag them off . . . well, you could, but they've paid money to come in and see you. You just say, Look, pack it in, there's no need for that. Forget about that, we're here to do the music. I dunno, if they get it into their heads to do it, they'll do it, and sometimes if you tell them to shut up, they'll do it more."

Do you think that part of the problem with the Oi movement as a whole is that it doesn't think enough about implications?

"I think it comes down to being a bit naive. 'Cos knowing most of the bands that are in it, before Southall and after, no one said, Let's play down Southall, that's a really good laugh, they'll get upset down there. No one said that. We was just happy to get gigs. Up until then it had been in a really good spirit."

Do you think it's inevitable that people are going to be suspicious?

"Oh they'll be suspicious evermore."

DESPITE INFA-RIOT's youthful road manager telling me nervously he sensed trouble in the air, I found the atmosphere at the Marples Club relaxed to the point of being subdued. Apart from the usual core of frantic po-goers, the rest of an audience numbering about 150 punks, skinheads and the less obviously affiliated with a couple of black kids amongst them, stood quietly around the dark, carpeted room, watching the small stage. The overall effect, of poverty shading down to squalor, leaves an impression that's overwhelmingly pathetic.

Infa-Riot's singer hurls himself into the audience in a boisterous exhibition whose highlight is inviting a member of the audience onstage to receive a free record in return for having a glass of water tipped over his head. The Business sound slicker and their fast, Sham soundalike songs are performed more professionally, but the audience seemed to prefer Infa-Riot's rough populist pantomime.

Anyone who remembers the original punk is struck first by Oi's relative inarticulacy. The music provides barely more than an outlet for economic impotence in loud, debilitating noise and lyrics which announce disaffection without being sufficiently aware of their full implications. There's a physicality about Oi, on one level akin to adolescent horseplay, on another an unthinking release that verges on violence. This together with its crudeness and immediacy and lack of deliberation make it a vehicle ripe for the worst kind of political manipulation. And no one should need to be reminded that a depression extends an open opportunity to the forces of fascism.

Leaving for the last bus back to Doncaster are a group of skinheads, one of whom is encouraged by his mates to show me the small swastika badge pinned to his lapel.

Does that insignia mean anything to him?

"No."

Is he involved with the BM?

Shuffling of feet, sniggers, nudges, then finally "No" again.

Do they think that an Oi Against Racism gig is a good idea?

"Yeah. This is the best place in the country. There's never any trouble here."

"Oi isn't right-wing," says a student who's missed a lecture to hitch up from London to see The Partizans play. "The musicians aren't. But it gets infiltrated."

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'TOGETHER WE CAN STOP THE BOMB'

RICHARD McDERMOTT (words) and ED BARBER (pictures) feel the force of Saturday's massive CND demonstration

A QUARTER of a million souls descended on Hyde Park last Saturday like doves of peace. The people who cared, came — and constituted the greatest anti-nuclear march and rally ever seen in this country.

Above all, the rally was an expression of faith by the young — a faith different in kind from the anti-Vietnam marches of the '60s and '70s, when there was a definite goal in sight — the ending of conflict. For last Saturday's marchers the vision was more intangible: the prevention of a hypothetical future conflict, a pressing-back of the hand on the Doomsday clock, which now stands at two minutes to midnight; the wish to live out a dream of the outbreak of peace.

The vision and the reality were encapsulated, some four hours after the final marchers set off on the sprawling two-mile route from the Victoria Embankment, in some concluding remarks by the founder of the movement for European Nuclear Disarmament, historian E. P. Thompson.

As the six o'clock gloom set in on Hyde Park, Thompson's face, framed by a halo of thick white hair, was lit by a single hand-held spotlight as he told the rally: "Not only this night, but the night of Europe is drawing in. These are the most dangerous times that we have ever faced. Only one thing stands between us and darkness, and that is *us*. We have multiplied our numbers. We have won our arguments. But we have not yet stopped one missile in its tracks. The whole grotesque carnival of war goes on. Friends, we must stop it — we must show endurance. We must continue until we win our first victories!"

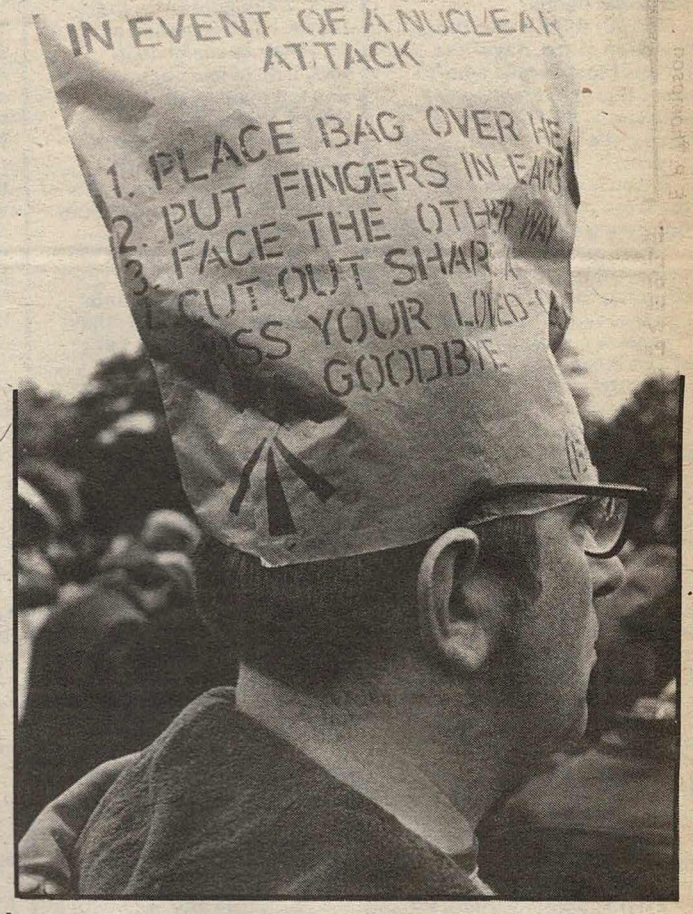
Moments earlier he had congratulated the massed protesters "for showing the true face of Britain and for displaying what is a *majority* opinion in this country."

Those readers of the *NME* who did not attend the rally will have gained no idea of the scale or spirit of the gathering from the popular press. Journalists who are paid hundreds of pounds a week to report the news contributed a handful of largely inaccurate paragraphs to the inside pages of papers such as the *Sunday Mirror* and the *News Of The World*. Both these put the attendance figure at around 100,000 — an absurd under-estimate — and both decided to keep the story well off the front page.

Early on in the rally, campaigning television journalist Jonathan Dimbleby cautioned those present against falling into the trap of believing the caricature of the anti-nuclear activist painted by the media. Protesters, he said, were usually described as "sincere" and "well-meaning". ("You may even like eating brown bread!") But "many of you are 'hypocrites', and for daring to challenge the orthodoxies that are taking us towards the abyss, you are all — all of you — 'unpatriotic' as well."

Dimbleby described how last year he met a Hiroshima survivor. She told him how she had been looking for her daughter after the Bomb dropped. She saw other survivors walking through the mud with human remains flapping from their feet. When she found her daughter, her daughter said to her, "Mama — will you hold me please." She picked the child up and the child lay on her chest, and she said, "Say 'Mama' again," and the child said, "Mama." And she said, "Say 'Mama' again," and the child said, "Mama."

And then there was silence, and the child was dead. And then, Dimbleby said, "she got down on her knees in front of me, which was a humiliation to me and to the camera crew, and she begged me to tell this story, and to tell people *there must be no more nuclear war.*"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AS AN ENTIRE experience, Saturday was full of pleasant, as well as unpleasant, surprises. On the unpleasant side were a persistent band of hecklers from the Oxford Anarchist Group, who paid little attention to Jonathan Dimbleby's put-down — "There'd be no anarchy allowed if there was no world to have anarchy in!"

Then there were the pro-Paul Weller protesters, many of whom stated they couldn't care less about the rally — they had only come to see Paul Weller. Weller at one point believed he would be speaking — but he was absent from the platform, busy perfoming from a lorry along the marchers' route. Meanwhile, however, the Weller fans staged their own noisy demo underneath the stage. . .

On the more pleasant side, some precocious and passionate kids started it all off by speaking out fiercely against the militarism of the two super-powers on a London children's radio programme. The kids — who made up Saturday's *Jellybone Jury* on LBC — talked about the massive 'Peace Child' entertainment taking place at the Albert Hall this Friday as the climax of UN Disarmament Week. The story — of a time in the future when "peace leaks out" — is about as innocent and naive as you can get — and therefore entirely appropriate

E. P. Thompson

to a day when the banners and placards were raised in unison, on a command from the stage, like a forest of flowers, on a day when the marchers left Hyde Park to a chorus of *"We shall overcome"*, on a day when the hard-edged hopes of the young refused to be embarrassed by the mocking gaze of the politically cynical.

There were further surprises at the rally: the preponderance of the very young and the very old; the ten housewives from Illinois who flew to London because they desperately wanted the peace-workers of America to be represented; the placards whose sardonic wit cast a smile on an otherwise (weatherwise) largely cheerless afternoon: the black umbrella with the legend 'Official Shelter' painted on it; a *Gone With The Wind* mock-up poster showing a youthful Reagan bearing a swooning Thatcher, with the slogan "She Promised to Follow Him to the End of the Earth. He Promised to Organise it!"; and the most succinct comment of all — "Why Fry?" — immortalised on another placard.

The platform personalities too provided some further pleasant surprises. General Gert Bastion, a former commander of the 12th German Tank Division, sounding for all the world like a bad British war-movie caricature, outlined his army's nuclear policies, and continued, quietly, "Therefore I have left the German Army last year."

Valerie Wise, a member of the Greater London Council, announcing that the Labour-controlled authority had declared Hyde Park a nuclear-free zone for the day, added: "We will soon have our own nuclear-free zone flag hanging over County Hall, and we are considering putting up signs on every road leading into London declaring that you are entering a nuclear-free zone."

Petra Kelly, of the German Green Party, in an astonishingly controlled, articulate speech, described how the world has enough nuclear weapons "to destroy ourselves twelve times over". ("We cannot be deader than dead.") Her description of the deformed human mind as "the ultimate nuclear weapon"; her view that "the same paranoia, the same hysteria from the 1950s is back with us today". And, in a peculiarly resonant turn of phrase, in reference to our military commanders: "These men have too much tanks, and too little brains."

THE VILLAINS of the day — Reagan, Thatcher, Weinberger, Defence Secretary John Nott — featured largely as caricatures; John Nott in particular as a life-size Dalek puppet hauled on stage by Bruce Kent, General Secretary of the CND.

The march and rally were a triumph for the CND, who were hoping for 100,000, and got two-and-a-half times that number. Eighteen months ago the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament had 3000 national members. It now has 32,000, as well as countless members at local level in over 1000 groups up and down the country. On Saturday over 1000 coaches came to Hyde Park from around the country.

The confidence that a nuclear-free Europe can be created by the sheer force of numbers of those who demonstrate against nuclear arms was expressed by many of the speakers, most notably by the Head and Heart of the rally, Tony Benn and E.P. Thompson.

E.P. Thompson told *NME* there was "no question" that the rally would have an effect, and the near-concurrent rallies in Bonn, Brussels, Oslo and elsewhere in Europe were having a similar effect. The recent Bonn demonstration, he told me, had been "overwhelmingly young people".

Thompson had a special message for *NME* readers — "It's the same message that I gave Vivien Goldman, that there may be ways of getting this *sound* across East/West, that the organisers can't see, but that the groups and the readers *can* see — a sound that draws them together. We should be getting cassettes and bands across.

"I was told last week by someone just back from Russia that the CND flash is being chalked up on walls in Moscow and Leningrad. I don't know if it's true because there's no way of checking, but that's the sort of thing we want to happen."

Thompson's cultural dream for the future is for a massive festival in Europe, hopefully in 1983, which will encompass the music and peace movements of East and West. On Saturday he appealed for more volunteers willing to help organise such a festival. People in the music business in this country, he suggested, seem unwilling to give their time to such a venture; what is needed is for people with trans-European connections to come forward and help.

I asked Thompson whether he felt the surprisingly vehement anti-American bias expressed by the rally was fair. "I think it is fair," he answered, "in the sense that it's anti-militarism, and in the sense that it reflects the feeling that the super-powers have reduced us to puppets. It is a throwing-off of American dominance. But people here *know* there *is* an American peace movement. I don't think it's any sort of nationalistic feeling; I think we should forge closer links with the American peace movement."

Tony Benn — who received the most tumultuous reception of all — told the crowd: "One of the reasons why we have gathered in such numbers up and down the country is because the Press and media will not tell the people what we want to tell them. They are all engaged in a form of war-mongering designed to persuade us that there is no alternative to nuclear war — *and we do not accept that.*

"We will not accept the Trident, the Cruise missile, or the Neutron bomb on our soil. We will not accept the political domination of our country by Russian generals."

For me, the message of a mammoth rally was best summed up in the words of a Hiroshima bomb victim who wore a white commemorative sash, and spoke through an interpreter. "As one of the victims of the Hiroshima bomb it is my responsibility and duty to sound that warning bell here today, in order that this mistake not be repeated again. Let us fight for the destruction of all nuclear weapons that exist in the world today, and the elimination of the bomb; let us oppose the possession, use and testing of nuclear weapons in any country and for any reason whatsoever. I appeal to you at the top of my voice, *no more Hiroshima* (in English). . .*no more Nagasaki!*"

NEW SINGLE

LIARS A to E

IN COMPARISON TO ALL THAT GOES ON MUSIC IS WORTH NOTHING, ESPECIALLY WHEN ALL ON SALE IS SHALLOW, CONCEITED, FOUL TASTING, NON LASTING, BUBBLEGUM. MUSIC DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THIS WAY; IT JUST IS. OF COURSE IT COULD NEVER BE REALLY IMPORTANT OR BRING ABOUT ANY CHANGE, BUT IT NEEDN'T NECESSARILY BE SO PROUDLY DISPOSABLE. THEN AGAIN, WHAT CAN ONE EXPECT FROM GOLDEN HEARTED COCKNEYS, BRUMMIES, SCOUSERS, JOCKS ETC.

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Chrysalis

INSTANT REVIEWER: CHRIS BOHN

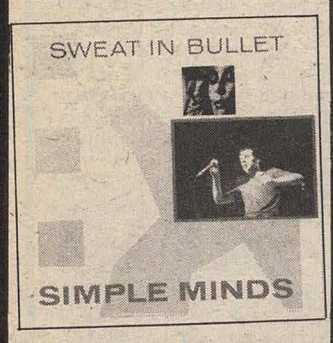
singles

(An NMExclusive)

SINGLE OF THE WEEK: ONE

DIE KRUPPS: Wahre Arbeit Wahrer Lohn (Zickzack German import).

It's brilliant. Don't take my word for it, read Chris Bohn's splendid review of same in the LP pages. (Advertisements For Myself — Part One).



SINGLE OF THE WEEK: TWO

SIMPLE MINDS: Sweat In Bullet (Virgin).

Quite simply, the best minds of our generation to have survived the madness of the past few years still to be moving irresistably forward. Things get distorted so fast these days that in light of the rough treatment doled out to them on their recent tour, people are already beginning to forget just what a precious thing Simple Minds' music is. If I thought that my review of their LP 'Sons And Fascination' was going to contribute to a backlash totally lacking in any perspective, I'd have been more cautious in writing it.

Anyway, now free of the need to scrutinize it so closely, it's become much easier to place Jim Kerr's word abstractions in context of the lush, lumbering dance steps and the increasingly austere sophistication of the keyboards orchestration. No other group is capable of keeping such clear heads while being so passionate and only a few can match disco calculation and youthful naivety with such unabashed honesty. 'Sweat In Bullet' is Simple Minds soaking up the nightmare American experience, reeling to the rock and roll noise — *"Rolling and tumbling"* — but never losing sight of their vision — *"Mission in motion"*.

'20th Century Promised Land' is the widescreen instrumental production of a legend started in 'Empires And Dance' and the two live tracks 'League Of Nations' and 'In Trance As Mission' prove that majesty is not necessarily synonymous with pomp.

Jim Kerr tells me their next single will be a version of Brecht's 'Einheitsfrontlied' and it'll be dedicated to Solidarity specifically and workers of the world generally.

SOFT CELL: Bedsitter (Some Bizzare).

Gosh! Marc and David really meant it when they threatened to retreat from the dancefloor to the soothing melancholy of the bedroom: *"I think it's time to cook a meal / To fill the emptiness I feel / Spend my money going out / I've nothing in, I'm left without / Clean my teeth and comb my hair / And look for something new to wear / And start the nightlife over again / And kid myself I'm having fun!"* Oh Marc stop it, you're breaking too many hearts — mine went with the chorus *"And now I'm all alone in bedsit land"*.

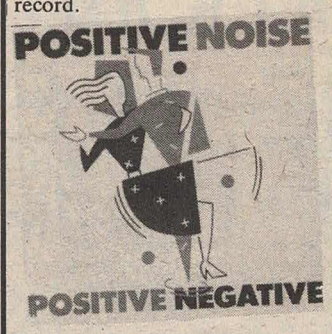
Soft Cell are the essential teases of the modern bop, at once winsomely witty and coyly touching. Marc sings with one eyebrow furrowed and the other firmly arched, while David's sterling stride of a composition passes the Hayes morality code by keeping a leg in the bed and the other foot tapping on the floor. Soft Cell are the great soul duo of the moment: sexy, suggestive and soppy. Play them right after your Motown hits and don't worry about the consequences.

QUEEN AND DAVID BOWIE: Under Pressure (EMI).

From this ill-conceived collaboration it's difficult to work out just which side is prostituting itself and for what gain. Does Bowie really need or want a piece of Queen's camp macho rock action and how will Queen take to Bowie's frail, frivolous night people?

'Under Pressure' doesn't really make you care either way. The initially intriguing premise wears off once you suss it has the hallmarks of true co-operation and consequently the promises that go with give and take. Apparently a relocation of *West Side Story's* street strut choreography in a contemporary apocalyptic London disco, 'Under Pressure' smacks of self-willed exiles meeting by the swimming pool and discussing the horror from afar, hoping to syphon off its tension and energy to invigorate the combined product of jaded minds.

Queen's performance is surprisingly good, down to their between riff finger clicks — it's Bowie and Mercury's vocals and words that let the whole thing down. A wasted opportunity, as both factions appear too tentative to assert themselves fully and why Bowie has allowed Queen equal billing when they too would've been better off letting him work their trash flash into one of his musical fantasies is ultimately the only point worth discussing about the record.



POSITIVE NOISE: Positive Negative (Statik).

With Ross Middleton's departure, Positive Noise have given up all claims to modernity. The band, and I use that term advisedly, always appeared to be schizophrenic anyway, but whatever their feelings about him, it was Ross who galvanised a basically ordinary outfit into one capable of greatness. 'Positive Negative' is a game attempt at a surviving Ross Middleton song, which really needs the writer's outrageous bluff to get the spirit of the BEST opening lines of any song this week: *"I was searching for lost time / While wasting so much more / Maintaining drunken dignity / While sliding to the floor . . ."*

JAMES KING AND THE LONE WOLVES: So Alone (Cuba Libre/Virgin).

When the tough guys get tender nothing can beat the aching simplicity of their outpourings. Check The Stranglers' rare sensitive moments ('Bear Cage') Sam Peckinpah's pathos *(Pat Garrett And Billy The Kid)* and now James King's new single. By all accounts a scarred veteran of early Glaswegian punk, King got left behind in the rush to embrace the sound of new Scotland. So overcompensate now and get this tremulous record that invokes classic spurned pop traditions without necessarily conforming to them. The voice quavers bitterly, the guitar jars the senses and the words hurt where they should.

THE COMSAT ANGELS: Do The Empty House (Polydor).

The Comsat Angels' records are invariably fraught with eminent peril without ever convincing anyone of the dangers — imaginary or otherwise — lurking around the corner. Other than succumbing to their all too cosy gloom, that is. The Comsat Angels have perfected an exterior that is literally accomplished and seductively produced enough to disguise their hollow soul. They're part of the cheapening of sensations, the bracketing of experiences in easily quotable lines. Long ago, when The Comsat Angels began, their reduction of rock music to bare skeletons, like on 'Total War Girl', seemed quite exciting. The excitement has since been dulled through repetition.

If the Comsat Angels want us to feel nervous why is their music reassuring to the point of smugness?

GENESIS: Keep It Dark (Chrisma).

Ditto. See Chris Bohn's intelligently argued indictment of the world's dullest rock group somewhere in the Live! pages. (Advertisements For Myself — Part Two).

TEARS FOR FEARS: Suffer The Children (Phonogram).

The name — you might want to note but nobody's going to press the point — is short for "tears as a replacement for fears", has something to do with primal therapy and it all relates back to the innocuous electronic pop duo's reading of Arthur Janov's *The Primal Scream*. It's neither as piercingly intense as John Lennon's Plastic Ono Band LP that concerns itself with the same thing, nor as bathetically moving as the couple would like us to think. It is pleasant though, then again not disarmingly so.

ASWAD: Ways Of The Lord (CBS).

Still the great hopes of British reggae after all these years, Aswad have yet to find a way of transferring their lively, sensible and incisive militancy — as expressed in the revealing documentary short *Grove Music* — into a fittingly vital form capable of startling you into listening anew. 'Ways Of The Lord', the refreshing ambivalence of Aswad's secular/religious stance aside, is dour and down where it should be UP and excitable, the production muffled when the song would have been better served with a few highlights. The sooner Aswad loosen up, shake off the too-soon-come maturity and act their age the better.

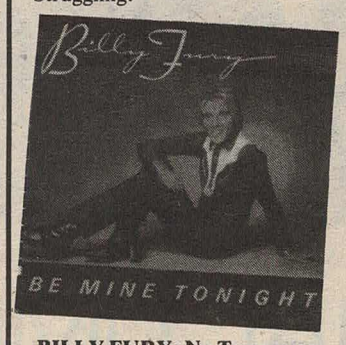
DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: Liars A To E (Intense Emotions/Mercury).

God, the scourge of music business corruption, hippy hypocrisy and double dealing would be a real pain if his record didn't live up to his excessive mouthings about projected passion and the like. Remember though that it *is* projected passion — Kevin Rowlands summons up the emotions of the best torch singers, be they Percy Sledge, Frank Sinatra or Alan Suicide. It's a great act, which doesn't mean to say he doesn't believe in every last sulky sob. The Runners on their behalf are the perfect showband, this time incorporating strings to mellow the brassiness. Rowlands might labour a point, but at least he's smart enough to let it luxuriate in their sweet sound.

Take it at the level you find most comfortable.

THE STRAY CATS: You Don't Believe Me . . . (Pin Up/Arista).

In which the Cats shift gear from a rockabilly strut to a broader 12 bar stride. The pace is unbecoming to the mutant strain that was the only saving grace of their revivalist rockabilly in the first place. Struggling.



BILLY FURY: No Trespassers (Polydor).

Billy Fury with falling star synths? Draw your own allusions.

DAVID JAY AND RENE HALKETT: Nothing / Armour (4 AD). A Bauhaus school reunion of the classes of '23 and '81. Halkett, a student at the original Weimar school, contacted the Northampton angst school rockers after being intrigued by them putting two of Halkett's poems to electronic tonescapes. Halkett writes much better songs than Peter Murphy, he has a more attractive voice, too. Now if only someone can transfer his mind into Murphy's body, Bauhaus would really be onto something. Then, if the operation were successful, they'd lose their only fan on the *NME*.

YELLO: Bostich (Do It). If Yello were born 12 years ago in Muswell Hill they would have been called The Kinks. As it is they're from Switzerland, play synths and tapes and frenetically murmur some none too biting social satire about the speed of life. Yello aren't always so obvious as this choice of single.

KIT HAIN: Looking For You (Deram).

Mike Thorn produced, Perry Haines dressed the sleeve and Kit Hain once sang Marshall Hain's pioneering MOR moderne hit 'Dancing In The City'. That record had genuine style enough to challenge Abba's best, but since then she's been superceded by the brighter likes of The Human League as contenders for the next *Eurovision Song Contest*.

THE NICE MEN: Senile Youth (Demon)

I miss the irony and catch it at a literal level.

999: Indian Reservation (Albion).

Remember transparent vinyl? Remember 999? Remember Don Fardon? If you answered yes eagerly to all three you deserve it. If yes reluctantly, you should score high in the crossword. If no, count yourself lucky.

GRAHAM BONNET: That's The Way That It Is (Vertigo). BLACK SABBATH: Mob Rules (Vertigo).

Crass! Vulgar! Stupid! Brilliant! I love it! Black Sabbath glory in the grime, wallow in the mire of misery, exploit horror as much as they evoke it, I know all that, but their crude and unwitting embodiment of the trash aesthetic is much truer to its spirit than the knowing playfulness of The Cramps or even Motorhead.

'Mob Rules' is everything you'd expect from a Black Sabbath record: blind barnstorming riffs, daft whining solos and the most ridiculous falsetto this side of Tiny Tim. Something hits in this one though that makes it as vilely wonderful as Motorhead's 'Ace Of Spades' and every bit as wise: *"If you listen to the fools / The MOB RULES!"* A heavy metal record for people who hate heavy metal. There — now no one will buy it.

Bonnet, on the other hand, loses right away by making concessions to good taste in the opening, gnarled guitar drawl. Besides, he sings too well to be taken seriously as an exponent of sludge rock.

THE STEVE MILLER BAND: Heart Like A Wheel (Mercury).

AOR writing made easy — drop all the right references and thus rip off the songs. C'mon everybody. Sue the bastard.

ACADEMY ONE: Forever And Ever (Armageddon).

Tattoo-ed love boys. Taking up the theme of the moment from the cinema. Academy One describe a sexual obsession from an analytical distance without giving the impression they're getting very close to its core. It's not the ambivalence of the group towards the subject that dooms the record so much as its pointless, painless sophistication.

THE DROWNING CRAZE: Trance (Situation 2)

The mystery was mapped out long before The Drowning Craze got here. Paul Morley says The Drowning Craze used to have a great girl singer and were good then. Her replacement tries to emulate Alex Harvey and they're nondescript now.

ANTHONY MORE: World Service (Do It).

Weather forecast more likely. More plainly predicts a bleak future for mankind, breaking up his passionaless narration with static bursts of radio broadcast. So many German groups make much wittier sound montages and to far better ironic effect. He could learn from the Wirtschaftswunder's 'Television', Der Favorit's 'Mea Culpa' or Ralf Doper's 'Eraserhead' / 'Assault', to name but three.

LORI AND THE CHAMELONS: Touch / The Lonely Spy (Korova).

A double-up reissue of the two Lori singles written by the Liverpool mafia of Teardrop Balfe and manager Drummond. Cute kitsch. 'Touch' pairs off Shirley Temple and Yukio Mishima on package tour to Tokyo, and 'the Lonely Spy' has Kim Philby and Kim Darby meeting clandestinely in Red Square. •

WILLY GARDNER: Imation (Cuba Libre / Virgin).

Ex-Zone and slapped syndrum drone equals a slowly emitted groan. Nothing happens here that you haven't heard better elsewhere.

MARK BEER: Love Dances Warm (Rough Trade).

The Incredible String Band revival continues unabated. Personally I hold Ian Penman responsible for unnecessarily bringing their name up in *Gasbag* last week.

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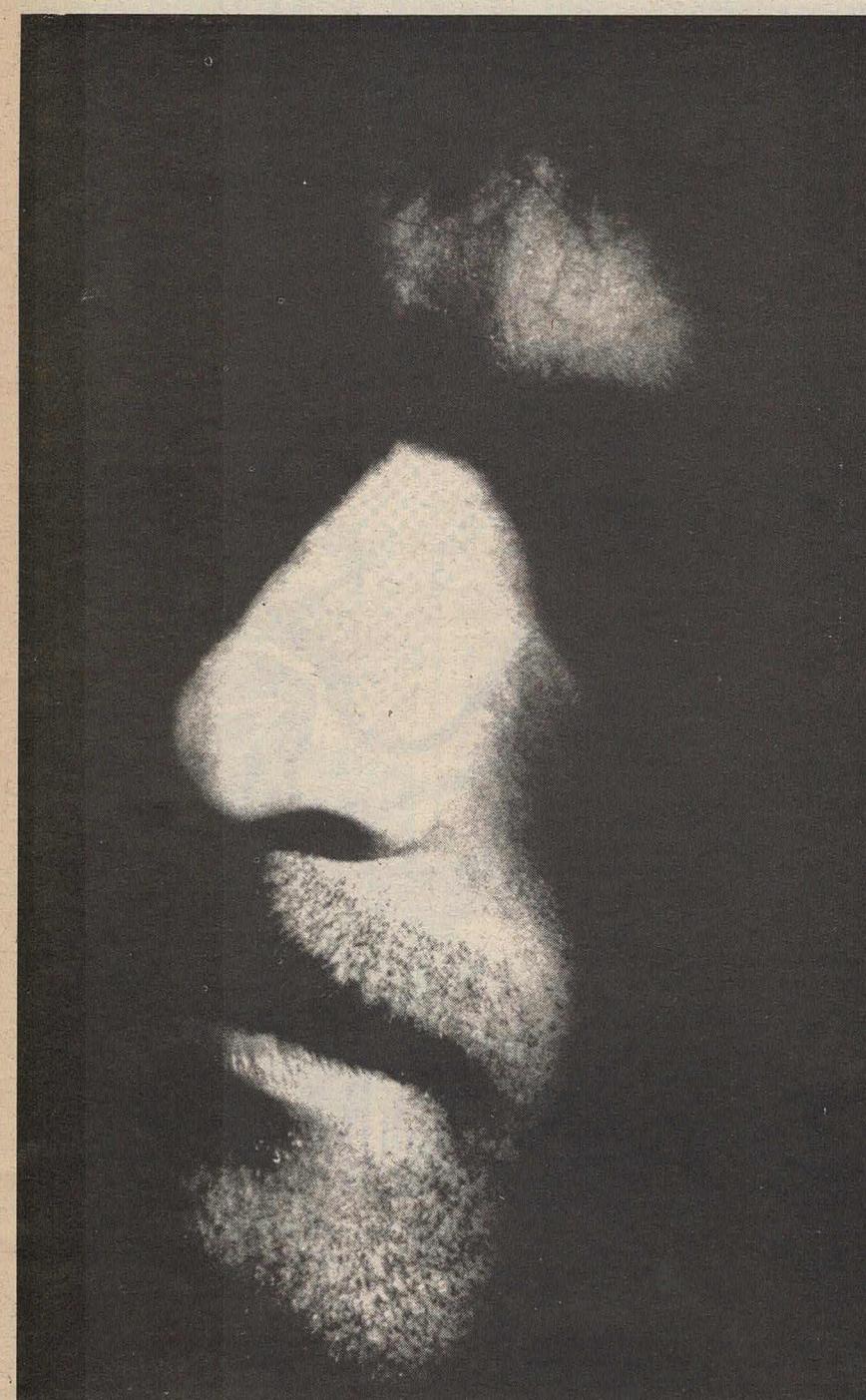


A Son-of-a-bitch interview with Willy DeVille

Richard Cook gets threatened by a real life American rock'n'roll star. Photos Anton Corbijn.

"Oh, there ain't nothing that I wouldn't do
Just to walk that little girl home"
Willy DeVille, 'Just To Walk That Little Girl Home'.

A COLD, BRILLIANT October day in Germany. The iron grey uniformity of the autobahns is softened by the autumn tints in the trees. Gelsenkirchen, 30 minutes drive from Dusseldorf, is fat with industrial little big town pride; and for this weekend it's the watering hole for a number of pop stars, here to perform in German television's version of an all-night *OGWT, Rockpalast*. One of the groups involved is Mink DeVille.

Willy DeVille has yet to fully recover from Capitol Records' apparent disdain for the product he gave them up to last year. While the debut, 'Mink DeVille', an entertaining mix of snarling guitar shuffles with Latino and Creole additives, spawned a modest hit in 'Spanish Stroll', the low-key follow-up 'Return To Magenta' seemed to make the company lose all interest. 'Le Chat Bleu', the third and best record, wasn't even released in America. Four years on, Mink DeVille are still known mainly for 'Spanish Stroll'.

Atlantic signed DeVille this year and 'Coup De Grace', a sullen and plain record, is the first result. The new DeVille band play so mildly on the record that, despite the avowed intention of producing "real New York street music" it sinks into a snooze. There are worthwhile players working the tables in this circuit (check the jaw-crunching flair of the band John Cale assembled for his excellent 'Honi Soit' for proof), but this LP doesn't make the point. Nor, come to that, does a patchy collection of rather indifferent tunes.

Having been granted an audience with DeVille in his room, my first sight of him is somewhat disconcerting. He's lying on a sofa, a blanket pulled up to his chin, huge mirror shades propped on his nose. Willy, it seems, is not well. He has a cold. He hasn't slept in two nights. Something tells me this is going to be a hard one . . .

Do you like being in Europe, Mr DeVille?

"Do you like being in Pennsylvania?" is the barely audible reply. While I'm thinking about that one he adds, "I'd rather be someplace else. Do you like being in Germany?"

This part's a bit like Croydon. "I'd rather be in Paris . . . New Orleans I like too, England, Wales."

You're more a favourite in Europe than in America, anyway.

"I think that's a foolish remark," is the quietly malevolent reply. "Because you've never been to Pennsylvania."

He sits up, stick-frame wrapped in a half-length robe over a black T-shirt and strides. The hairstyling is as elegantly windswept as ever. A trim, minuscule moustache adorns his upper lip.

Alright. 'Coup De Grace' has at least been released in America *and* Europe, after the shambolic treatment accorded 'Le Chat Bleu'.

"I don't think I'll ever get over my resentment to Capitol Records. It's a factory. Now I have a man behind me who understands my *art*."

This theme recurs when I ask if he thinks 'Coup De Grace' is his best record.

"'Le Chat Bleu' was *magnifique*. But this one is, like, if Picasso did a painting and put his heart and soul into it, would he have to try and top that painting next time?"

I think he would, but never mind. The production seems very, um, straightforward. No strings, fewer back-up vocals.

"I just wanted it different this time. I haven't used The Immortals since my first album. I taught all my band to sing."

IT'S ABOUT AT this point that anarchy threatens to take over as the famous Toots arrives, Willy's long-standing muse. A worn, fragile but friendly figure, laden with make-up and red red lips, she does threaten to undo what progress(?) we've made.

Another try. For a man who's supposed to be very interested in poetry your lyrics seem very uncluttered. Not much like Leonard Cohen, eh?

"They're *supposed* to be like that. *Street people* don't understand all that flowery shit."

Toots begins to sing 'Empty Hallways' but seems to forget the words.

I'm not going to let him off the hook that easily. What about all these connections with Greenwich Village bubblehead art movement types?

"I'm more of a Bohemian. I live on the street. I have nothing to do with Talking Heads. That's not from the soul."

Since 'The Street' seems such a recurring phenomenon, I ask him if he's jealous of well-known streetfighter Bruce Springsteen.

"Would you be jealous of somebody from Bradford?" laughs Toots. All these cross-environmental references are getting me down.

"He still lives with his mother. He has a game room and all of his friends come over."

You're not one of his friends, then?

"He likes my records. He won't let his band even smoke *pot*. He's a clean boy from New Jersey. Doesn't that say something about America? Actually we don't like anybody. We're very anti-social."

You don't say. But all your lyrics are about love and romance.

"The people who listen to those records are lucky I give them that much," says DeVille with more weariness than arrogance. "I'm exposing myself enough. I'm not jealous of *anybody*. Springsteen writes about cars, I write about my chick. Who the fuck cares about what gas pedal you've got in your car?"

Are you suspicious of rock revolutionaries?

"I'm suspicious of flag-wavers. I'm all for changing the world — but what can I change?"

Drummer Tommy Price and the mumbling Toots goes out with him. DeVille finally takes off his shades and looks quizzical. "Do you know you have mannerisms very like a priest?"

I think a saint might be more appropriate in these circumstances. As no general statements of any value seem forthcoming whatever I ask I try something more specific: one of the best tracks on 'Le Chat Bleu', 'The World Outside', seems to display a core of despair at the big pumping heart of this street romanticism: *"Our flame can never light/That world outside."*

This does elicit some response.

"Yeah — even though there's light at the end of the tunnel. 90% of the world are assholes, there's followers and leaders. I am a leader. But the people I lead let me down all the time. It's like American Wonderbread — very white, soft, everyone buys it and it's very bad for you. I do respect the people who stand up and say, That's fucked up!"

Maybe music isn't a very good way of doing that, though.

"Oh shit, I wish I was a writer, a painter — anything but this. But I'd probably shrivel up and die if I couldn't play or sing. It comes from the heart. That's all I've got. What am I going to do, dig ditches?"

SOMEHOW WE get talking about Elvis Costello's 'Pump It Up' and DeVille draws attention to its similarity to 'Subterranean Homesick Blues'. Do you like Costello, Mr DeVille?

"I know where his tricks come from. But I hate him. I think he's a racist and a fascist."

Doubtless the composer of 'Night Rally' would be delighted to hear this. Do you like any of your former CBGB's contemporaries?

"No, it's old stuff." His voice is tailing off again. "Every fuckin' art student that plays out of tune gets a record deal."

He is oblivious to England's salsa (sham) revival.

"What the fuck do they know about Latino? The beat is too pumped up in all this music. You can't make love to a beat like that. They're so *anxious*."

If I said that the whole premise of your attitude to music is walking little girls home, would you deny that?

"It's what you do when you *get* them home," is the drawled response.

The total failure of the American mainstream to grasp any of the implications of the British/European advances of the last few years is what shunts a man like DeVille into oblivion. When a whole cultural sphere has to be questioned, even the most 'valuable' elements in that area will suffer.

Willy DeVille *might be* valuable, but only as a repository for other modes. Whatever you may think of the above discourse, it's clear that he has nothing to say which can make any significant contribution to the fractured, fractious dialectic we seem to have got ourselves into. It's not that he's not coming up with anything new — hardly anybody *is*, for Chrissakes, no matter what you may hear/read — it's that he cannot disassemble the over-used basics he has at his disposal and come up with an alternative structure that has breathing space for idiosyncrasy, disquiet, query, demand, LOVE, LIFE! What I mean is — if you don't have 'Trust' then there's no point at all in buying 'Coup De Grace'.

DeVille's worth is, rather, invested in the stock of braying emotional grandeur that has nourished his best ideas: 'That World Outside', 'Can't Do Without It', 'This Must Be The Night'. It's relentlessly hit and miss in impact, but when those ingredients — a yearning melody, a typhoon of strings, a particularly tough-grained vocal — mix right perhaps something necessary comes out. The stupid splurging of 'street romanticism' is a fallacious conceit that shouldn't be accorded too much attention. But you could . . .

Ask yourself on your way to buy 'Penthouse And Pavement' or 'Dare' or 'October' or 'Tears Are Not Enough' if stylistic irony has been established with such conviction that you already know where the line is drawn (it's such a *fine* line); if you can determine the stylistic boundaries of reference once denoted by Lennie Tristano (whose gruff criticism was directed at modern jazz) — "All emotion and no feeling"; and if you can say for sure that DeVille's artifice is a Cadillac Walk in an ancient dancehall, long since deserted. What do I think? Why?

DeVille's last words I have on my tape are, "If I read a son-of-a-bitch article I'm coming to get you."

I think I'd better go into hiding for a while.

The Ecology movement: Hopeless idealism — Or practical politics?

ANDREW TYLER investigates the big green thing that wants to save the world.

TURNING

AS the world moves into what that inspirational Professor E. P. Thompson calls "an insane moment" there's some sort of stirring of ants in the common bloodstream. There's a feeling the old political voodoo isn't going to save us this time, just as it never did.

The familiar litany is: poverty and tension in the Third World; inflation and unemployment in the Developed World; the fast grab for dwindling resources by all nations and — pre-empting everything — nuclear cataclysm.

The weight of these considerations casts the ordinary joe onto the sidelines. It makes him/her a spectator of ungovernable events.

The effect is sharpened by institutional changes that have occurred in our lives, particularly since the last war.

Britain's farms are now 65% owned not by pheasant-shooting gentry but insurance companies, pension funds and multinationals like Spillers and Cavenham Foods for whom the farmer becomes stooge. He acts on behalf of an amoral bureaucracy whose interest in the land is as part of a cycle of profit. Fertilising, harvesting, processing, canning, distributing — these are the spokes on the wheel.

In the urban centres the small business operator has been similarly pitched out. During the past 30 years, concludes Michael Heseltine, Environment Minister, the business community has broken down.

"There has been a transfer away from the owner-occupier, who was based in and identified with the community, to the City of London.

"I hope that those who manage the savings of the British people will realise that they cannot turn their backs on what is happening in the deprived areas of our inner cities."

But, of course, they can. Investing the savings of the British people in American shopping centres or South African leisure complexes is considerably more fruitful.

The combines for which most of us now work, unless we are dole-addicted, not only dwarf individual aspirations, they overturn whole nations (Allende's Chile, for instance). In terms of spending power, a multinational like Exxon is bigger than Austria.

But it's not only the traditional enemy of the worker who means to shrink him/her down.

In the North London *Hackney Gazette* recently was an item about the local Council's plan for tenants to do their own minor repair work — replace a bath plug or cold tap washer.

The scheme, they said, would save ratepayers £235,000 a year and help keep rates and rents down.

"We are dead against this scheme," answered a spokesman for the Council's building trade workers, "not only because of the possible loss of jobs but because tenants could injure themselves doing jobs they are not trained to do."

Here is a statement that puts people as firmly in their place as the old-boy class system. It is post-industrial serfdom; an instance of the kind of conditioning that provides for most of us a dwindling competence outside of which we are to call in the expert — the teacher in all matters of learning; the statistician to gauge what's wrong and right; the politician to invent solutions and, in matters of freedom, the scientist in his nuclear laboratory.

Russian dissident author Alexander Solzhenitsyn said of the West (and I paraphrase): We have become a mass of enfeebled consumers, demanding justice and freedom like they were soapsuds. We pledge nothing in return. And we are even satisfied with the mere trappings.

American writer Tom Wolfe also attacked the decrepit me-breed of Westerner and the consequent withering of fine abstractions like self-awareness and individual responsibility.

He might additionally have pointed out that in times of recession, when the suds are less soapy and the prospect is not total recovery and full employment as Tory and Labour like to promise but permanently lowered horizons, then there are going to be some very disgruntled young people, teased but never provided with the fruits of a vanishing affluence. The riotous breed.

The riots of Toxteth and Liverpool and Moss Side were riots of *disappointed luxury,* maintains editor of *Vole* magazine, Richard North.

"The unemployed in these places are probably richer on the dole than their grandparents were in full work." The difference is the frustration of sweet promise.

Revolutionaries use the climate of the times as a rationale for venomous cant and worse. Nihilists, anarchists, assassins and other lazy sods make it their own excuse.

One useful question might be — in the words of the unfortunate Jimmy Carter — what is the equivalent moral pressure of war? How do we transform the world for the good; overcome its corrupt, outmoded institutions without the purifying heat of battle? Because whatever the estimates of the Protect And Survive madmen at the Home Office, we cannot afford another war to wipe the slate.

What's offered here is not a solution but a look at the Green movement of Europe.

Green is the colour of an idea that is equally political, social and spiritual. It says that big solutions have failed, big government has failed, big business and big unions have failed.

Green proponents reject the gospel of relentless economic growth, saying that this is based on consumer gluttony and is a perversion in a world of such disparities between rich and poor nations.

One fifth plunders for the new technology. Four fifths starve... and become dangerously bitter.

The rich plunder deeper for scarcer resources and so push up prices, which causes inflation which costs jobs, produces decay and social tension. And so built into the precarious growth economics of the North is its own self-destruction.

Greens turn away from the one-stroke dogmas of the far left and right — perpetrated by the sexually inadequate — and instead call for self-reliance, co-operation, inspiration, frugality, self-awareness and the recognition that even among the Welfare State-addicted there is the common force among men and women to shape positively the future.

Green Routes

MARTIN STOTT of Oxford's Political Environmental Research Group is a crisply brilliant under-30-year-old scientist and writer. We drew from him the seven basic routes favoured by British Greens in their quest for a transformed society. The methods work in tandem or apart. Some get his approval. Some don't. They are as follows:

The Parliamentary Establishment Approach.
Favoured by lobbyists like Friends Of The Earth, Conservation Society and Green Alliance. They believe that to get ecology on the agenda of British politics there has to be some seduction of big nob politicians, civil servants and business moguls.

Alternative Political Parties:
There are now eight Green ones in Europe. The current aim is to string them into a Federation.

Ad Hoc.
You have a specific goal like getting a local firm to stop the dumping of toxic wastes. An ad hoc group is invented drawing on different local strands for a more punishing effect. The strategy is to make established institutions like the local Labour Party or union, work for you.

Critical Science Groups and other radical sources of information.
This includes Stott's PERG and British Society For Social Responsibility. "Knowledge", Stott reminds us, "equals power".

Direct Action.
Some folk ram whaling ships; invade nuclear power plants.

The Law.
Recourse to it in Britain is expensive, particularly for the Green novice unfamiliar with its mystical pathways. But Stott predicts a forward thrust. A nuclear reactor in Hartlepool might yet be stopped by "people's injunctions".

Alternative Lifestyles.
In 1981 the hippy dream of self-sufficiency is a modified reality, even in the conurbations. 'Alternative' today equals communes, housing co-ops, transport sharing, safe energy and health food shops (the ones not owned by the multi-nationals).

Friends Of The Earth

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH still hold the centre of the environmental stage in Britain even though its days of mass impact are dimming into history. The '70s media gimmicks no longer dazzle or educate and forcing new Green Law in times of recession is a powerfully difficult thing to do.

A recent article in the sadly-demised *Vole* magazine by Chris Rose and Charlie Pye Smith, practically buried the group. It said that for all the gamey efforts in the past, its education of MPs and draft work on legislation, every major battle fought by FoE in its ten-year history has been lost.

"Poland Street, it seems, has been annexed by the establishment . . . it has forsaken passion, which lies beyond government control, for reason — which can be ignored."

With this kind of dagger attack — and there have been plenty in the past year — it's no wonder FoE's internal cohesion has been bleeding away. The main problem is in the relationship between 250 autonomous local groups and Friends Of The Earth Ltd., Poland Street, London.

Poland Street is what they call in the clothing business — the flagship. It's they who collect and spend the quarter million pounds a year working capital but they do so — the complaint goes — without cocking an ear to the wishes of locals whose grass roots work is in large part responsible for attracting that sum.

The bile finally spilled out at a September meeting in Birmingham during which Poland Street's secret weapon for the '80s was unveiled. He is gritty northern unionist Steve Billcliffe, formerly with housing action group Shelter, and now FoE's campaign director.

Billcliffe was quick to promise the lumpen ranks more consultation and says now that plans are afoot to include one or more regional heads on FoE Ltd's board of directors — until now, he admits, "a self-perpetuating oligarchy."

As to '80s strategy, Billcliffe aims to swerve away from the "Mild, consensus approach of the '70s", the sucking up close to the establishment, in favour of *shock horror* tactics. He wants front page *Yorkshire Post.* He wants continual snippets on the ever-famished local radio stations telling a thousand blight stories, stories of nuclear cover-up, official bungling and misdoing . . . so that the Government suffers a tide of public outrage.

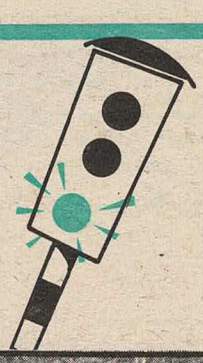
But isn't all this a little fuzzy and same-as-beforish I put to him, and he stalked me with his sharp eyes and said there were now new factors such as — *emphasis; willpower.*

On another front is the vital ground-breaking work of local groups which is beginning to prove the equation — environmental concern equals work. For instance, a wastepaper processing plant in Carlisle, a rubbish recycling scheme in Coventry and towering Birmingham with its home insulation scheme — one of many.

In the '70s, says Billcliffe, the environmentalists lost their argument with Heath's Pink Tories and the slithering likes of Wilson and Callaghan. The '80s, with their extremes of political doctrine both here and abroad, require "a harder message, identifiable targets and a more radical approach."

"I'm not an economist," he says,

TO GREEN



"an environmentalist or ecologist. I'm a campaigner. A knee-capper. I don't believe FoE have had these skills in the same force that I believe in them."

FoE do their Euro lobbying through the European Environmental Bureau. This is the affiliation of 63 leading continental Green groups other than the political parties. Its main work is forcing the hand of the EEC so that it issues green directives to member nations. Most visible gain to date has been a Europe-wide ban on whale products.

Trying to perform a similar umbrella function in Britain is the London-based Green Alliance, with its posh roster of professors and dames. The Alliance acts as a "parliamentary switchboard" putting groups like the Ramblers Association, Conservation Society and RSPCA in touch with MPs.

"We mean to ensure that from now on the political priorities of the United Kingdom are determined within an ecological perspective." — Awfully nice thought from awfully nice people.

For plebs like you there is a support organisation called Friends Of The Green Alliance. It has an open membership.

Alternatives.

BRITAIN'S PLANNING and building regulations are supposed to save us from commercial extremists; from buildings that fall down in the night and Marlboro hoardings round Lake Derwent.

They win us some. They lose us some. But what they unfailingly do is help choke off the best of the new ideas. One such is the proposal for a new village-sized community on farmland outside Milton Keynes. It comes from a collective calling itself Greentown Group. And despite some heavyweight establishment support, they are in for a grinding.

Their proposal cuts across the idea that only professionals can design and build. Also it challenges "current thinking on energy, on work and on a whole range of passive relationships with the State."

The solar house

Conventional developers present master plans. Greentown offers what's called a "limited phase outline". All they'll specify is where the Milton Keynes road leaves and enters and where the first buildings and village centre will be.

"Our greatest need," say the organisers, "is for creative ideas in the area of financial structures and institutions."

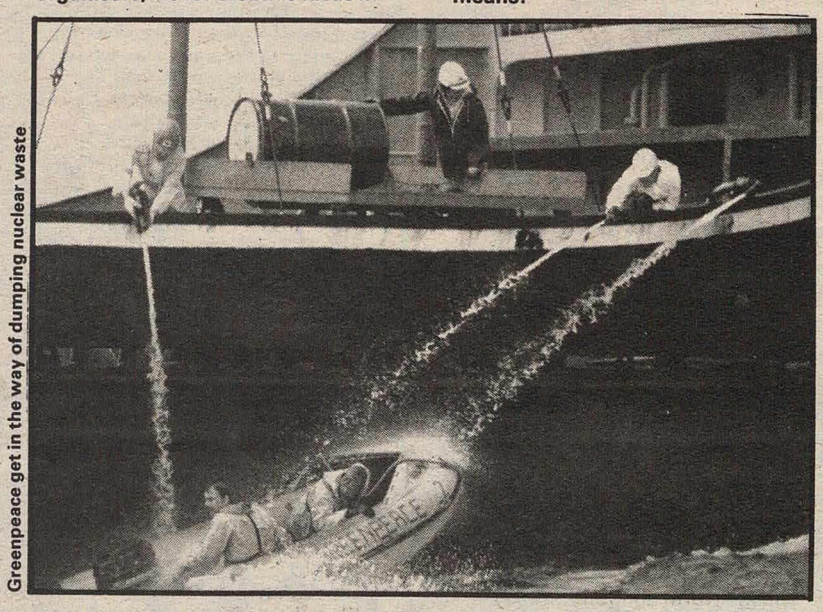
They will also need the powers of voodoo to slip the big wallahs.

In America, slack planning regulations produce more abuse and more experimentation.

There are parts of New York's South Bronx and Lower East Side, says Martin Stott in *Vole* magazine, where packs of wild dogs and rodents used to roam. In their place have grown interlocking green developments that have brought back some sanity and nutrition.

Typical is a five storey tenement on 11th Street, once abandoned and gutted but then reclaimed by its former inhabitants. On the roof they have built a solar greenhouse and solar heating system. In the basement they are constructing four 500 gallon tanks for breeding edible fish. The fish live on algae and spinach from the greenhouse — and the fish poop is used to fertilise more of the same plants. A cycle.

In Berlin, says Stott, and Frankfurt, Copenhagen, Amsterdam and Paris there is more of this inspired co-operation. Do we rescue our own corroded culture by these means?



Greenpeace get in the way of dumping nuclear waste

Direct Action

DIRECT ACTION is that catchall term used to describe what people get up to when they fall out with "proper" political channels of protest.

It is 20 activists chaining themselves to the perimeter fence of a weapons site, or it's 'Dark Harvest' dumping a box of anthrax spores outside the Tory conference.

Traditionally, direct action is the weapon of radical cliques; the cutting edge of their political standpoint.

Lately, however, the issue of nuclear power is shifting the prerogative to the common volk . . . for instance to the peasantry of Britanny and the Islanders of Orkney as they each battle with a viciously encroaching nuclear establishment. The authorities no doubt expected an easy ride from these far-flung places. What they badly misread, is the irreducible local instinct for survival. Political savvy, as taught in the LSE, has nothing to do with it. In the Basque country of Spain, the people campaigned for years against plans for two 930 megawatt reactors. In 1979 they held the largest anti nuclear demonstration ever witnessed — 250,000 people.

When this was ignored ETA, the separatist movement went from sabotage to execution and only then did construction stop.

Likewise in Plogoff, Britanny: here the French Government hankered to build Europe's largest reactor complex. The local response came in mass demos, moving through to civil disobedience, to sabotage and kidnapping (much of it performed by women, since their menfolk were invariably out fishing). Finally new President Mitterrand suspended the project.

Closer to home we have had nothing so hot-headed. British protests tend to be low-key and idiosyncratic. For instance there has been the occupation of farmland in Luxulyan, Cornwall, by a canny group battling Electricity Board plans for a nuclear reactor.

Further north, the Severnside Group made their famous scaffold tower in the path of a nuclear waste train en route to Sharpeness.

In the Orkney Islands an outright victory seems to have been won by locals fighting government plans for uranium mining — an especially lethal activity.

Less promising is the campaign against the nuciear reactor being constructed in Torness near Edinburgh. For years there have been site occupations, pipe and drum rallies, petitions and polls but still CEGB proceed unbothered.

Perhaps the closest to direct action in this country in terms of straight-line-net effect is the work of Greenpeace.

Greenpeace fall into the radical clique category in that they are 'local' to none of the causes they fight. Greenpeace ram whaling ships. They spray dye on seals so their pelts can't be sold for profit. Lately they are attempting to obstruct the dumping of nuclear waste in the deep ocean. Everyone contacted for this article considered Greenpeace magnificent and were particularly impressed that sound research always preceded the heroics.

The Animal Liberation Front are in a similarish mould. They burst into research labs or breeding kennels where animals are being scientifically tortured and steal them away. ALF are like massed El Zorros . . . or is it Citizen Smiths? One argument goes: Why blab for dumb animals having their hearts taken out when there are plenty of children and adults being mutilated? The answer runs: It is precisely because animals are dumb that they need human allies.

But animal welfare is strictly a side issue in '81. Increasingly it is nuclear power and weapons that are boiling up the public rage and, as often as not, leading the suffering group to the direct, total tactic. At any rate this is the pattern in large parts of Europe. In Britain, the response to a bungling nuclear establishment is still lacklustre.

Paul Rowntree of the Anti Nuclear Campaign, says secrecy has a lot to do with it. By withholding vital information the authorities damp down an open dialogue and the energy that lifts from it.

Another factor is said to be the phlegmatic temperament of the British — although there seems to be less of that around lately.

A third factor is the policy of suctioning off dissent by means of flattery and manipulation. The British are top division at this. A tired radical like Tom Burke of FoE gets stuck on commissions of enquiry and working parties. The levers of power are revealed to him and he'll even believe — poor sucker — they are within his grasp.

As to the months to come: Paul Ekins, secretary of the Ecology Party, says there are now factions of his organisation, and among Anti Nuclear Campaign members, showing an extreme impatience with the Green movement's rate of knots. He can see the day when 100,000 people march, for instance, on Coulport (probable Scots berth of Trident subs) and pull it apart brick by brick. It would be a "valid act", he says, provided it was inspired locally and no-one gets hurt.

Ecology Party

WITH THE 1979 General Election came a sudden blooming for the then six-year-old Ecology Party. The option of Mad Thatcher versus Old Man Callaghan encouraged them to field 53 candidates and although every deposit was lost and a miserable 1.5% of the vote gained, the public at least recognised a new animal in the political ring. Even if it was a flea.

Membership still grows. There are now 6,000, plus 250 local groups and in recent local elections the average haul was a much-improved 1.79% for London, 4.5% outside. But the

Jonathon Porritt

unappetising fact for a party that begs to do more than gesture is that it can do no more without electoral reform — namely the introduction of proportional representation.

It is thanks to proportional representation that Die Grunen in Germany and PPR in Holland can sink their hooks into the legislature, and it is due to its absence here that the Liberals can take 13.8% of the total vote in 1979 and yet end up with 11 seats in a House of 635.

What compounds the P.R. bug for Ecologists is that they know reform will come only through the hated Social Democratic Party and/or Libs.

Former chairman Jonathon Porritt sees the SDP as a "massive con trick". They mouth faddish green slogans — decentralisation, selective economic growth, protect the environment — yet share the "same basic assumptions, the same exploitative philosophy as Tory and Labour."

His own Party views ecology not as a pretty new frock but a ground sheet — *the* complete perspective through which all issues can pass.

To prove the point, E.P. has spent two years developing complicated postures and statements of intent on every topic known. At the same time it has produced a split between those members favouring the old, improvised passion and those wanting the new machine reasoning.

Unemployment, meanwhile, spurts to 3 million and the question is asked: Is the Ecology Party merely a hideout for rope sandal *Guardian* wankers or does it inhabit the real world?

There is now actually a party booklet on the subject of unemployment and it makes good, plain reading. It's called *Jobs For Keeps*, and says the first step is for industry to be restructured on a small, localised scale with investment in people not machines.

It wants a network of Community Employment Agencies that will stimulate jobs as opposed to performing the stale parrot cry: "No Jobs Today," that being the present function of Jobs Centres.

It calls for Community Savings Banks to fund local enterprises — for instance, recycling, house insulation, market gardening.

Most radical of all, it would initiate a National Income/Tax Credit Scheme that would guarantee a single, automatic payment each week to everyone in the country — rich, poor, jobbed or unjobbed.

Anything additionally earned would be taxed under a painless and equitable system.

So much for the exquisite doctrine. In their quest for the power to enforce it the Party has so far racked up a total of one councillor in Cornwall.

You'd think that with this record the Party could ill-afford to get sniffy over the Germans and the Italians,

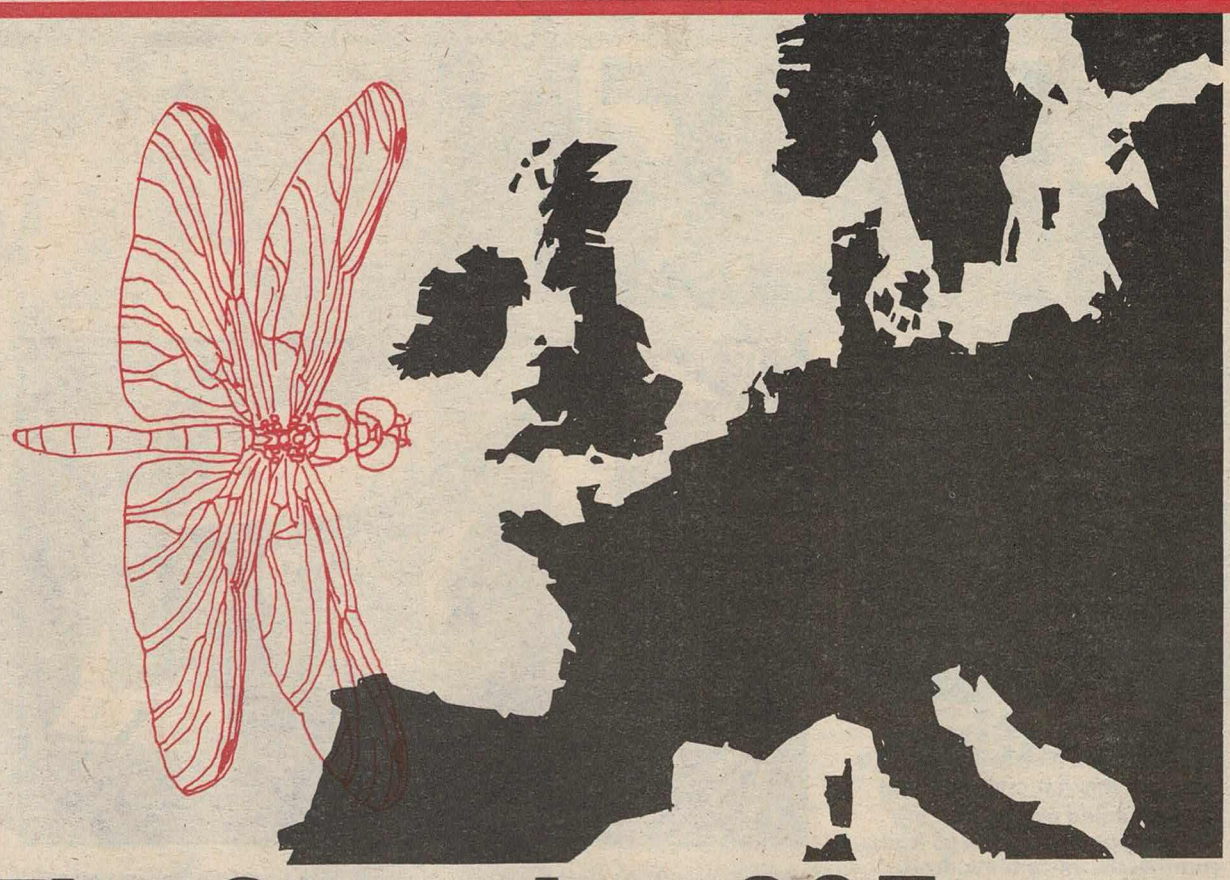
eco

knocking them for their inexact political maths. But they do.

Porritt, for instance, will say: No wonder the Euros do well when they pick off single, emotive issues like nuclear power or abortion, getting their followers to cluster noisily around them.

The British Party has purity. But virtually all its own work has been done from the cool of the fringe and in a near vacuum. You might say — and many members are now saying — that first principles have yet to be discovered.

This year and next might well see some changes.



The Greening Of Europe

GREEN POLITICS are now global, although it is in Europe that the phenomenon has been formalised through the growth of eco parties.

In the US the honourable tradition is lobbying and experimentation. But that country is now suddenly faced with a ferociously thick-skulled Interior Secretary called James Watt who seems to regard the American wildlands as an unnatural encroachment on the aspirations of big business.

His boss Reagan set the tone when he offered: "When you've seen one California Redwood, you've seen 'em all."

Further north in Canada and further south in Australia and New Zealand there are still vast, unspoilt hinterlands and perhaps the willpower to prevent them being sodomised, corporate-style.

THE MOVE in Europe this year is to knock up the eight Green parties into a Federation. There is already a joint manifesto in the air — scripted by the clever clogs of our own Ecology Party.

Ideals are listed as follows: Universal human rights; equal economic rights for developing countries; world peace through unilateral disarmament, the rejection of nuclear power and the recognition that small is beautiful.

Not bad for starters. The only true reticence so far has come from the Italians, who want no part of formal pact-making.

One day the Federation hopes to erect an experimental utopia, perhaps in Germany or Holland, on land provided by the EEC.

This is how the eight line up:

Belgium
The Agalev Party has not yet fought an election but opinion polls score them six to seven per cent of the populace. They speak for the Flemish minority and are stuck into the campaign against cruise missiles. Ecolo represent Belgium's French-speaking Walloon majority. Though politically backward compared to Agalev, polls give them eight per cent.

Germany
Die Grunen is the pacemaker for all Europe. Powerful in terms of vitality, mass support and electoral strength. It shaped up in the early '70s when three of the country's largest Citizen Action Groups came together.

Its leaders have shared the political stage with Chancellor Schmidt and taken cockpit positions in the European Peace Movement.

A leading figure is Rudolf Bahro, formerly of East Germany but kicked out for writing unpalatable Green theses. Bahro's cry these days is for the peoples of East and West to de-stress what divides them and urgently come together on the basis of common interest and common survival.

In the legislatures, the party's nuisance value is vast. They particularly get up the nostrils of those local councils with a fetish for secrecy. Die Grunen wind them up and open. In terms of electoral strength they have just collected their best results to date with 180 major seats gained in the Lower Saxony state elections. In Hessen state they already have 40 seats, in Baden Wurtemberg, 100; and Nordhein-Westfalen, 50 — making a grand sum of 320, plus a much larger and so far untallied number at parish and hamlet level. Among the party's best individual captures were the seven seats in the city parliament of Berlin, while in the major town of Volkmarsen they joined with a Citizen Action Group to take complete charge. In Frankfurt they actually kicked out the Liberals (Germany's Third party) taking every one of their seats.

Our own Ecology Party eggheads tend to regard Die Grunen as somewhat naff in their political and economic thinking. But the Germans continue blundering forwards, putting the wind up the old guard.

France
La belle France's Green groups have not one parliamentary member to lend credence to actual vitality, and not the prospect of one until new President Mitterrand grants proportional representation, as promised.

Mitterrand is well aware of the strength of Green feeling. In the first ballot of the April election over which he triumphed, a Green candidate called Brice Lalonde scored an unnerving 1.25m votes, or 3.8%. Lalonde was standing for a rough amalgam of Green groups called Aujourdhui Ecologie, which as soon as the elections were over fragmented again.

Parallel to this poll activity is a direct action movement. Some of the most violent demonstrations since the student riots of '68 were witnessed last year at Plogoff, Brittany, where a planned nuclear site ran into mass opposition.

The movement derives equal inspiration from the war between local farmers and the military in Larzac (the French Salisbury Plain).

Here the military tried to poach an excess amount of grazing land for its manoeuvrings but ran into unexpectedly stubborn resistance in the form of road blocks, squatting and the like. The farmers put on such a good show Mitterrand finally ruled in their favour. Some of the Larzac pastures have now been turned into "workshops" for non-violent resistance and French activists find themselves solidly entrenched in the European Theatre of Peace.

Holland
PPR was originally a centre right party that slowly turned Green and along the way dropped off support. In 1972 it had seven national seats. Now it has three in an assembly of 150. Pacifist Socialists also have three seats and are closer to a Green perspective than the old-fangled name suggests. Could well join with the above party for more parliamentary wallop.

Italy
Partita Radicale is 25 years old and the only Green group with seats in

the EEC assembly. Radicale is not so much a party, more an alliance of fanatically independent groups from the regions.

They believe in no manifestoes and no fixed positions. An annual conference decides priority issues. This year — abortion, abolition of terrorist courts, prison terms and gun control. Referenda were forced on all four. Radicale lost on all four. Local groups fight nuclear power and are active in the peace movement. They claim methods based on the pacifist teachings of Gandhi, but being Italian they sometimes get a little excited.

One of their two Euro MPs recently went on his second cappucino strike (coffee only) demanding that arms money be diverted to ease world hunger... and partially succeeded.

Such fasts are popular in Italy. In April 1,000 camped hungrily in St Peter's Square for a whole weekend.

Rallying thousands at a time is little trouble in Italy. The problem is getting the government to show some interest.

Sweden

Sweden has a newly-minted Green party called Miljopartiet, risen out of the environmental and peace movement. Might well find allies within an establishment that, on paper, is strong on peace and neutrality.

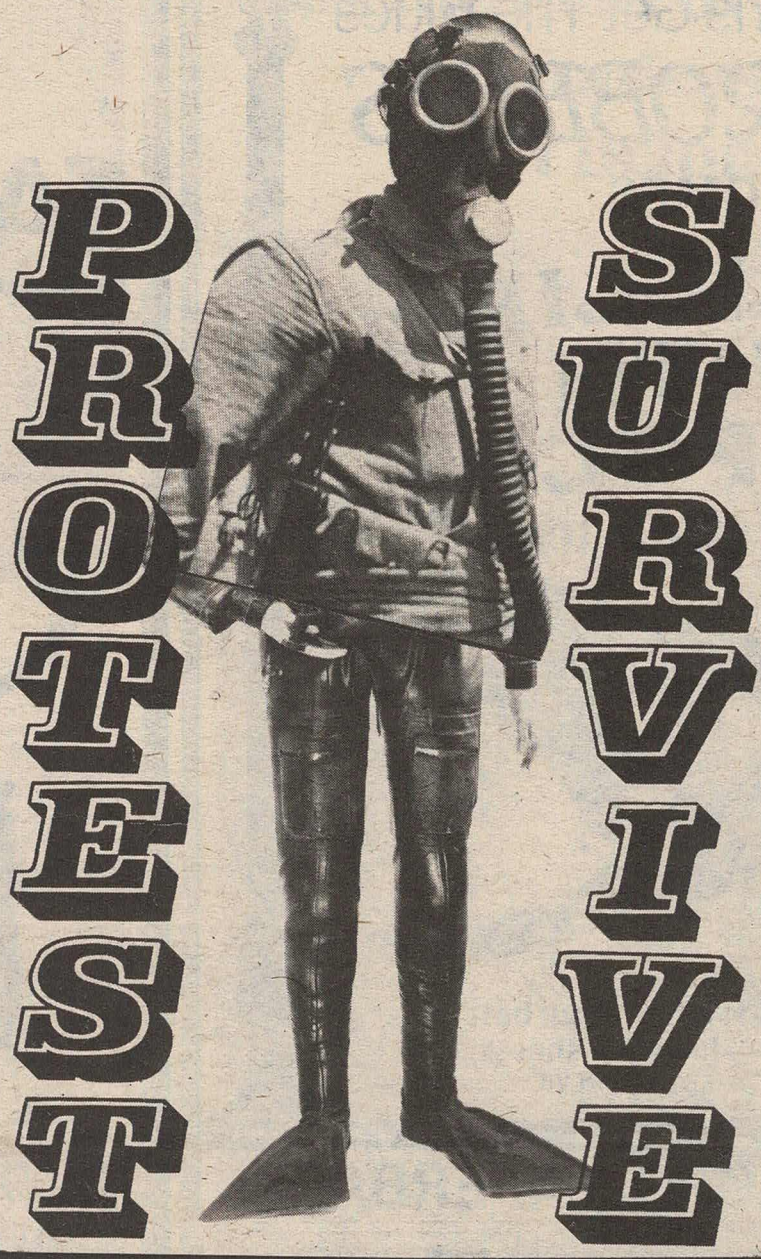
WE HAVE logged only those European countries with specifically Green political parties, which is not to say eco-activity is absent in other parts. Norway, Denmark and Spain's Basque country are especially engrossed.

Among the Warsaw Pact nations there has been some filtering through of Green notions but given the oppressive atmosphere information travels at a whisper.

In Czechoslovakia a major concern is the continued destruction of the Bohemian forest. In Russia itself, there is the proven hazard of the country's nuclear power programme as well as the killing off of that nation's great lakes through toxic wastes.

Only in Poland — predominantly Western in aspirations — are Green issues openly debated.

Top Ten Hazards



FOR YOUR enjoyment, a Top 10 chart of environmental hazards facing the nation in the year '81. It is suggested by Martin Stott of the Political Environmental Research Group.

1. NUCLEAR WAR — the ultimate ecological catastrophe.

2. NUCLEAR POWER — the link between weapons and fuel has been clearly made, say opponents, most dramatically by the recent Israeli attack on an Iraqi nuclear plant. Nuclear Power is claimed dangerous all the way along the line: mining, processing, fueling of reactors and the disposal and transportation of waste.

3. LEAD IN THE ENVIRONMENT — levels in petrol are to be reduced, but not until 1985. In the US gasolene is now virtually lead free. Other sources are domestic piping and the solder in food cans. Lead is dangerous to the mental and physical development of children.

4. TOXIC WASTES — measures such as Control of Pollution Act, Public Health Act don't prevent abuses like the Coalite Company dumping dioxyn down a Derbyshire mine and yet refusing to tell the local council precisely where. The new Labour regime has finally begun an inquiry.

5. LIQUIFIED NATURAL GAS (aka Liquid Fire) — the stuff that comes out of your gas cooker is stored cold and under great pressure in refineries such as the Canvey Island works. This one has already been attacked by the IRA. Had the assault worked out it would have been goodbye the people of Canvey Island, says Stott.

6. NOISE POLLUTION — from aircraft, road vehicles, loud music, industrial processes.

7. MOTORWAYS — no new ones are planned but existing ones already thoroughly corrupt the city areas through which they pass. Glasgow is one of the poorest cities in Europe. It also has the most square miles of motorway.

8. HEAVY LORRIES — maximum tonnage per vehicle is presently 32. The Road Haulage Federation are pressing for parity with Europe — an increase of from six to ten tonnes. The RHF argument is bigger lorries means fewer lorries means less environmental damage. This is not the Euro experience.

9. THIRD LONDON AIRPORT — business is dropping dead but the Tories still want to foist it on Stanstead. Stanstead fears for the health of its community.

10. MAGNETIC IONISATION FROM OVERHEAD POWER LINES — research by Hilary Bacon of the Ecology Party suggests high tension cables over houses lead to asthma, headaches, appetite loss, weakness and debilitation. Animals don't like it either.

With grateful thanks to the following for providing advice and information: Richard North, *Vole Magazine;* Roland Clarke, Ecology Party; Paul Rowntree, Anti Nuclear Campaign, Martin Stott, Political Environmental Research Group. For more information: Political Environmental Research Group, 34 Cowley Road, Oxford OX4 1HZ: Greenpeace, 36 Graham Street, London N1; Ecology Party, 36-38 Clapham Road, London SW9; Friends Of The Earth, 9 Poland Street, London WiV 3DG: Anti Nuclear Campaign, PO Box 216, Sheffield S1 1BD; Animal Liberation Front, Box 190, 8 Elm Avenue, Nottingham; Green Alliance, 60 Chandos Place, London WC2; Centre for Alternative Technology, Machynlleth, Powys, Wales.

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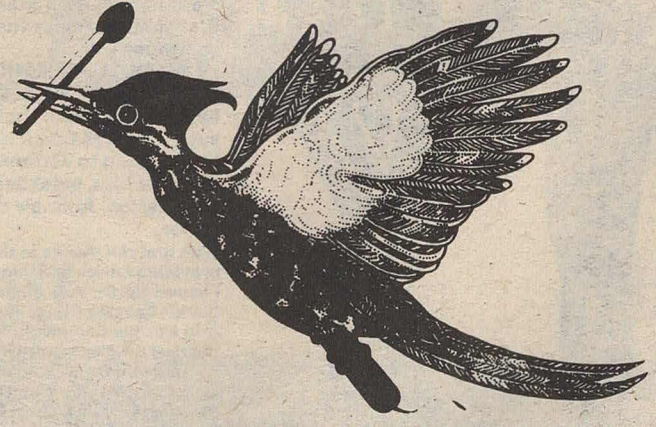

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TALKING DRUMS

Roz Reines holds a rare pow wow with the reclusive Tom Tom Club. Photo: Adrian Boot. Artwork James Rizzi.

THERE IS A PLACE called the Tom Tom Club — an idyllic rehearsal loft tucked away behind the Compass Point Studios in Nassau.

Husband and wife, Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth first picked it out when they were there recording 'More Songs About Buildings and Food' with the rest of the Talking Heads. It seemed like the ideal set-up to them — a place to write and rehearse, so close to the Compass Point that they could just nip in whenever the studio was empty to put down a few demo tracks.

The result of one of those visits was 'Wordy Rappinghood' and it was only natural when looking for a name to tag the odd assortment of family members — friends and friendly musicians who had all lent a hand to the recording — that they should go for The Tom Tom Club.

"Because," says Tina Weymouth, "if there had been no Tom Tom Club space there would have been no Tom Tom Club record. It was all done on such a low budget."

WE'RE SITTING in the flashy boardroom in the offices of Chris and Tina's manager, Gary Kirfirst — where even the goldfish are developing neuroses as they dodge warily between the witty neon sculptures brightening up their tank.

Against these slightly decadent surroundings, Tina and Chris look like two innocent college kids, young marrieds talking about their first house together. Frantz glances around the room and grins sheepishly. "This is a great place to do an interview," he says. But it's safe territory nonetheless — the right place for the first interview with the founder members of the Tom Tom Club.

Chris and Tina had been reluctant to do this at first as they didn't want it to lead to a flood of fresh rumours about the break-up of Talking Heads. "Oh God. I mean they've been saying *that* about the Rolling Stones for years and it's sort of boring," sighs Tina.

In fact this is the first break Talking Heads have taken in years, but it's given them all a much needed breathing space and some time to pursue other interests. David Byrne, for instance, has written the music for an intense Twla Tharp ballet, *The Catherine Wheel*, which had its premiere last month on Broadway to mixed reviews.

Meanwhile Weymouth and Frantz have completed the Tom Tom Club debut album.

"We wanted to make a real musical anti-snob record," Frantz explains, "because we're fed up to here with all the seriousness which surrounds the Talking Heads. It's as if just by being TH you're expected to think very heavily about everything. I'm sure other people in the group would have the same reaction as we do."

"That's right," Weymouth agrees, "those words anti-snob are *key* Chris, because that really was the feeling of everyone working on the album."

The Tom Tom Club were produced by Weymouth, Frantz and Steven Stanley — the 23 year old whizz kid engineer at Compass Point; Weymouth has nothing but praise for him.

"Sly and Robbie have been working with Stevie since he was 19, they've been riding him for the last four years to teach him what they think is a really good drum and bass sound and then what Stevie knows from listening to Chic records on his own. He was able to try things with us that he wouldn't dare try with Sly and Robbie — but he'd learnt so much."

Stanley also makes an appearance on the Tom Tom Club, along with Tyrone Downey and Weymouth playing keyboards.

Weymouth explains: "Stevie and I work the same way because we're not trained pianists and so it's mostly trial and error. It has a lot to do with Stevie, he's real innocent and his personality definitely comes through."

Originally the Tom Tom Club were to have featured the famed, Lee Perry, a.k.a. Scratch, at the controls. Weymouth and Frantz have always admired his work and Kirfirst thought that if they linked up it could make for some interesting results.

Kirfirst suggested the idea to Island head, Chris Blackwell, and the plan they devised was for a reggae rap record with Sly and Robbie playing and Tina singing. But Scratch was against playing with Sly and Robbie because he didn't want to work with anyone he'd worked with before.

"Scratch was trying to make his move to New York at the time and he hadn't told anyone," Weymouth says. "He was also trying to get away from doing a total reggae thing and I don't blame him — he's been involved with that for years and years and it's time to get some more schooling."

Eventually, Scratch decided to stay on in New York, which left Chris and Tina at the Tom Tom Club with a batch of new material on their hands. In the circumstances Blackwell gave them studio time with Steven Stanley to see what they'd come up with.

"We went in the first night and it was a mess," recalls Tina. "The next day Chris said to Gary, I don't know what I'm going to do with *those two*, they're driving each other nuts."

"That's what he calls us," interjects Frantz chuckling, *"those two."*

"Gary said, Oh don't worry, they're always like that. They always look like they're fucking up but that's just the way they work. Don't worry about it. So we went in the next day and put down three tracks which Blackwell did like. He came in and said, 'This is great — continue.' He gave us no deadline (of course, he didn't mention this to his staff and tell them not to book up the studio), but it worked out because we had to go on tour to Japan with the Talking Heads, but after the tour was over we were able to get back into the studio again."

During the tour, Chris and Tina asked Talking Heads' guitarist, Adrian Belew, if he would like to come to Compass Point and work on the Tom Tom Club.

"He'd been hankering for a holiday because he hadn't been on vacation for over five years," Weymouth explains." So we said, 'Look, we'll pay your airfare so you can come live at the Tom Tom Club and play with us. 'You can do whatever you want, the only thing we ask is that you don't use any effects but

Chris and Tina.

just play natural guitar so there's no comparison with what you do with us and what you do with the Talking Heads'.

"We didn't want to do anything in that vein, because, first of all, we had already done Talking Heads and then, supposing it had bombed? We just didn't want to put TH in an embarrassing position and so we really had to bend over backwards to be different. There are so many people imitating the Talking Heads now and we didn't want to be one more of those groups."

Belew was delighted to have the opportunity to do something different.

Tyrone Downey only makes a brief appearance on one track of the album. 'L'elephant'. This was recorded when he was at Compass Point working on both his own and Grace Jones albums. Guitarist Monty Brown was working on the same Jones record when the Tom Tom Club was being recorded and Weymouth and Frantz liked his work so much that they asked him to do 'Wordy Rappinghood' and then 'Genius Of Love', which they felt was a natural follow Up.

". . . In retrospect, it's always easier to say what something sounds like but it wasn't exactly what we had in mind. I think we sound like a Catholic Girls School Choir who break all the rules and go over the top . . ."
— Tina Weymouth

MOST OF the vocals on the Tom Tom Club are by the Weymouth sisters — Tina, Laura, Loric and Lani. It's not the first time they've appeared on a record together but it was done very much on the spur of the moment.

Tina explains: "We used to sing together as kids and do projects together, so when it came up I thought it would be the most fun to get that back together again. I really didn't want it to be a Tina Weymouth project or anything like that. So it was very appropriate and they really liked the idea of doing an album."

She feels that her sisters' freshness and enthusiasm contributed a lot to the project.

"There was a lot of nervous excitement about; people's ideas were just bouncing off the walls. It really was an experiment to see how people react when they're not told what to do but just urged to get on with it. And it worked. I think that's the best thing of all and also the most successful thing about the record."

Chris thinks there's also a strong Caribbean influence on the album.

"It is more on a philosophical level than a practical one. In the Caribbean, people make music for love and this was a very different environment to work in than, say, New York where everyone is always looking at the charts and making comparisons.

"We were consciously trying to get away from that; to get away from being influenced by heavy philosophies and drugs and the more cynical or nihilistic attitudes that a lot of people feel; it's the only kind of emotion they can get behind in New York.

"We liked the happier, more innocent approach of the Island people and they liked us. They liked our tunes too. I guess our melodies are more European in a sense, because they come from kind of celtic roots, as opposed to rock'n'roll rooms. But who was to know that this combination of celtic and reggae would come out sounding like a bunch of nursery rhymes?"

"I was shocked when 'Wordy Rappinghood' got picked up on the radio because my voice sounded so naive. I mean, here I was, really trying to sound like Muhammed Ali, because he was the inspiration, and it ended up sounding much closer to Shirley Temple . . ."
— Tina Weymouth

CHRIS AND TINA don't plan on taking the Tom Tom Club on tour despite growing interest in the group.

Frantz explains: "The Talking Heads is a touring unit and we do enough touring as it is with the band.

"You know, touring is not that great as I'm sure you've heard. It's nice to have two outlets but I'm sure that the amount of touring we do with Talking Heads will fulfil our need for travel and excitement and all that."

Weymouth agrees: "Touring is good in one way because it makes bands learn how to work well with each other. But on the other hand, it forces you to be together for 24 hours at a time when you're feeling good and when you're not feeling good. With the Talking Heads, there was never a night when I wasn't totally in love with my band onstage but then offstage, everyone was seeing each other in various stages of tiredness and strain. And it's not fair to make judgments on people when they're tired."

Instead of touring, the Tom Tom Club will be issuing an animated film featuring the cartoon drawings of James Rizzi — a young Brooklyn artist — with a backing track of 'Genius Of Love'. It was Rizzi who designed the album sleeve which looks like playground graffiti.

Laura Weymouth, who is also a video technician, is helping to edit the film on a strict budget. It is due to be finished about now and

Weymouth and Frantz will now have to find a way of selling it so that everyone gets paid. Similarly, everyone involved in making the album will receive royalties. Weymouth thinks this is revolutionary.

"I've never worked on a project that was so spontaneous but at the same time it was anarchistic and democratic and communistic. Every different point of view was involved and yet nobody stepped on anyone else."

So what will happen if the Tom Tom Club becomes more successful than Talking Heads?

"Oh how could it be bigger than the Talking Heads?" Weymouth asks, shocked.

Nevertheless the Tom Tom Club are already making plans for their next album, which may (or may not) include all of the present members. The idea is to utilise as much fresh talent as possible — Weymouth and Frantz aren't content just to pay their dues the first time around.

"We'd really like to help someone who is just starting out," says Weymouth, "because we've had a big break and a rewarding one. I think that every kind of success you have, gives you more self-confidence and it makes you feel better about yourself. And, when you're happier, you're nicer to everyone else around you."

The couple would like to involve kids in the Tom Tom Club and teach them everything about the studio. It's another way of cutting out the snobbery which sometimes goes on when producers try to keep the studio as a big mystery.

"We would like to show young people how to run a studio on their own without having to depend on the expertise of someone else," says Frantz. "It's not so much learning how to operate the machinery as understanding what it can do and what the possibilities are. And it's important to be able to articulate that with an engineer and to realise that he is a contributing artistic member of the collaboration."

"It's okay I've over-stood — This is a Wordy Rappinghood / Ok Bye . ."
— 'Wordy Rappinghood'

"THERE ARE a lot of little cross-references on 'Wordy Rappinghood'" says Frantz. "*'Ok Bye'* comes from Parliament Funkadelic. They always used to say that when they were working in the studio and someone would call up on the phone and every conversation would end, Ok Bye, and that just kind of came to mean end of conversation."

Now, with 'Genius Of Love', the new Tom Tom Club single receiving heavy airplay on WBLS, New York's number one Black Radio Station, the band are rapidly achieving cross-over status. (In fact, WBLS Programme Director, Frankie Crocker told me that he thought the Tom Tom Club *were* black).

Frantz and Weymouth see it as another part of the cultural exchanges going on which include Bernie Worrel, the Talking Heads keyboard player and ex-musical director of Parliament Funkadelic, going over to Jamaica to work with reggae musicians and with Sly and Robbie delving into funk. (Check out their rap record, 'Hotter Reggae Music' with Wilton Irie on vocals for more evidence of this).

"I think it's wonderful," Weymouth enthuses, "It's great the vibrations which keep happening. You know our motto — The less snobbism the better . . ."

Hail the Tom Tom Club.

SCRITTI POLITTI

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"SCRITTI POLITTI" — didn't you always wonder where their "political writings" were? I did. I always wondered whether their hearts were in their music or in their minds. Or some such intolerable cliche. Their little contribution to the erosion of the music industry always struck me somehow as too concerted, too organised.

But with their "Sweetest Girl", "Scritti Politti" has become a new group, a group that has returned from a long holiday with a suntan, a smile, and an imminent LP release.

From the Marxist evaluation of punk back at art college, through the intensive studies in structuralism and semiotics, to this present status of POP GROUP is some strange odyssey — both musical and political — for a group to travel.

Two years ago, Scritti Politti put a lot of backs up, affronting the rock press by the sheer density of their thought and language. An image emerged of the group — and particularly of its central figure, singer/writer/guitarist Green — which busily exploited the fact that they squatted in Camden Town, land of intellectual dropouts, and read more books than a decent pop group should.

What remained almost totally obscured by this picture was Green's actual love for music — his awe, his humour, his joy in the damn thing. The slant made him out to be an elitist fanatic bent on reducing non-verbal aesthetic pleasure to the ground rules of language. Written statements by Green himself didn't exactly help. "Aesthetic 'concerns' alone," went one of them, "provide you with no effectivity beyond an unsortable, unnegotiable chatter."

Green seemed to have forgotten the eternal truth spoken by Nietzsche when in *The Birth Of Tragedy* he pronouced that the world can only be justified as an aesthetic phenomenon. So obvious really.

But even if one ignored the image, the fact remained that the music itself was a bit po-faced. Two 7" EPs and the 12" 'Pre-Langue Release', comprising their entire output up to "'Sweetest Girl'", were not exactly the most open, liberating music of our time. Their motor-anxiety, the desperate need to avoid slipping into conventional rock structures, had about it a somewhat sterile aura of conceptuality.

Flaunting abstractiveness and superior awareness of pop's pitfalls, Scritti Politti remained prisoners of contrived distanciation. Uneven and earnestly hesitant, the music's subversiveness lay only in the fact that it was a surrogate form of pop criticism. What especially irritated the ear was the cloying nature of Green's voice as he used it at the time — its would-be classlessness, a sound as damp as dry rot in a squat . . .

Unfortunately, the image has never been fully dispelled. Late in 1979, Green became very ill, though in what way it's hard to make out. So ill, in fact, that it took him nine months of hibernation in South Wales to recover. Thus 1980 was a year of complete silence, a silence in which the press image of the band lingered on.

What finally emerged from the silence was a new Green, replete with at least a dozen new songs, an enormous collection of theoretical jottings on music, and a wholly reformulated attitude to Scritti Politti itself. On his return, the group went straight into the studio and began work on the LP. Just prior to leaving London, Green had told drummer Tom and bassist Nial (who's just left the group) that the "next big thing" would be soul and funk. When he got back, they'd "learnt to play Stax . . ."

Not that the influence of Stax's immortal rhythm section, Duck Dunn and Al Jackson, exactly shone through on "Sweetest Girl". But the first time you flipped on your *NME* 'C-81' cassette, where the song was premiered, it was pretty clear something had happened to the Scritti Politti of '79. For out of speakers, headphones, and Walkmans of the world came this soft, silver sweetness, a gliding seduction and ethereality of drum machine, synths and pianos, bass swinging like a well-oiled hinge, opening and closing in suction, and the lightest, most luscious and lucid voice since Arthur Lee.

What sweet sickness had produced *this?* It was a sound that simply *bathed* in the beauty of pop's exigencies. Ideological defiance of commercial hegemonies had given way to open love, myriad forms. Politti had *invaded* the glamour and glitter of pop, burrowed up from beneath it, and magicked decency into triumphant exoticism.

A major metamorphosis, then. And while we wait for the album, a record that promises hitherto unknown pleasures in the realm of white soul, funk, lover's rock, balladry, and divine desire, let us discover what lies behind it: here is the new Scritti Politti in interview. The voice is Green's — on the subject of popular music a more eloquent one has yet to be heard — and I have chosen not to tamper with it. Don't sneer at the long words — look them up . . .

CAMDEN TOWN 1980 PHOTO: ANTON CORBIJN

WHY HAS there been such trouble with interviews in the past?

The usual thing that happened was that we were accused of making it impossible for *the* kid on *the* street to understand what we were talking about. That always bewildered me, because a) I found the myth of this "kid on the street" irksome and reactionary, and b) I didn't think it was difficult to understand anyway. But since the *NME* style seems to have degenerated into a welter of idiosyncracies, writing as signature and so forth, I would have thought that was far more obscure than us.

Why has the LP taken so long to record?

A lot of the ideas for this album, particularly lyrically, weren't finalised by the time we went into the studio, so we decided to do a couple of days at a time. Also, we were working with Adam Kidron, who was at the time committed to Delta Five and Pere Ubu and Orange Juice, so it took that much longer to complete. Plus the fact that there's quite a few other musicians playing on it, many of whom could only work two hour schedules.

A bit of background: Green and Tøm met at art college in Leeds, where questions of culture and education led of necessity to more general political ones. They decided to form "a punk group", which at the time of The Sex Pistols' Anarchy tour seemed a very different thing from forming "a rock'n'roll group." Nial, who'd been to school with Green in South Wales, arrived in Leeds and learnt the bass in three weeks.

Under the circumstances, says Green, "we were initially led to a fairly reductionist politics, essentialist and polemical. But this was at least as great a part of our wanting to form a punk rock group as our enthusiasm for . . . Cortinas records! There was a *bona fide* political fervour about it, never myopic but always enjoyable. Subsequently the politics have, I think, changed an awful lot."

What led to the temporary collapse of the group in 1979, apart from your illness?

There was a shortage of material, and also a marked inability to play, which we enjoyed as best we could, and could almost see some virtue in at the time. By then we'd already set our sights on trying to pull ourselves together. We went out and did dates with all the right people . . . you know, Joy Division, Bunnymen, Gang Of Four, and so on. But at that time I was finding the whole thing a bit of a strain, and I wasn't taking the best care of myself, and that's what led to the illness.

Why, when the problematic that seemed to occupy you most was language, did you turn to music in the first place?

We grew very tired of formal art and culture. It's difficult to talk about the attraction of music, the way it motivates us and what it meant to grow up with it. These things were illuminated for us by punk, plus the use and abuse of language, something I have always been inescapably aware of.

Have your ideas about music become more flexible, less tied to the problem of language? Do you believe pop music can do valuable violence to peoples' emotions?

Pop does lie outside the limits of language and logocentrism, yes . . . beat doesn't go "thick", like the broth of language Barthes imagines will go thick if he isn't watchful. Beats are finite and perpetual, and without meaning. They *have* power, and they *are* violent, and they *do* transgress sense. I do *not* think that I am "knowledgable" of them nor that I've somehow caught them or tamed them and can put them to my services. The exact opposite: this is to do with my AWE of pop music, as measured against the endless signatures and closures of more idiosyncratic music.

But that in itself is not a *final position* on the subject. You must understand the loss of sense and identity through repetition, the assertion through repetition, the currency of repetition, the demystification in and of repetition — it's so monolithic, it's endlessly powerful, the tiniest chip of it signifies. Language and grammar once acquired is both constructive and restrictive, while the acquired grammar of beat is at once constructive and *de*structive joy. But no one musical phenomenon is ever going to transcend beat or repetition, nor is it ever going to transcend the history of criticism and the industry. You have to keep making conditional moves. I think it's so mistaken to believe that ours is a coldly calculated and stilted music. There is no "knowledge" of beat, only the unmonotonous insistence of difference. With pop music, there is a flooring of drives, knowledge is swept away. The constraints of language, of the industry, though, prevent a complete transcendence of knowledge, and that's very important, that's a great part of pop's point.

Do you see your new music as in some sense less consciously "radical" than, say, the 'Pre-Langue' 12-inch?

No. I don't believe that *innately* a piece of music is radical or not radical, because it always depends on its context, on its relation to other music written at the same time. But I didn't like the quirkiness and idiosyncrasy of our past music, because I saw that as identifying with both *normality,* in terms of it somehow being "true", or the property of "genius", and *marginality* — you know, aside apart, rare, or special. I've never courted that, or felt part of it, and the move to the new music is very much a move away from it.

You don't feel this new music, this "pop" music, is a "compromise"?

Listen, pop music *is* of the Other, of the ironic — it's about criminality, sexuality, madness. Antithesis of sameness. Though of course we have to *bring out* that Other, by listening, by recognising the unspoken, not by gauche attempts to construct more of the mythical "alternative", or metaspeech. But Pop is the least shut away or hidden otherness.

But isn't pop a very conditioned, formularized thing?

I don't think pop has its fixed historical conditions, I don't think its meaning or its sense are determined by language and that all we can do is play clever footsy with it. That may be the impression you got from past interviews and statements, but it's really the last thing I feel.

I think it was the impression a lot of people got, acutally.

Well, yes, I was very distressed by that. It sounds gauche to say it, but there's enormous passion and anger in everything I do and write. If it seemed cloying to you on record in the past, there's nothing much we can do about it. But I think there's something dreadful about the way one's history builds up behind you, and you kind of trail it around yourself. There's no *essence* to my writing, and I hate to be characterised in terms of its history.

WHATEVER HAPPENED to "demystification", or are we leaving that to other Rough Trade artistes like Zounds?!?

Demystification was never a po-faced concern, and never a concern whose history and significance we were prepared to make cast-iron guarantees about. It *was* a concern of ours at the time, but it meant neither a mythical, hygienic "cleaning-up" of music, nor a mythical "dirtying" of music. Above all it was never a personalisation of music. That was *not* the way to break it free of the bonds of critical knowledge that it had become trapped by, as far as I was concerned.

The ultimate mystification and alienation occurs when people are deluded into thinking that their currency — in this case pop music —

ERE RADICAL MEETS CHIC

grandmasters of dialectical D.I.Y.
apostles of the new soul exotica

heir story, and they're telling it to
Barney Hoskyns

COVENT GARDEN 1981

PHOTO: PENNIE SMITH

has somehow become impoverished.

But don't the various currencies, the various styles of pop music, get a bit shop-soiled and start to lose some of their value, their power of signification?

I'm not sure they do. I like the fact, for example, that each '60s dance beat is like a little myth in itself. It's *used* by the audience who consume it — the audience produces it as much as whoever sits behind the kit. It's the kind of anonymous effectiveness that I enjoy about pop. And I do think that's a great violence, and going back and revisiting them is a kind of ironical violence. Because the producers of those beats and styles are not authors . . . because their meaning doesn't reside in any image. And as regards, say, the "sweetness" of 'The "Sweetest Girl"', . . . well, I think there is a dirt, a criminality if you like, in sweetness itself.

What would you like to say about the LP?

I'm very happy with the LP. It certainly isn't another Scritti Politti signature to the petitions of anti-rockism, or of anything else.

Are there any particular influences that lie behind and within this album, as for example dub and jazz were big influences for you in 1978?

The stuff I found myself listening to, long before 'Pre-Langue' in fact, was soul and funk, though it wasn't coming through at the time. By the summer of 1979, I wasn't really buying records on small labels anymore, unless they were exceptional in some sense. This was partly due to the gewgaw of anti-rockism thrown up by the rock press at the time. I was going out, in what seemed to me then to be complete isolation, and buying Chic records and Jacksons records and old Stax records, and discovering Aretha Franklin and Shirley Brown. *(Hey man, some of us were "discovering" Aretha Franklin at the age of 14, OK? — and yes, kind reader, I was a pretty hip kid, I guess).* And I went back to early English beat, and there was The Meters, and so on ad infinitum.

Those were the things that began to open up music for me. It transpires now, of course, that there were loads of people up and down the country doing the same thing, but unbeknown to each other because nobody was writing about it *(Danny, shout the man down!)* and it wasn't getting any radio play *(Chic? The Jacksons?)*. The power, the violence, the sexuality of that music, and the anonymity of course, its economy, all of that has been an influence on the LP, which draws fundamentally on Lover's Rock, soul ballads, and I suppose on faster black music too.

So, yes, it draws a great deal on black music, but in as much as we're still learning to play it, it sounds very white. Parts of it are very fast and joyous, and parts of it are . . . pretty darn melancholy!

Have you a title yet?

When we first started recording, I wanted to call it 'Stand And Deliver'! That was long before Adam brought out *his* 'Stand And Deliver'. And then I wanted to call it 'Junior Gichi' — 'Gichi' *(as in Gichi Dan, all you lucky little Zzzzzeee fans)* being lost American slang for, y'know, sharp, snappy — but then what happens, I come back from America to find this character called Junior Giscombe! Obviously fate does not intend that I shall find a title . . .

But going back to the record, what it's about is *controlled excess*. In some senses it's cool and strict: style and metre, an articulation of time that is simple in ratio to energy across the body. The more underplayed, the more "classic" the style, the more it draws that energy, almost osmotically, to fill its lack. There was something about when I found Stax, that beat, that snare drum . . . all its voids required me to fill them, and sometimes that was very violent, a theatrical excess. And something very important to me when I was writing the songs on this LP.

IN THE "MANUAL" to the 'C-81' cassette, what do you mean by the phrase "a kind of festival not of the senses but of meaning"? It seems partly to contradict what you've just been saying.

That refers to an interesting point Barthes raises, interesting I think *for* music, which is to do with the enormous sexuality, loss and pleasure which you cannot find innately residing within four beats to the bar. The meaning of footsy-footsy, for example (!), will articulate a whole sexual, emotional and physical response, and it's the way that that illuminates just a little bit of the unspeakable power of music that I was talking about. You know, a clandestine series of gestures . . . a secret that can never be told. If the need arises, of course, then it's a secret whose truth you can create, as critics, companies, and musicians endlessly need to do for the industry and consumption of music to continue. But at its root, the way music signifies is an enormous mystery. As with a drug, the more anonymous it is, the more powerful.

What part does your intellectuality, if I may put it like that, now play in its new context?

The group has changed, obviously, and changed a great deal. The politics have moved from an essentialist and reductionist position in which we believed in a history of science which could make sense of the future to one that realized that what you've got is needs, demands, and desires, and you go out and you fight for them. Which means that your music will at points be indexed fairly clearly to Politics with a big P and at other points will cut across it completely. I think at the moment we're just feeling a lot more able and honest about what our interests have been all along. There's a time when you grow up, as a good, almost Catholic-leftist boy, and you learn to be scared of your sexuality, to be scared of your power, and I just think we're not intimidated by those things any longer, and know damn well that we can handle them confidently.

So could we summarise the change from the old Politti of the language-problematic to the new Politti of Soul and Sexuality?

The problematic of language is present on the LP as an essential filter to each of the songs, dealing as most of them do with love and sexuality. A primary consideration when you're addressing yourself to *every* problem is to say — now hold on a minute, in what terms is the question posed? But I think it's a mistake to think that Scritti Politti works by saying, "Well, look chaps, this is taboo and we all know better than to fall foul of using this device." It happens like I guess it does with a lot of people — you know, I'll come up with a bass line and a tune, and sooner or later lyrics will come and so on and so forth. But the joy we feel in our music is literally unspeakable! Let me just round this here chat off with one of my latest purple passages: "When all words are in inverted commas and all concepts are under arrangements, we go back to a time before they spoke, before the message or the admixture of performers' and critics' reason, back to a soulless soul."

God I write some punchy stuff!

BONGO FURY!

VAL GUEST's genre masterwork *Expresso Bongo* opens again this week at the Church Hall, New Cumnock by what might be termed public demand. Filmed in 1959 in stark black-and-white, *Bongo* has come to be revered as perhaps the most angry statement rock'n'roll youth ever made. The opening lines have passed into rock lore:

Mrs Taplow: "Look at you! You're a disgrace! Do you hear me — a disgrace!? And who's that girl you've been seeing — answer me that, eh!?"

Bongo: "Ah, leave off, mum."

It was this beautifully understated angst that drove hardline New York critics to write: "Heavily vulgarised version of a skit . . . only intermittently amusing." While, more tellingly, hardline New York junkie Axe Wasted thought it "Great trash ethic . . . over the straights' heads." *Bongo* is, ostensibly, the tale of Bongo Herbert (Cliff Richard), a frustrated children's party conjuror who rejects his profession because he feels it to be a yolk put upon him by his fascist father.

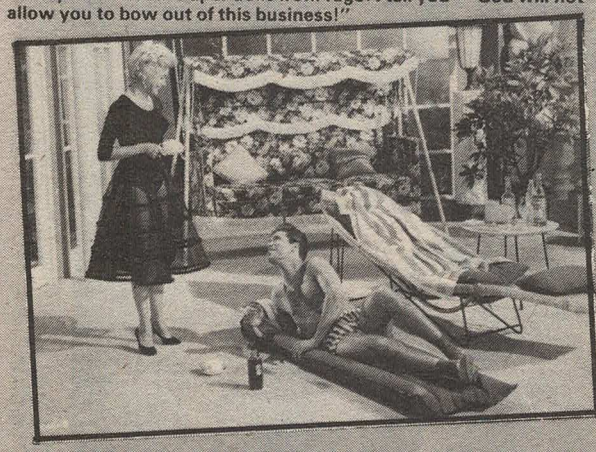
Mr Taplow: "You, er . . . you doing that fete on Sunday then, Herbert?"

Bongo: "Fete? Fete? Yes, you'd like that wouldn't you? Nice clean sonny boy doing daddy's little fetes! Well, I won't go near another fete as long as I live! Nor private parties, nor scout jamborees, nor the Bishington Village Centenary Street Party! I've had it with your magic! Your cute kittens from thin air! And another thing — I tore up my enrolment form to Wally Little's Balloon Sculpture classes! I'm getting out!"

Mr Taplow: "But son, you were doing so well. That giraffe you did for me and mum was brilliant. You have a great talent — don't throw it away!"

The scene finishes with Bongo tearing up his father's accounts book in rage only to discover — in a tragic display of how the family ghost refuses to lie down — that the shredded remains form a row of paper dolls.

Mr Taplow: "Look! Paper dolls from rage! I tell you — God will not allow you to bow out of this business!"

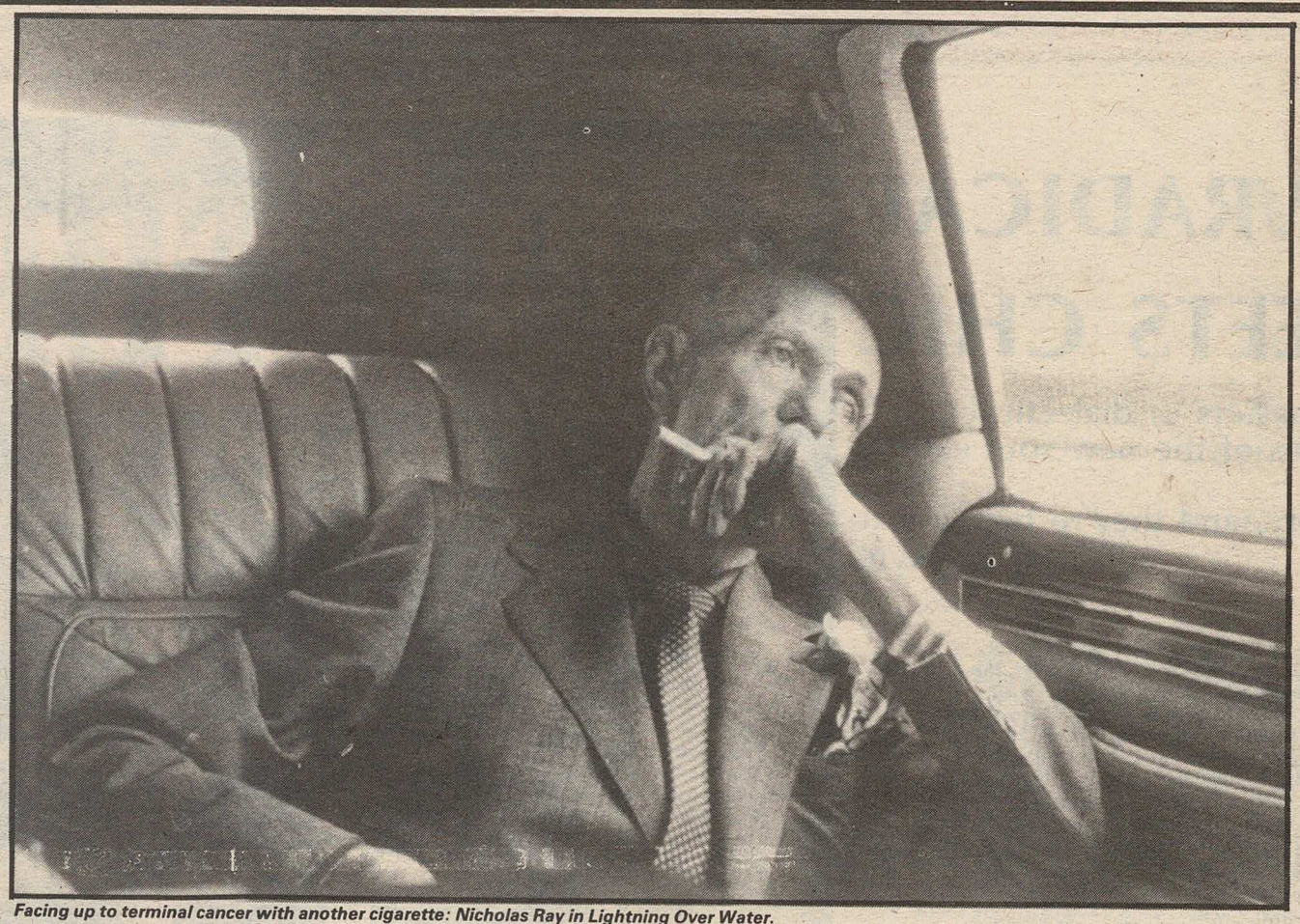


Our still shows an earlier scene in which Cliff rounds on Mrs Hempleticks and delivers the unforgettable 'Do You Realise I Can See Your Drawers Through Your Skirt, Mrs Hempleticks?'. Other musical rubies include 'Bongo Song-o', 'There Must Be More To Life (Than Pulling Tanners From Behind Kids' Ears') and 'Do You Realise I Can See Your Drawers Through Your Skirt, Mrs Hempleticks?' (slight reprise featuring entire cast.)

It's ironic that, while the original lays neglected, Miracle Pictures plan to re-shoot the film in 1982 featuring Alan Bates, Fela Anikulapo Kuti, Barbara Cartland and Dickie Davies, re-titling the flick *Bongo's The Neighbourhood!* (Director: George Lucas, 14 minutes.)

Danny Baker

(Expresso Bongo is showing at London's Screen On The Green for one week from October 29 on a double bill with Russ Meyer's ludicrous *Faster Pussycat Kill Kill!).*



Facing up to terminal cancer with another cigarette: Nicholas Ray in Lightning Over Water.

Lightning Over Water

Directed by Wim Wenders and Nicholas Ray
With Nicholas Ray and family, Wim Wenders and Ronee Blakely
(Cinegate)

LIGHTNING OVER WATER documents German emigre director Wenders' desire to make a film with his American friend Nicholas Ray, only to find that time runs out on them before either knew what it should be about. Ray, the garrulous, gnarled, great Hollywood dissident behind *In A Lonely Place, They Live By Night, Johnny Guitar* and *Rebel Without A Cause,* died of cancer before any conclusions were drawn.

Unsurprisingly, the film rescued from their recorded dialogues, strained set pieces and bizarre experiments with colour takes shape around Ray's painful and debilitating dying. The opening shots are shockingly candid: Wenders arrives at Ray's New York apartment in the early hours, crashing out on a couch and leaving the cameraman awake to film Ray grumbling and groaning in half sleep. He eventually wakes up and sits bare-assed on the edge of his bed in a glaring red nightshirt to greet his guest.

Not a pleasant thing to be a spectator at, but by focussing as much on his own emotional responses to Ray's illness — mainly via an ironic B-movie voice-over — Wenders checks any voyeuristic impulses in himself and the viewer and haltingly leads him into Ray's character. *LOW*'s best moments are, however, the couple's discussions about film-making and the making of this particular film, pausing for a few moments to ponder on Wenders' problems with his first, still unfinished Hollywood project *Hammett.*

Ray, veteran of squeezed budgets and the patronage of successive European new waves, asks how much it's costing. "Ten million dollars", replies Wenders. "Hmm, unpretentious budget," growls Ray.

Brave and bitterly funny to the last, it's his defiant humour that carries *LOW.* Once he is dead, Wenders is left fumbling for an ending and uncharacteristically — for this excellent, normally assured film-maker — he makes a mess of it with a needlessly mystifying final scene.

Chris Bohn

Tonight! On The Muppet Show...

Down to brass tacks

Blow Out

Directed by Brian De Palma
Starring John Travolta and Nancy Allen (Columbia)

AN INTRUSIVE camera with all the delicacy and decorum of a peeping Tom tracks along the windows of a girls' rooming house, lingering on the students at work, rest and play. The shot eventually culminates in the sort of glam sex murder that De Palma staked his reputation on in the exceptionally malicious *Dressed To Kill.* And just when you think you're in for another cynical, knowledgeable piece of shock crud — with enough cinematic references to titillate cineastes — the film cuts to the editing room of a conveyor-belt horror studio in which a Corman-like producer berates soundman Jack (Travolta) for the lousy quality of the girls' screams.

It's a timely touch of self-parody that helps deflate the director's growing notoriety as the most vicious and misogynistic of the '70s breed of American film school graduates. In *Blow Out* he plays down his debts to Hitchcock and Marley bathroom tiles and moves into the murkier modern world of conspiracy theories and murder cover ups. For once he relies less on the slap-in-the-sensibility shock tactics that pass for suspense today and more on well constructed intrigue.

"One more drag and it's going out, honest." Johnny Travolta lights up in Blow Out.

It begins proper with Jack venturing out into the night with sophisticated sound equipment to record special effects. He sees a car plunging into the river, seemingly after a blow out, and dives in to the rescue. He pulls a terrified girl from the wreckage, leaving behind the dead driver, who turns out to be a political candidate. The girl Sally (Allen), we discover, is a sweetly scheming hooker, finding herself in deeper water than she bargained for when she and a photographer friend decided to blackmail the candidate.

Jack, meanwhile, had picked up the sound of the accident on his tape and upon playback he hears a gunshot, which he pieces together with photographs of the incident into a murder theory that nobody — in this post-Kennedy post-Watergate world — wants to listen to. He eventually convinces, enlists and falls in love with the nervous Sally, thereby exposing them both to the cold-blooded killer backed by shady opponents of the dead candidate.

As with all De Palma films, danger lurks in every shadow of luridly lit streets and each corner of lone apartments. But this time he integrates the jumps and scares into the story so that the latter seems to be more than an excuse to exercise his flair for the former.

The characters, too, are more complete, thanks to Travolta and Allen's performances. *Blow Out* is undeniably Travolta's best film to date. He proves himself to be a genuine screen presence with the brooding qualities of the '50s method actors tempered by '70s pop cool. He passes any critical tests beyond all doubt in the film's magnificently overblown final set piece, which is rendered credible on the strength of Travolta's worried urgency.

If the casting of Travolta was a brave move, aesthetically and commercially speaking (bearing in mind the actor's recent belly flops), De Palma's own script/story is less adventurous, insofar as it's drawn to some extent from Antonioni's *Blow Up* and Coppola's *The Conversation.* But he's skilful enough to re-work his sources into a tensely paced thriller (trade)marked by brassy bravura.

Chris Bohn

Endless Love

Directed by Franco Zeffirelli
Starring Brooke Shields and Martin Hewitt
(Barber International)

THE STORY of two infatuated adolescent lovers who wreck two families with the implications of their obstinate affair is, on the face of it, a promising attempt to update the spirit of Romeo and Juliet which Zeffirelli once captured so successfully. However, *Endless Love* records the antiseptic passion of two twentieth century teenagers, and their tepid attraction makes its dire consequences seem only too implausible.

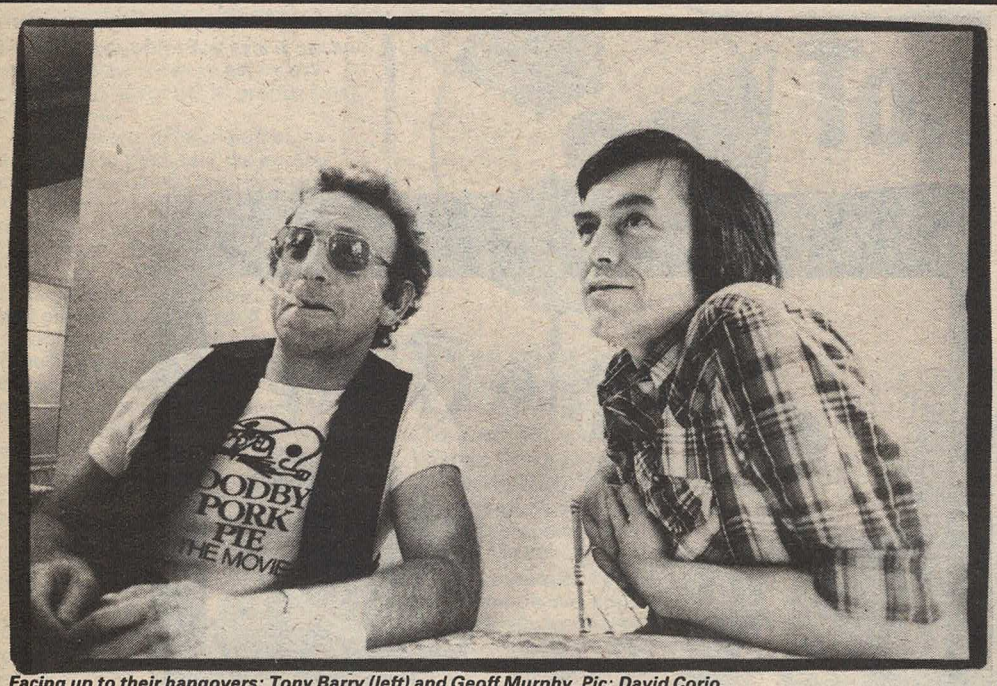
Jade's parents are the sort of liberal-minded ex-hippies who cheerfully hand out the drugs and drink to the well-scrubbed teenage throng who populate their offspring's experimental parties. David, Jade's schoolboy lover who sneaks through the sleeping house back to her bedroom, seems almost as attracted by the studiedly bohemian morals of the whole household.

In order for young love to flourish in a suitably adverse climate, this cosy, careless atmosphere is ruined when father finds the boyfriend naked in his daughter's bedroom and changes without warning from a tolerant participant in the children's transition to adulthood to a raging patriarch who, having encouraged Jade to express her sexuality, now orders David not to darken his doors. Misfortune follows swiftly when the thwarted lover turns to amateur arson and accidentally burns the house down. Emerging from a spell in psychiatric prison, he discovers Jade's mother has been so affected by the sight of her daughter making love in the firelight that she's cast off her husband and flowing robes for genteel grey dresses and a sterile city flat. And even David's father has turned to an autumnal affair in an attempt to relive an ardent youthful love.

Although called upon to act some embarrassing sub-Dean histrionics, Martin Hewitt is occasionally convincing in a dumb, wounded kind of way. But Brooke Shields, embarking yet again on a plastic portrayal of sexual awakening, has such a serene air of smugness that she effectively alienates any sympathy for the pair.

Directed with the sort of self-consciously tasteful sentimentality which dictates that any coupling is accompanied by spoonfuls of syrupy strings and resolutely ignoring the opportunity to explore the real nature of family strife, *Endless Love* finally founders on the protagonists' inability to generate even the slightest sexual spark. Together they reduce the romantic myth of helpless passion acted out against the machinations of uncaring circumstance until it just seems silly.

Lynn Hanna



Facing up to their hangovers: Tony Barry (left) and Geoff Murphy. Pic: David Corio.

A kick up the Anzacs

Good-day! Paul Du Noyer meets the makers of a tasty Pork Pie.

GEOFF MURPHY, a 41-year-old New Zealander, has just made a very funny, entertaining film called *Goodbye Pork Pie*. Tony Barry, a 38-year-old Australian, has just starred in it. Last night, the two Antipodean visitors had an evening out in London. This morning, Geoff Murphy and Tony Barry sit at their hotel breakfast table — and they both look sick as parrots.

And yet, the film exists, it's just opened in Britain, and they've got to promote the damn thing. Thus they nurse their hangovers, stir their coffees, and screw their bleary eyes in attempted concentration. To begin, I earnestly inquire, is there any real *tradition* of film-making in Murphy's native NZ?

"Uh, yes."

But is it a strong one? The idea of a New Zealand film is, after all, quite a novelty over here.

"Uh, no."

Tony Barry lurches to his beleagured director's rescue: "Y'see, I'm an Australian. So. . .I've got no idea about anything."

We don't seem to be getting very far here — as Barry realises: "Hey, look (to Murphy), if the tenor of this interview keeps going the way it's going, we're gonna get one hell of a fucking pasting. And we can't afford it! Snivel. Crawl. Grovel!"

From this point, we get along just fine. ("Uh, it's wonderful to be here in England," offers Murphy, pathetically). One learns, for example, that the NZ industry did lie dormant for many years. They did manage to export a film in 1920, but the euphoria faltered when an English critic declared, magisterially: "I think the New Zealanders would be better advised producing sheep." *Pork Pie*, it seems, symbolises a creative renaissance in the country's culture, echoing the similar boom that overtook Australian cinema in the '70s.

Murphy, whose 10-year career began as film-maker and trumpet-player in an NZ rock outfit named The Acme Sausage Company, warms to his subject. One obstacle was America's commercial grip on the local market. Indeed, one prospective US buyer of *Pork Pie* wanted the dialogue dubbed into Yank accents — apparently a common practice. It's actually easier to sell the film to places like Scandinavia, who are used to foreign language stuff, than to English-speaking countries, where prejudice is strong.

For no obvious reason, the director suddenly falls to musing: "The world seems to be falling to pieces. . ."

Barry: "Oh don't get philosophical, for Chrissakes. I'm having my breakfast."

"Well, *I* seem to be falling to pieces."

Just what is it, I ask briskly, that makes NZ so vibrant now?

"It's to do with the whole ex-colonial number. When Britain joined the EEC. . .up until then we were colonial. Whenever New Zealanders got together to do anything, there'd be an Englishman in charge — *from* England, remote control. England was 'home'. But that's not true now. It happened earlier in Australia, the same sense that

Kelly Johnson, Claire Oberman and Tony Barry, on the road and in the sack in Goodbye Pork Pie.

that you're out there, and you're *you*. It's a real grassroots feeling among average New Zealanders, there's a whole sense of a culture being put together. Like at the turn of the century, it was the American culture that burst upon the world as young, exciting, energetic, brash, bad-taste sort of culture."

Was there a sense in NZ of being overshadowed by Australia also?

Tony Barry: "Yeah well, we have this way of beating them at cricket — we bowl under arm."

Of course, recent news shots of the violent clashes over the Springbok tour — Murphy himself was a demonstrator — did a lot to shake our notions of a placid, dull place (a vast floating chunk of Surrey; the world's largest country club, etc). Murphy agrees: NZ will never be the same, its hidden tensions have finally erupted.

"They used to arrest people and try them in a court of law to decide if they were guilty. Now the decision's being made in the middle of the street — 'He's guilty!' Whack, whack. The baton's become the instrument of bloody justice."

Another aspect of the 'other' New Zealand is its Maori race. As Barry observes, *The Chant Of Jimmy Blacksmith* apart, films have barely touched upon the aboriginal peoples in general. Murphy's next film project may change that. Its subject will be the Maori wars — how the country's first inhabitants stood up to, and eventually succumbed to, the onslaught of white settlement. The story is one of much brutality and and exploitation.

Nevertheless, says Murphy, "it's actually an entertainment film. Stylistically it leans towards those Leone pictures that Clint Eastwood made, *Fistful of Dollars* and all that."

At the same time, *Goodbye Pork Pie* itself does much to make NZ seem a livelier place. An irreverent, almost slapstick piece of work, its rebel heroes cut a reckless, and ultimately poignant, swathe through the country's straight-laced complacency. But to what extent is it "a New Zealand film"? Could he have made it, for example, in an English setting?

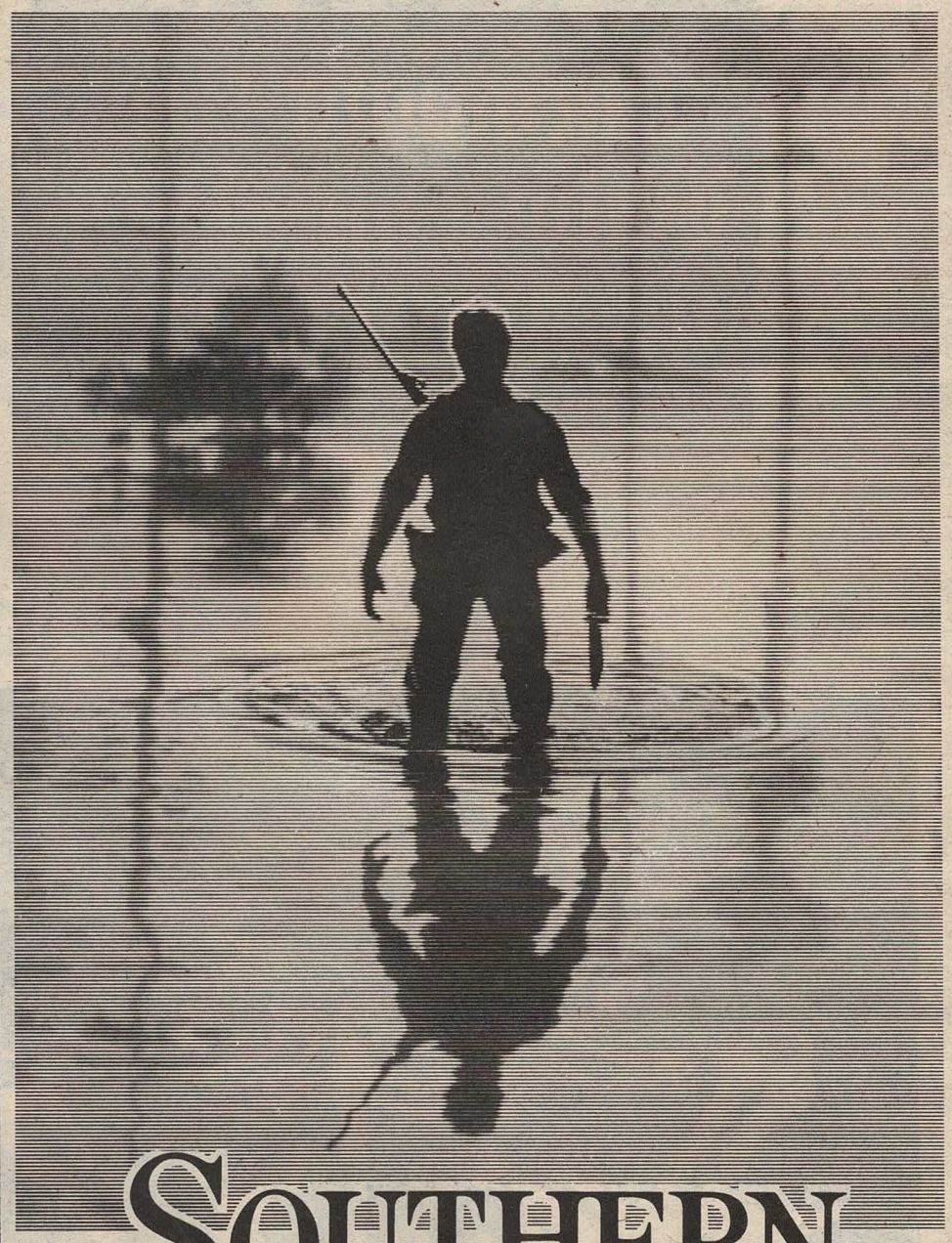
"It's just a film. Unemployment is fairly high in NZ, and youth alienation's quite real. Having travelled 12,000 miles to get here, I find the similarities often more striking than the differences. I think the main difference is that New Zealanders are more mobile, they'll take to the road. But other than that — and that's only a kick-off point — the basic elements of it are universal.

"I always felt that we could use the beautiful scenery, we could devise the tricky stunts, but if the film didn't work on the level of how the people were relating to each other then it wasn't going to work no matter what. And I think that's a truism: the fascination that people have with film is the sharing of other people's experiences on the screen. And *that's* the level you've got to work on."

As it happens, it's a level that *Goodbye Pork Pie* works very well on.

Right. Well, thank you gentlemen and have a nice stay. (Oh shit, I forgot to ask him about The Acme Sausage Company. . .)

It's the land of hospitality
...unless you
don't belong there.



SOUTHERN COMFORT x

Starring Keith Carradine · Powers Boothe
Fred Ward · T.K. Carter · Franklyn Seales
Director of Photography Andrew Laszlo, A.S.C.
Music by Ry Cooder
Executive Producer William J. Immerman
Written by
Michael Kane and Walter Hill & David Giler
Produced by David Giler
Directed by Walter Hill
A Cinema Group Presentation
A Phoenix Film
Released by COLUMBIA-EMI-WARNER DISTRIBUTORS LIMITED

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FRI	30.10.81	Riviera Ballroom, Sligo
SAT	31.10.81	University, Dublin
SUN	1.11.81	Leisure Centre, New Ross
TUES	3.11.81	Pavilion, Ayr
THURS	5.11.81	The Venue, Aberdeen
FRI	6.11.81	Night Moves, Glasgow
SAT	7.11.81	Nite Club, Edinburgh *2shows
SUN	8.11.81	Gaskins, Middlesboro
MON	9.11.81	Tower, Hull
TUES	10.11.81	University, Manchester
WEDS	11.11.81	Polytechnic, Newcastle
THURS	12.11.81	Lyceum, Sheffield
FRI	13.11.81	University, Birmingham
SAT	14.11.81	Leisure Centre, Huddersfield *2shows
MON	16.11.81	Porterhouse, East Retford
TUES	17.11.81	Polytechnic, Trent, Nottingham
WEDS	18.11.81	University, Durham
THURS	19.11.81	Warehouse, Leeds *2shows
FRI	20.11.81	University, Loughborough
SAT	21.11.81	Pavilion, West Runton
MON	23.1181	Arts Centre, Poole
TUES	24.11.81	Rock Theatre, Chippenham
WEDS	25.11.81	Top Rank, Brighton
MON	30.11.81	Top Rank, Reading
TUES	1.12.81	Top Rank, Cardiff
WEDS	2.12.81	Top Rank, Plymouth
THURS	3.12.81	Chequers, Barnstaple
FRI	4.12.81	400 Ballroom, Torquay
MON	7.12.81	Hammersmith Palais

LPs

DIE KRUPPS
Stahlwerksynphonie (Zickzack LP)
Wahre Arbeit Wahrer Lohn (Zickzack 12" — German imports)

DAF STARTED IT! Now the rest are set to take it over. In the wake of DAF's extraordinary — namely, it was deserved! — success with the Virgin/Ariola LP 'Alles Ist Gut' the German majors are suddenly falling over themselves to sign up the Sound of Young Germany.

And so they should be. Since its derivative punk inception some four years ago the *best* new groups — Palais Schaumberg, Malaria, Der Plan and now Die Krupps — have deviated from the normal line into increasingly radical and different areas, redefining and restructuring pop with the manic glee that comes with the awareness that there is no German rock/R&B tradition to hold them back, after all. Because their pop hasn't conformed to the accepted production standards or shapes, it has been left to develop free of commercial pressures to its present powerful bargaining position — in light of DAF's breakthrough. The best groups have survived hard times and are now bursting to be heard. In the interim they've gained the strength and knowledge to deal lightly with the business without necessarily making a manifesto out of it.

Of all the new groups the still independent Die Krupps' rise is the most exciting. Made up of two members of the earliest German punk group Male, the highly innovative single maker Ralf Dorper and a drummer, they each found themselves getting bogged down in new rock legends and formed Krupps to break away from them. 'Stahlwerksynphonie' is their severance from their roots, while the latest 'Wahre Arbeit Wahrer Lohn' ('A Fair Day's Work For A Fair Day's Pay) is a statement of their intent.

To challenge both the old punks and the new "scene" they conceived the idea of a long piece in defiance of pogo that would at the same time avoid equally restricting disco conventions. Thus 'The Steelworks Symphony' — a brilliant, brutal 30 minute noise extravaganza that is as compelling as it is monotonous. Very little happens by way of changes, outside disorientating dashes of sax and electronic colour that pierce the dense wave of bass sound and mesh of percussion. The kick comes from the beaten steel from which the tune gets its punning name and the pleasurable punch from the jarringly contagious clatter of their new invention, the stahlophon — like a xylophone but constructed from bands of steel.

Recorded at Can's Studio and mixed down at Conny Plank's, its experimental curiosity has been channelled through the immediacy of a hit single and it plays at 45 rpm, too.

By the time they came to make 'Wahre Arbeit Wahrer Lohn' they had already incorporated commercialism as a viable aesthetic into their novel noise so completely that it should easily become the great disco hit of the year. They're not frightened of exposure, they actively demand it with a frightening intensity and it'll get it on the playfulness of the concept alone: a strident call for just wages for hard work set to an entwining, stunningly propulsive dance beat hammered home with heavy industrial percussive noises!

The noise doesn't let up and neither do I want it to. Die Krupps are the glittering chromium finish to the avant garde demands made on pop by the likes of Throbbing Gristle (message to Genesis P Orridge: I was wrong, but I guess it's too late to be sorry), Cabaret Voltaire and, more locally, Berlin's Frieder Butzmann. Die Krupps understand the importance of being heard. Now that DAF are coursing down the mainstream, soon to be joined by the excellent popsqeak Palais Schaumburg, Krupps should be the next to break down the barriers and let the rest rush through.

Hold on, there's more

(Available from Rough Trade or Rip Off Vertrieb, Feldstrasse 48, 2000 Hamburg 6).

Chris Bohn

Die Krupps. Pic: Ar Gee Glein

GOING THERE IN STAHL

THE SOUND
From The Lions Mouth
(Korova)

THE SOUND'S second LP carries on where 'Jeopardy', their first, left off, with a search for contact or (non-religious) communion of some kind. It's a simple hope, expressed with deceptive simplicity, but then the present-day socially-aware rock'n'roll group refuses to die when things get tough.

What some may see as pessimistic wallowing is actually a confrontation and shaking-off of despondency, a determination to face facts rather than hide in escapism. As the single 'Sense Of Purpose' would have it, it's *"a call to arms, a call to use arms/a call to brains, a call to use some brains/a call to the heart, a call to have a heart/to have a sense of purpose again."* Simple, see?

It's a direction and determination they share with The Comsat Angels, and they approach things in a somewhat similar manner (not for nothing did the two tour together recently): there's the minimal, sketch-style approach to music-making in general, with a strong rhythm section overlaid with oblique guitar and keyboard parts — not so much "fleshed out" as subtely splashed with hints of colour and texture — and there's a certain positivism, a strength through trial and endurance which mirrors the progress of the Comsats' dauntless 'Sleep No More'.

Though they mightn't realise it, The Sound are confronting the Single Greatest Philosophical Problem Of The Age on 'From The Lions Mouth', that of individualism and collectivism; the songs here are infused with a certainty of individuality and apartness — and all that that entails — but well aware of the need for coming-together in an era which has seen apartness emphasised to lethal levels. They still *care*, the foolish boys, in a way others have forgotten how to. The opening track on the LP's called 'Winning', and at least they're making some attempt.

At their least invigorating, The Sound can degenerate into the standard riffy rockiness of a U2, as on 'The Fire', midway through the second side; balancing that, however, is an emotional depth and movement close to the spirit of Joy Division. The understated melody and string-synth wash of 'Silent Air' is very much in this vein, on a simple love song which could well be directed to JD: *"you showed me that silence/that haunts this troubled world/you showed me that silence/can speak louder than words."*

That reference point is apparent, too, in the rumbling, thunderous distance of the drums on the closing 'New Dark Age'. This, perhaps, is the track which best encapsulates The Sound's (or more precisely lyricist Adrian Borland's), uh, "worldview", that of a vice tightening on tired moral muscles which would rather ignore its grip. Can *you* feel the pinch?

The Sound's is music seen as other than a bauble or a duvet. Why not?

Andy Gill

ANTHONY MORE
World Service (Do It)

WHILE you're watching the glutinous, congratulatory shamblings of pop's inner circle, take a look over shoulder: there's somebody watching you watching them. Give him a chance and he'll mouth off too, but what you hear won't be candycoated, safety-locked shell most music is eager to wrap you in. Rather it will be the mocking commentaries of a man cast away to the fringe and left to evil mutterings and forebodings. It's Anthony More.

A. More's observations on pop to date (anyone remember the wishful requiem 'Johnny's Dead'? Thought not) jolted into place with 'Flying Doesn't Help'; nothing there *stuck*, though. The collection of disfigured popstar cameos — imagine a toothless, enfeebled Dollar doing 'Judy Get Down' — eventually fell in like a card house. Uncertainty of feelings (deceit? outrage?) to blame, maybe.

Now More has had a while longer to assimilate another vogues' gallery and he can blurt out his conclusions on another LP. 'World Service' is a remorselessly hateful record. Every moment soundtracks a terminal identity crisis, suggests an ugliness that no-one dare hold a mirror to. More sifts over the particles that interest him and the rattles them around until they don't know themselves. The towering Eurobeat, for example, which Simple Minds used to feel proud and uplifted: 'World Service' employs it to bludgeon away dissension. The charlatan ravings of heavy metal: stripped down to a raw, disembowelled jangle. The glassy acoustic guitar: a sarcastic injection of sweetness.

Consider some examples. The raddled chant of 'Run Right Back' opens. 'World Service' itself sells off a bewildered planet to a welcoming void as electronics and talking drums jabber below. 'Broke 'N' Idle' starts as a coarse Talking Heads flap, moves into a scabbed, hideous, waking-Kraken middle section. 'Outta Angels' offers a twisted inversion of a folkie love-tune pivoted around a seasick rhythmic lurch — *"Oh how I need that girl"* — it's impossible to believe him.

The closing 'Nowhere To Go' parades the sensibility of a grimacing skull. The rhythm track sounds to be slowed to half speed as More coughs out, *"It's just the gravity that catches the wave/And curls the spine towards the grave"*. Black chords of defeat howl off into the darkness.

Hollow-eyed horror stories one and all — though before you turn away again, might I mention how grippingly it is all compounded? The mystery men More employs (Le Cretin Bleu, Orb, Matt — famous names every one) achieve their tasks with frightening strength. The weak spot, ironically, is More's voice, never as harsh as the music demands — though maybe that's a welcome respite. And the Dickensian Englishness of the half-spoken ramblings on 'Fat Fly' is a further disturbance.

The worth of More's accomplishment is easily questioned — do we need such open negativity? Another solipsistic indulgence trading under 'sinister'? But this grim, confrontational music carries a peculiar perhaps dangerous exhilaration with it to. It's your choice. 'World Service' is an extraordinary LP.

Richard Cook

SUPERBRA

Heartbeat, halitosis, pop pulse

Pic: Pennie Smith

Marc Bolan — back but not forwards

QUEEN
Greatest Hits (EMI)

WHEN 'Killer Queen' sprung out of rock's post-glam slump, it was a hilarious coup, a nauseating creation, a smack in the chops. It was also Queen's first and last authentic moment, the only exercise of humour and economy they ever demonstrated.

Since then Queen have done something pretty ingenious — made non-stop novelty rock while remaining your average 75-ton megastar touring group. In the last two years, they've given us their versions of rockabilly ('Crazy Little Thing'), 'C'n'W-cum-heavy metal ('Fat-Bottomed Girls'), ballads ('Save Me'), and of course disco ('Another One Bites The Dust'), all filtered through the slick inimitable multi-tracking for which they are renowned.

To get to the point, though, all of them, besides 'Another One' (which is a direct lift from 'Good Times' anyway, and ain't got nothing on Rod's 'Sexy' as white superstar floorfiller) are quite repulsive, unbelievably crass insults to their respective genres and uniformly vulgar music.

It was only when Queen took vulgarity to its absolute limit that they stood out. Their real "style" is to be found on the extreme kitsch of 'Rhapsody', 'Don't Stop Me Now', 'Somebody To Love', and 'Play The Game', in Mercury's voice at its most brazenly unattractive and May's guitar in its status as the ultimate rock guitar.

Queen are above all the product of multi-tracking itself, of the studio techniques which first made possible this unparalleled pomp. What their recent hits have done is make one forget the sheer delirium of vulgarity attained by this group; at their most groteque, Queen came on like a kind of sci-fi Gilbert and Sullivan. I mean, 'Rhapsody' would be quite funny if it didn't turn one's stomach.

But why is it that Freddie sends one head first into the loo? I guess it has something to do with those teeth, that mouth, and now the fruitiest moustache in showbiz. When you hear a Queen record, the image of that mouth and those teeth quickly begins to fuse in one's mind with his voice and pretty soon the disgust starts to well up into open revulsion, the question then becoming one of whether there's time to turn the radio off before your stomach decides to redecorate the room.

Barney Hoskyns

MARC BOLAN
You Scare Me To Death (Cherry Red)

THE CULTS which follow the sudden deaths of most stars work to their advantage, changing already mythic creatures (Jim Morrison, Ian Curtis etc) into Myths. Die fast, live on longer later = a fine posthumous philosophy.

In spite of some detailed retrospective articles about Marc Bolan, in spite of a whole younger generation of musicians swearing that it was the elf who first turned them on, even in spite of those silly seances, the Bolan cult refuses to take off and earn a life of its own.

That's partly because there isn't much of a legacy to build on. Listened to any Bolan recently? 'Hot Love' and a couple of other singles (mainly from 1971, Bolan's only real year at the top) still get it on; but otherwise those two or three sub-Hendrix riffs (over-milked and turned into sickly repetitive cream, a sort of axeman's Ovaltine) and that bleating voice (Roger Chapman of Family trying to sing castrato vibrato) soon grow to seem like the art of the limited rather than the pop art of the miniature. Marc Bolan was smaller than he thought, his music more the carrier of inspiration and starglow rumpus than of fully delivered satisfaction. I'd even argue that his corkscrew curls (the hippy's perm) signified the worst hairstyle ever invented.

Bolan's reputation certainly won't be enhanced by 'You Scare Me To Death', an album based on a collection of demo tapes which he made with only voice and acoustic guitar in 1966 and to which his manager Simon Napier-Bell has recently added backing tracks. These latter are pretty average '81 session muso affairs with guitarist Bernie Holland imitating Marc's electric playing. But I'd rather listen to these beefed up demos than material like 'Prophets, Seers And Sages And The Angels Of The Ages' from Bolan's late '60s Tolkien-esque elfin hippy drivel period.

In fact, the demos don't so much hint at this middle (earth) period as look further ahead to the ride on the white swan: 'You've Got The Power' especially works as a piece of glitter boogie *'avant la lettre'*. Much the same could be said about the title track 'You Scare Me To Death', though, in spite of its morbid implications, it doesn't work as a necrophiliac piece and certainly won't help the cult situation, because the song was originally intended as a jingle and can't be divorced from its context as a war song in the great fight against halitosis waged by Amplex tablets.

Most of the 12 tracks, including a version of 'Hippy Gumbo', are mainly bitty and mediocre and only provide curiosity value. And there you have it, because people just

THE FIRE ENGINES
Aufgeladen Und Bereit Fur Action Und Spares (Rough Trade/Pop; aural/Codex)

SOME JOTTINGS CONCERNING THE JOLT MUSIC OF THE FIRE ENGINES

WHAT we begin with is: get massaged by The Fire Engines, sit back and listen to their cheers and their screams, find different ways to take in their unusually delicious, bright and tasty offering and . . . feel listless and bewildered no more. NO MORE!!!
MORE? YES
What is this? Special evidence. A produced in limbo package in pink compilation of first period Fire Engines raving, saving, sweeties and sour goes. How's it go? It's hard to keep one's balance, caught between the sense of play and the swaying intensity. What's the plan? Well, the function is to cut. Open.

This is an American product, easily available in British stores. If the choice was between hiring or owning the item I would suggest that you own it. Side One: Candyskin; Get Up And Use Me; Sympathetic Anaesthetic; Plastic Gift; Discord. Side Two: Everythings Rose; New Things In Cartons; Hungry Beat; Lubricate Your Living Room; Meat Whiplash.

I believe that it is wonderful. Honest. Cross my

UWIP 6740

PETE SHELLEY

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TS and pomp

aren't curious about Bolan in the way they are about Morrison and the rest of the heavenly bad company. Death cults are gossip continued beyond death, and no one's interested in Bolan gossip, even if the album is well packaged with a booklet by former *Melody Maker* journalist Chris Welch who provides us with little titbits from June Bolan, John Peel etc. This 24-page booklet might not be excessively sycophantic, but at times it's utterly stupid: "Could Chuck Berry have produced a performance like 'Ride A White Swan'?" And how about the fact that Marc's "greatest influence was himself"?

Paul Tickell

THROBBING GRISTLE'S GREATEST HITS (Entertainment Through Pain)

Released through the USA by Rough Trade.

SOME WAYS TO ENTERTAIN THE MISSION OF THROBBING GRISTLE

[TO BE GLIB — there's always room for that in this situation — the concentrated sounds and essences of Throbbing Gristle contained here could be The Human League if they had read 'Barbarism With A Human Face' by Bernard-Henri Levy instead of a whole rack of Mills and Boon].

(To be slick — and I will be many contradictory things during this brief review — I'll recall Rilke's lines: *"For the beautiful is nothing / But the first apprehension of the terrible . . ."*)

To begin: to falter. T.G. were obviously many things: actors, confident tricksters, post-humorous charmers, trapped and tragic clowns, cold voyeurs, sick, self-indulgent, poignant, ecstatic, impassioned . . . Their aggression, restlessness and sense of the absurd, their complete lack of career instincts, contributed to their music being twisted around the general notions of 'good' and 'bad', 'positive' and 'negative' with savage significance.

Throbbing Gristle could be farcical satire and an unusual, convincing relief from tedium. T.G. — like Faust, Fripp/Eno, Company, Devo in their different ways — are an ultimate in adorned ambiguity. They can be as decorative as Yellow Magic Orchestra, as sly as DAF, they can subject the listener to a passive repetition that is as attractive as Fripp/Eno's 'Evening Star', but they can also be as intense as Cabaret Voltaire, they can be grotesque, spiteful, ordinary, unsettling, primitive . . . but the music is not to be enjoyed for its own sake. Something more can be taken in beyond a few flickers and bubbles and a strangled whimsy and a defensive economy. Beyond the tears. (Feel horrified and hunted? Stay inside this review!)

Throbbing Gristle dealt with guilt, disgust, remorse, violence, cruelty, horror, even the vanity of all activity and the absence of God. It would be wrong, and I write this not feeling particularly cheerful, to regard their attitude as wholly pessimistic. They yearned to make existence authentic, fully lived, by putting us face to face with the human condition.

This, some kind of purification rite, is a way to liberation. To attack the absurdity of the human condition is a way of stating the possibility of non-absurdity: perhaps T.G. were agonised Utopians. *"In Zen Buddhism,"* said the Rumanian playwright Eugene Ionesco, whose plays were concerned, or close to it, with the human condition in all its brutal absurdity, *"there was no direct teaching, only the constant search for an opening, a revelation. Nothing makes me more pessimistic than the obligation not to be pessimistic. I feel that every message of despair is the statement of a situation from which everybody must freely try to find a way out."*

Although it was never as obvious with T.G. as it is with the music of Joy Division or Lou Reed the very statement of the desperate situation, the ability it can give the listener to face it with open eyes, constitutes a catharsis, a liberation. Ionesco: *"No society has been able to abolish human sadness, no political system can deliver us from the pain of living, from our fear of death, our thirst for the absolute: it is the human condition that directs the social condition, not vice versa."* Hence the need to break down the language of society, which is nothing but cliches, empty formulas and slogans. *"That is why ideologies with their fossilised language must be constantly re-examined and their congealed language relentlessly split apart in order to find the living sap beneath."*

Throbbing Gristle's music — which was only a part of their problem, remember — revives memories, inevitably, of surrealism and dada. Their seizure of technology in harnessing new forces of artistic expression refers to the post-'50s experimental music of Luciano Berio, Mauricio Kagel, Iannis Xenakis.

They incorporated many of the components of black humour, accident, spontaneity, inversion, distortion, parody that were at the heart of Neu/Can/Amon Duul/Faust/Cluster's influential assault on the restrictive Anglo-American rock music (Congealed Language), the playing with sound and the disassembling of tradition so as to cut loose from all previously accepted associative links. (Of course when considering, however speculatively, the forms and contents of T.G. and all the most exciting new musics we cannot just consider previous musics: throw in reading that includes Lenin, Plato's *Republic*, Marx's *Capital*, Rimbaud, *Mein Kampf*, Neitzsche's *The Dawn*, perhaps films such as *The Night Porter* and *A Clockwork Orange* and Trevor Griffiths' play *'The Comedians'* . . .)

The exploration of private anxieties, an emphasis on introversion . . . as with The Velvet Underground, Throbbing Gristle took it further and looked at the world through eyes that suspect, doubt, fear, hate, cheat, mock, are selfish and vain. Throbbing Gristle said that the monotony and stupidity of human beings is so great it cannot be adequately represented by anything that is cosily radical, easily rationalised, narrowly defined. It's a messy business. Their music was not a sustained delight or an idle pleasure: it was funny, defective, distressing, inventive, evasive. It could be, as much as anything else, genuinely troubling. The important thing was that it could deepen our perception of vital issues: if you want.

(This is an American product, easily available in British stores. If the choice was between hiring or owning the item I would suggest that you own it. Side One: Hamburger Lady; Hot On The Heels Of Love; Subhuman; AB/7A; Six Six Sixties; Blood On The Floor. Side Two: 20 Jazz Funk Greats; Tiab Guls; United; What A Day; Adrenalin).

Paul Morley

heart and hope to die, put a needle through my eye.

OUCH. WONDERFUL! SHUT.

The Fire Engines never take a direct road, but neither do they go the long way round. If they get lost they stop. When they stop they've arrived. Where are they going? It's never specific. You see? Any snatches of security only prepare us for passages of delightful uneasiness. Their sound, an accumulation of elegant but furious discords, a combination of unfixed emotions, rewards friends and punishes enemies. It goes out of its way to challenge anyone to remain indifferent. It interferes. Inside. It turns. Inside out. It burns into the prejudices of purist bores and creeps.

It is a sudden music with a tendency to mock. Want a ride?

Although those literalists who keep a huge distance from usefully owning up may discount The Fire Engines as merely minor and eccentric, the group are an important quality. I should say an impatient quality, with the potential (not po-faced) to help dislodge the popular misconceptions of what this kind of music can achieve and inspire. The point is: ambiguity, divergence sensation, assistance, affection. Oh, and vanity, and a few hundred other things. 704, I think: the majority of them positive, I'm sure.

And The Fire Engines — and this is something that makes them so irresistible — are aware of the point, the limits and the loopholes. *"Nothing lasts,"* shout The Fire Engines, and they welcome this fact without appearing casual, glib or callous. *"Very little can be approved,"* decide The Fire Engines, and they deal with this with an exciting refusal to *let this get them down*. They sell themselves using the notions of *get up* and also *feel all the threatening truths and considerable treats*. They go: get on with it, get with it, go. Jolt.

The Fire Engines as innovatively as any pop group — post or pre-rock — use the moment and total movement as the foundation of their music. From this foundation spurts and sprays a fountain of mad, flash, dash, sad, wheeling, dangling, tangling, dealing, collapse, sex, fall, sex, bitter, love, smile, sex, irony, forward. Fast.

The Fire Engines are divinely incapable of being lifeless, soulless, or reasonable. They avoid 'consistency' because they portray the sudden contradictions which we find in life. There is an excess of method in their entrapped madness. I could carry on . . . but what we end with is: get them and use up.
Get it.

Paul Morley

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METAL BEAT/VIRGIN RECORDS

Yello, the action picture (from left) Boris Blank, Carlos Peron, Dieter Meier.

Laconic electronics

. . . and the gumshoe beat

YELLO
Claro Que Si! (Do It)

YELLO have been rather left in a corner at the electronic pop party; if there's any justice then 'Claro Que Si!' will bring them back on to the floor. From the breathless flurries of 'Daily Disco' to the suave hokum of 'Pinball Cha Cha' there's enough hopscotching to turn you dizzy — but best of all is it's genuinely funny.

That's thanks to Dieter Meier, whose vocals are a hoot. If the Casanova croakings on 'The Evening's Young' don't crack you up, then the laconic monologue of 'She's Got A Gun' surely will: *"This is TONIGHT. And it rains like in a French black-and-white movie of the fifties . . . ."*

Yes! Yello's spiritual forebears aren't the usual trash SF/Marvel comics heroes beloved of so many spacers but the hard-bitten gumshoes of pulp detective fiction. Meier stalks the neon-lit landscape convinced that he's a bemused Lemmy Caution lost in Alphaville, trenchcoat collar turned up, water pistol tucked inside his jacket.

Meanwhile, Boris Blank and Carlos Peron are again the Chip'n'Dale of the synthesiser club. Blank's great blocks of sound are mischievously tickled and undone by Peron's squirming and bleating tapes and effects; though sometimes they decide to join forces and there are rather exquisite brief encounters of melody and (dare I say it?) romance.

There's much else besides: 'No More Roger' is an assassination story blown into wacky melodrama by Blank's cop-theme pursuit, 'Ballet Mecanique' seems to be a nonsensical call to action and 'Homer Hossa' goes long distance to some South Sea island for a spot of coconut juggling. No bother for the teeth with this confection, but make sure you've got your fedora on the way out — it's raining, like in a . . .

Richard Cook

THE COMIC STRIP
(Springtime)

SO HERE they are, live on plastic, London's alternative comedians. Now all you people who over the last year couldn't get into the little club in Soho, owned by Raymond of Revuebar fame, can hear what you missed. Which is . . . not much. If this is alternative comedy, Tony Hancock was teetotal and Larry Grayson is Lenny Bruce's uncle.

Some of the humour on 'The Comic Strip' could even be called flat and conventional in spirit: only the subject-matter is different — social workers in Islington instead of mothers-in-law in Walthamstow. Arnold Brown, for example, basically does a straightforward stand-up comic routine: his cracks about unemployment are fairly telling, otherwise he seems to think that the audience will find the fact that he's a middle-aged Glaswegian Jew endlessly funny.

At least French & Saunders, a young female duo, have a bit of wit about them as they slam into things Transatlantic like psychotherapy and health food. This is all very good until certain reference points make their presence uncomfortably felt: Woody Allen does this caper a whole lot better.

But at least F & S can be called an act, 20th Century Coyote only boast the unintentional ability to embarrass. Leader of the duo Rik Mayall is so zany, so mad, so surreal. So what, unless you like hairy gooseberry gags. Yes, this is Monty Python country and it was very fine a decade ago, but now it's just another cliche, a convention.

The Outer Limits, yet another duo, draw on a similar tradition, but with more of a musical bias: more Neil Innes than Eric Idle. Some of their parodies and pastiches work (punk done as schmaltzy cabaret), others don't: a 'sit here trembling' review of Rose Tattoo is a good deal funnier than their HM take-off.

Perhaps it's unfair to harp on the derivitiveness of these acts (I'm sure French & Saunders would like to thank Derek and Clive for their cancer rap), but if you do insist on presenting yourself as a different, alternative package. . .

Alexei Sayle, MC and Liverpudlian nutter, is right to insist. He's been listening to Derek and Clive too (for his stream of tastelessness) and to Billy Connolly (for biryani jokes), but he has such zest and energy, and he flogs his humour with such gusto, that offbeat jokes reach out for a wider, less "alternative" audience and at the same time his more conventional borrowings dissolve and grow strange under the barrage. And thankfully, he's miles away from that overworked Python tradition and all that Cambridge Footlights/Fringe stuff. *Not The Nine O'Clock News* is the bland heir to that, and so is half of this album, swearing or not.

Seven laughs in 70 minutes isn't a lot. Save your money for the *Richard Pryor In Concert* film. That's the same length, but the laughs are one a minute.

Paul Tickell

LIGHTNING STRIKES

JACO PASTORIUS
Word Of Mouth (Warner Bros)

SOLO DEBUT by the bass playing whizz seems to be a shot at reconciling small group intrigue with big band jamborees, though it's not as interesting as that might sound. Overstuffed with brass, strings, voices and harmonicas (harmonicas?) most of the tracks sound like shrill surrogate Weather Report, with a singularly clubfooted limp through McCartney's 'Blackbird' as the low point. Jaco is long on fingers but short on good tunes, interest being provided mainly by a few good blows from Wayne Shorter.

Richard Cook

LESTER BANGS AND THE DELINQUENTS
Jook Savages On The Bazos (Live Wire)

STREAM-OF-CONSCIOUSNESS lyrics where rhyme is more important than reason, Dylanesque harmonica, a band that chugs along in a sub-Velvet amateurish sort of way with incongrous countrified interludes, an American music critic trying to prove himself as a 'new wave' rock 'n' roller — these are not happy ingredients. Later Adolescent And The Whimpers?

Paul Tickell

TANGERINE DREAM
Exit (Virgin)

IN WHICH the world's worst dance band crank out yet another block of electronic rock, and spread their ideas thinly. Dramatic, pleasant, bland. Do you remember gloomy works like 'Zeit', four largoes for massed delloes and synthesizers? Since then they've become bright, rhythmic and melodic, with only occasional jorays into the void. Do the ostinato to the oscillator beat.

Edward L. Fox

STEVE HACKETT
Cured (Charisma)

A CAREFREE, happy Hackett trips and flits and makes The Korgis look like Gengis Khan. I knew it all along.

Dave Hill

DAVE DAVIES
Glamour (RCA)

KID KINK — Dave 'Death Of A Clown' Davies — goes solo again, makes semi-conceptual LPs worth of GOR (guitar-oriented rock). Not destined for classic status, despite some melodic strength. And providing a lyric sheet was, on balance, *not* a wise move. (Sample: *"Social difficulties, desperate politics/Disorders of the mind/Ooh"*) Come again?

Paul Du Noyer

SHADOW
Shadows In The Street (Elektra)

SHADOW: three all-American, young men with wet look perms, dazzling smiles, glazed eyes and rantings about God on the album sleeve, promise much and deliver nothing. It's almost unbelievable that they were part of the same crew that unleashed 'Skintight', 'Fire' and 'Honey' on the world. But, that's progress . . . shadows.

Lloyd Bradley

RON CUCCIA
Music From The Big Tomato (Armageddon)

IF THIS is typical of New Orleans music then somebody's been messing with the gumbo. Cuccia drawls out interminable verses of beatnic slop to a slick approximation of Meters-style funky stuff, with 'affectionate' flavourings of gospel and R&B drizzled over the top like so much ketchup. I especially hate the line *"Geysers of heartache shot straight up into the sky."* Big lemon more like.

Richard Cook

TOUR NEWS

Debbie movie, then Blondie LP and tour

BLONDIE are continuing apace with their comeback, plans for which were exclusively revealed by *NME* four weeks ago, and a new group album is definitely on the way. It's being produced by Mike Chapman, who was responsible for all their major hits, and the band's mentor Chris Stein said this week that the LP material is "more straight-forward rock in the style for which Blondie are renowned."

Although the project is still in its embryo stages, it's almost certain that Blondie will be undertaking a world tour to coincide with the LP's release. Latest report from New York suggests that they should be in the UK around Easter.

Meanwhile, Debbie Harry is to start work almost immediately on another film. She's landed a star role in Universal Pictures' production of *Video Drone*, which apparently deals with TV sets which go on the rampage and eat people! It's from the writers responsible for the recent sci-fi horror movie *Scanners*, and Debbie's co-star is James Wood.

ANTS BUT NO BEATLES IN ROYAL SHOW

ADAM & THE ANTS crown their triumphant year, in which they've emerged as Britain's top record sellers of 1981, with an appearance in the Royal Variety Show — to be attended by the Queen at London's Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Monday, November 23. But their spot in the show seems a little contrived, as they will be the only contemporary act in a so-called 'History of British Pop' segment — which also features such veterans as Lonnie Donegan, Alvin Stardust, Marty Wilde, Acker Bilk and The Searchers. Apart from Adam's contribution, the highlight of this section is the one-off reunion of Cliff Richard & The Shadows.

Also in the event, Andrew Lloyd Webber will present a selection of songs from his hit shows — performed by (among others) the past and present *Evita*, Elaine Paige and Stephanie Lawrence; and the cast of the current West End all-black musical *One Mo' Time* will be in action. One commendable development is the exclusion of any American superstars from what deserves to be a predominantly British occasion — though there will be a French interlude with Charles Aznavour, Mirielle Mathieu, Leslie Caron and the can-can dancers from the Moulin Rouge.

Once again, the hard core of British rock — the acts who earn more overseas currency than the rest put together — have apparently been ignored. It could be, however, that certain bands were approached but turned down the offer — which would account for the imbalance in the "pop history" item. It's understood that Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr refused an invitation to appear, either individually or collectively, and who knows how many others did likewise?

As usual, the show is to be recorded in full for TV screening, and it will be seen on the ITV network on Sunday, November 29.

Damned good show

THE DAMNED are set to headline a major 22-date tour, starting in a fortnight and climaxing at London Lyceum — with a second London date, still being finalised, to be announced in a week or two. Ticket prices range from £2.50 to £3, and they're on sale now, with Straight Music promoting. To coincide with the outing, the band will have an EP issued by Nems Records, to whom they have just signed. Dates are:

Newcastle Mayfair (November 12), Edinburgh Odeon (13), Skegness Town Hall (14), Grimsby Town Hall (15), Doncaster Rotters (16), Middlesbrough Gaskins (17), Leicester De Montfort Hall, Bradford Tiffany's (19), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (20), Manchester University (21), Reading Top Rank (22), Brighton Top Rank (23), Cardiff Top Rank (24), Birmingham Locarno (25), Blackburn King George's Hall (26), Henley Victoria Hall (27), Liverpool Royal Court (28), Bristol Locarno (29), Dunstable Queensway Hall (30), Portsmouth Locarno (December 3), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (5) and London Strand Lyceum (6).

Anti-Pasti, Cuban Heels gigging

ANTI-PASTI set out this week on a UK tour, aimed at promoting their third single 'Six Guns', issued by Rondelet Records tomorrow (Friday). They headline at Leeds Bierkeller (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (Friday), Manchester University (Saturday), Rotherham Clifton Hall (Sunday), Blackburn King George's Hall (November 2), Derby Assembly Rooms (5), Retford Porterhouse (6), Cardiff Top Rank (10), Hull Tower Ballroom (11), Middlesbrough Gaskins Plus One (12), Scarborough Taboo (13), Portsmouth Locarno (15) and Brighton Top Rank (16). As reported, they also appear in two punk festivals — 'Woodstock Revisisted' at London Rainbow (November 14) and 'Christmas On Earth' at Leeds Queen's Hall (December 20) — and between times, they'll be gigging in Europe and America.

THE CUBAN HEELS have lined up another string of dates, this time coinciding with the November 6 release of their new single on the Cuba Libre/Virgin label. They visit Leeds Warehouse (tonight, Thursday), Colchester Institute of Higher Education (Friday), Dudley J.B.'s (Saturday), Kirklevington Country Club (Sunday), Portsmouth Polytechnic (November 7), London Central Polytechnic (13), London Marquee (14), Newcastle Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre (19) and Liverpool Warehouse (20) — and they also support The Comsat Angels at London Dominion next Tuesday (3). The new single is a re-working of their first-ever release 'Walk On Water', coupled with 'Hard Times' — and there's a bonus flexi-disc with the first 5,000 copies featuring the old Cat Stevens hit 'Matthew And Son'.

Nine Below are at boiling point

NINE BELOW ZERO have added another batch of dates to their autumn tour opening this weekend and, with 32 gigs to its credit, it's now one of the longest outings of the season — highlighted by a prestige concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on November 29.

Extra dates confirmed since the list printed four weeks ago are at Sheffield Lyceum (November 11), Treforest Wales Polytechnic (24), Leicester Polytechnic (26), Chippenham Goldiggers (December 1), Brighton Top Rank (2), Uxbridge Brunel University (9), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (10) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (11).

Their gig on November 6 is now at Dundee University instead of Edinburgh, while their show at Lancaster University moves back from November 9 to 12. Support acts vary, but if you go to one of the dates, you're likely to see Juan Foote 'n' The Grave, Remipeds, The Check, OK Jive, Jackie Lynton or Fast Eddie. Nine Below's new single 'Why Don't You Try Me' has just been issued by A&M.

GALLAGHER GALLIVANTS

RORY GALLAGHER has been lined up for a 15-date tour of the college circuit before Christmas — and he'll be on the road again in the New Year for a tour of major UK venues, to tie in with the release of his new Chrysalis album 'Jinx', currently being mixed. The campus gigs comprise the first tour Gallagher has undertaken with new drummer Brendie O'Neill, and they're all open to the general public, though ticket prices vary. Dates are:

Canterbury Kent University (November 17), Keele University (18), Salford University (19), York University (20), Liverpool University (21), Reading University (24), Sheffield Polytechnic (25), Norwich East Anglia University (26), Loughborough University (27), Bradford University (28), Lancaster University (29), London Mile End Queen Mary College (December 2), Nottingham Rock City (3), Birmingham University (4) and Uxbridge Brunel University (5).

. . . and Cobham

BILLY COBHAM comes to town to play his first London concert for almost a year at the Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday, December 9, together with his Glass Menagerie outfit. Tickets are on sale now priced £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50, and the promoters are Straight Music.

U2's Christmas brace

U2, back in the charts again with their album 'October' and single 'Gloria', are to play two London Christmas shows — at the Lyceum Ballroom on December 20 and 21, and tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £3. Support acts have still to be named, but they will be different on each night. These will be U2's first London shows since June, as their recently completed nationwide tour didn't include any dates in the capital.

U2 can see BONO at the Lyceum

STRAIGHT MUSIC BY ARRANGEMENT WITH PATRICK MALYNN PRESENT
FATS DOMINO AND HIS BAND
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST., W6
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THE REVILLOS!
LYCEUM STRAND, W.C.2
ELECTRIC GUITARS
SUNDAY 1st NOVEMBER at 7·30
O.K. JIVE
Stolen Pets
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STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
BAUHAUS
talisman
THE BEECH BUOYS
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WEST ST., BRIGHTON
MONDAY 2nd NOVEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE TOP RANK SUITE BOX OFFICE, TEL: BRIGHTON 25895 OR BRIGHTON: VIRGIN RECORDS, POLYSOUNDS, CRAWLEY: CLOAKS, OR £3·00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT
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STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
THE MAJORS
theatre of hate
BLUE ORCHIDS
peter & the test tube babies
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WEDNESDAY 4th NOVEMBER at 8·00
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• NOT AT BRIGHTON
LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 8th NOVEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

STRAIGHT MUSIC & KENNEDY STREET PRESENT
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WESTON RD., STAFFORD
MONDAY 9th NOVEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £5·00 FROM USUAL AGENTS, OR BY POST FROM RUSH BOX OFFICE, YQ BOOKINGS, P.O. BOX 4 ALTRINCHAM, CHESHIRE WA14 2JQ. POSTAL ORDERS ONLY, PAYABLE TO 'KENNEDY STREET ENTERPRISES'. PLEASE ENCLOSE S.A.E.

TOOLS HOLLAND AND HIS MILLIONAIRES

ON TOUR
OCTOBER

*	Thursday	29	**NOTTINGHAM** Rock City
*	Friday	30	**BIRMINGHAM** Aston University
*	Saturday	31	**SHEFFIELD** Lyceum
	NOVEMBER		
*	Tuesday	3	**NORWICH** University of East Anglia
*	Wednesday	4	**MANCHESTER** University
*	Thursday	5	**LONDON** The Venue
	Friday	6	**BRIGHTON** Polytechnic
	Saturday	7	**WOLVERHAMPTON (DUDLEY)** Polytechnic
	Monday	9	**SALISBURY** The Grange Hotel
	Tuesday	10	**LONDON** City of London Polytechnic
**	Wednesday	11	**KEELE** University
**	Thursday	12	**LEICESTER** Polytechnic
**	Friday	13	**GUILDFORD** Surrey University
**	Saturday	14	**BRISTOL** Polytechnic
	Monday	16	**CHESTER** College of Higher Education
**	Wednesday	18	**CANTERBURY** Kent University
	Thursday	19	**CHELTENHAM** College
	Friday	20	**NORTHAMPTON** Nene College
**	Saturday	21	**READING** University

*With the GO. GO'S
**With LEVEL 42

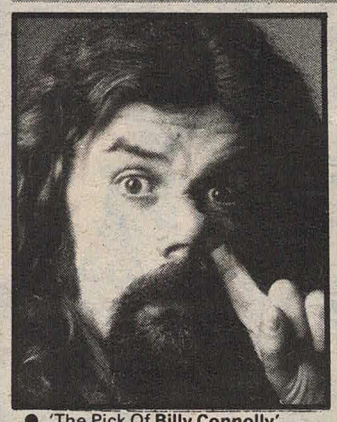
A&M RECORDS

DEBUT ALBUM OUT NOV. 13th

RECORD NEWS

Rod's elpee next week

ROD STEWART's previously reported new album 'Tonight I'm Yours' is now set for November 6 release by Riva Records. The self-produced set was recorded in Los Angeles, and it contains seven new songs, plus three revivals of classic oldies — 'Just Like A Woman' (Bob Dylan), 'How Long' (Ace) and 'Tear It Up' (Eddie Cochran.) Two of the other tracks, 'Sonny' and 'Never Give Up On A Dream', mark the first songwriting collaboration of Stewart and Bernie Taupin. As already announced, Stewart won't be touring here during the 1981/2 season, but there are plans for him to return to the UK next summer to play some open-air dates.



● 'The Pick Of **Billy Connolly**', issued by Polydor on November 13, is a collection of some of his best routines from the past five years. It ties in with his upcoming London stage season (see *Tour News*), and should retail at under £5.

● **UK Decay** have their debut album 'For Madmen Only' released by Fresh Records this week in a gatefold sleeve, and retailing initially at £3.99. Their latest single 'Sexual' is already on release.

● **David Cunningham** announces that there will be no further releases from **The Flying Lizards,** the group he created — who released two LPs and several singles, including the chart hit 'Money', on the Virgin label. This is because Cunningham is now involved in a new project called Canta, which features the Ian Spink Dance Group performing to his music.

● Set for November 6 release is the new **John Entwistle** album 'Too Late The Hero'. The title track has just been issued as a single, with some picture disc copies available.

● **Alien,** the London electronic duo of Pete Gibson and Max Reinsch, debut this week with 'Video Games' on the reactivated Solid Gold label — and they'll be playing a string of club dates in November to promote it. From the same label tomorrow (Friday) comes 'Somebody Stole My Girl' by **Paul Hudson,** lead singer with The Cruisers.

● A new **Pink Floyd** album is scheduled for release by Harvest towards the end of November, titled 'A Collection Of Great Dance Songs'. At about the same time, Polydor will be putting out a boxed set of classic **Phil Spector** recordings called 'The Wall Of Sound'. More details of both these releases when they become available.

● **Family Fodder** release a six-track 12-incher titled 'Schizophrenia Party' this week on Fresh Records. It runs 25 minutes, and is the first record by the band's new regular four-piece line-up. They've previously been strictly a recording group, but they're now working live in Europe, and UK dates are due to start in mid-November.

● Among newly announced Charly Records albums for release this weekend are 'I'm A Loser' by **Doris Duke,** 'Got Me Dizzy' by **Jimmy Reed,** 'Moanin' The Blues' by **John Lee Hooker,** 'Rockin' The Blues' by **Memphis Slim** and 'Lightnin' Strikes Back' by **Lightnin' Hopkins.**

● Double Dancer, a new label affiliated to Smile Records, is launched this week with the topically titled single 'Oh No! Not Another Medley'. It marks the debut of Manchester band **Bacchus,** and the double-A coupling is 'Got To Get Up To Get Down'.

AC/DC ALBUM

AC/DC have a new studio album issued through WEA on November 16, titled 'For Those About To Rock' — their first since last year's 'Back In Black', which has sold over eight million copies worldwide. This new set was recorded in Paris and features ten new songs.

● **The Blues Band's** new single, out this weekend on Arista, is Chuck Berry's classic 'Come On'. The B-side is a live version of 'Green Stuff', recorded at this year's Montreux Festival.

● To coincide with his nationwide tour starting next week, **Cliff Richard** has a new single issued by EMI on November 9. It is 'Daddy's Home' from his 'Wired For Sound' album.

● 'Predictable' and 'Back To Front' are two new Ray Davies songs, which form the new **Kinks** single, released by Arista tomorrow (Friday). A limited edition will be available as picture discs.

● New York band **The dB's,** who made an impressive impact with their debut LP 'Stands For Decibels' earlier this year, have a four-track EP of new material issued by Albion Records this week — titles are 'Amplifier', 'Ask For Jill', 'Ups And Downs' and 'We Were Happy There'. The band will be playing some British dates in January to coincide with the release of their second album.

Professionals in action

THE PROFESSIONALS' much-delayed and long-awaited debut album is finally set for release by Virgin on November 13. Titled 'I Didn't See It Coming', it was produced by Nigel Gray and contains ten original songs. It's preceded on November 6 by a single coupling 'The Magnificent' and 'Just Another Dream', both Paul Cook and Steve Jones compositions. Playing on both the LP and single are the band's settled line-up of Jones (lead guitar and vocals), Cook (drums), Ray McVeigh (bass) and Paul Myers (guitar). They're at present gigging in the States, and British dates are being lined up for the immediate future.

RINGO RETURNS

RINGO STARR returns to the recording scene after a two-year absence with a new album, to be released here on November 20 by his new outlet in the UK, RCA Records. Titled 'Stop And Smell The Roses', it features guest appearances by Stephen Stills, Harry Nilsson, Ron Wood, Paul & Linda McCartney and George Harrison, among others. A single culled from the LP, called 'Wrack My Brain', comes out on November 13. Pictured above are Ringo and his wife Barbara Bach at RCA's London offices last week.

FASHION

TOUR NEWS

999 HUSTLE

999 re-emerge this week with a three-track single on Albion Records. The top side is a revival of 'Indian Reservation', written by country star John D Loudermilk and previously a hit here for Don Fardon. The flip side features remixed versions of two tracks from the band's last album 'Concrete' — they are 'So Greedy' and 'Taboo'. Currently undertaking their fifth U.S. tour, 999 plan to return in time to stage a special London show in early December, when they will showcase their new material.

● WEA Records release a compilation album titled 'Red Hot Rockabillies' on November 6, containing 19 tracks, originally recorded in the '50s and previously unavailable in the UK. Among the highlights are two tracks cut by **David Gates** long before he formed Bread, **Sonny West**'s original recording of 'Rave On' (subsequently recorded by Buddy Holly) and the classic **Sammy Masters** version of 'Rockin' Redwing'.

● **Frank Sinatra** is back in action with a new single issued by Reprise on November 6, coupling 'Say Hello' and 'Good Thing Going'. They're both taken from his upcoming album 'She Shot Me Down', due out in a few weeks' time.

● Four-piece outfit **The Gatecrashers** release their debut single this week on their own Bluff Tunes label, through Pinnacle. Titles are 'You Can't Do That To Me' and 'Cash For My Bits'.

● Former Darts front man **Bob Fish** is embarking on a solo career, and his first single is out this weekend on Magnet. Titled 'No Chance', it was written by Moon Martin and produced by Andy Hill.

● This weekend, Initial Records (through Pinnacle) reissue the almost legendary album 'Lemmings' by Birmingham three-piece **Bachdenkel.** It was recorded in 1970, after which the group set sail for France and obscurity.

● November 6 sees the release of a new **Soft Boys** single on the Armageddon label. Titled 'Only The Stones Remain', it's taken from their live album 'Two Halves For The Price Of One' which was recorded at London's Hope & Anchor.

● **The Skids'** previously reported new single 'Iona'/'Blood And Soil' is now confirmed for November 6 release by Virgin. It precedes their new album 'Joy', due out on November 20, which reflects their new approach and direction.

● London band **Top Secret,** who've just finished touring with David Essex, have their new single 'She's So Ugly' issued by Cheapskate Records this week. It's taken from their newly released debut album 'Another Crazy Day', but the B-side 'I Love You' isn't on the LP.

● 'The **George Benson** Collection', for release by Warner Brothers on November 6, is a double album compilation which spans the artist's entire recording career and includes material originally released on the CTI label. The set features 14 tracks and contains a 12-page booklet with colour photos. Dealer prices are £4.87 (album), £3.96 (cassette.)

● **Nightdoctor** have their second Race Records single out this week, in 7" as well as extended discomix 12". It couples 'Romancin' with the instrumental 'Menelik'.

● Lancashire band **The Zanti Misfitz** have an EP out on the Jettisounds/FSM label called 'Laugh In EP'. Distribution is by Rough Trade, Graduate, Probe and other leading indies.

● Brighton-based band **Emma Sharpe & The Features** have signed to new London independent label Mean Records, and have their single 'I'm A Millionaire' (which actually deals with the current unemployment situation) issued this weekend. It features Wesley Magoogan, from Hazel O'Connor's Megahype, on sax.

● **The Moody Blues'** new single, out on Threshold Records, is 'Talking Out Of Turn' coupled with 'Veteran Cosmic Rocker'. First pressings are available as a picture disc in a limited edition of 10,000, and subsequent copies will be in a special picture bag.

● Rough Trade are now distributing Brussels label Crammed Discs in Britain, and the first release is the single 'Route Nationale 7' by Belgian group **The Honeymoon Killers,** with an album from the same band to follow shortly.

● Ex-Rockpile sideman **Billy Bremner** releases his first single on Stiff Records, titled 'Loud Music In Cars'. He wrote it in conjunction with former Records drummer Will Birch, who also produced it.

● Jamaican reggae artist **Lloyd Charmers** releases his first single on Radioactive Records, after working for many years in record production with the likes of Marcia Griffiths, Bob Andy and Ken Boothe — as well as co-writing The Specials' No. 1 hit 'Too Much Too Young'. The single is his version of the Phil Collins song 'If Leaving Me Is Easy'.

THE VOICE OF ULTRAVOX

ULTRAVOX have a new single out this weekend on Chrysalis titled 'The Voice' (from their hit album 'Rage In Eden') coupled with 'Paths & Angles' (a new track not on the LP). There's also a 12-inch version on which these two titles are featured on the A-side, coupled with two tracks recorded live at their Crystal Palace concert in June, 'Private Lives' and 'All Stood Still'.

☐ **RODDY RADIATION,** of the much-dissected Specials, makes his first London appearance with his new band The Tearjerkers at the Islington Hope & Anchor on November 13 and 14. Prior to this, they're at Coventry General Wolfe this Saturday (31).

☐ **MOOD SIX** follow their recent bizarre appearances on the River Thames and at the London Dungeon with another gig on Sunday, November 8 — this time at the top '60s night spot Samantha's in London's New Burlington Street. And they say they're about to make an announcement concerning a recording deal.

☐ **DOLLY MIXTURE** have joined the Bad Manners UK tour, which opened last weekend, as special guests. The outing conveniently ties in with the November 13 advent of their new single 'Been Teen', which is the first release on Paul Weller's Respond label.

☐ **GARY GLITTER** headlines a 'Rock For Jobs' concert at Brighton Dome on Friday, November 13, when his special guests are John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett and Chelsea. Tickets are £3.50, which is reduced to £2.50 for students and the unemployed, available from the Dome box-office (personal or postal), 29 New Road, Brighton, Sussex.

☐ **JESS COX,** former lead singer of The Tygers Of Pan Tang and Lionheart, has formed his own band — comprising John Thompson and Rob Moore (guitars), John Morgan (bass) and Steve Moore (drums). They debut at Newcastle Mayfair on November 6, and more dates are being set. A deal is being negotiated for the release of their first single.

☐ **TV21** return next week from a tour of Poland, and they're set to headline at London Victoria The Venue on November 12, to be followed by a string of nationwide gigs currently being finalised. This ties in with the release of their debut album for Deram Records, 'A Thin Red Line'.

☐ **THE BLUES BAND** were forced to cancel two concerts in their UK tour schedule last week — at Cardiff and Guildford — when Paul Jones collapsed suffering from exhaustion. But the tour is under way again now, and it's planned to re-schedule these two gigs shortly.

DURAN ADD ONE

DURAN DURAN have added a second night at Birmingham Odeon, on December 22, to their upcoming UK tour due to exceptionally heavy ticket demand. And as a prelude to their outing, they'll have a new single issued through EMI on November 16, coupling 'In My Own Way' and 'Like An Angel'.

☐ **MARI WILSON & The Imaginations** have a string of London gigs at Kensington Imperial College (this Saturday), Camden Dingwalls (November 2 and 20), the Embassy Club (8) and the Nativity Club (11). The Compact Organization is releasing a live flexi-disc by the group, titled 'The New Queen Of Soul Sings The Standards', and it will sell at gigs for just 20p.

ELO, SAXON PLAY STILL MORE GIGS

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA have added still more concerts at London Wembley Arena to their upcoming tour — the latest two are on Wednesday and Thursday, December 9 and 10. Tickets priced £8.80 and £7.80, including booking fee, are available by post only from MAC Promotions, P.O. Box 2BZ, London W1A 2BZ (Postal Orders only and enclose SAE).

SAXON, who follow their current UK outing with a European tour, play three special Christmas shows when they return to Britain — Birmingham Odeon (December 15), London Rainbow (16) and Wolverhampton Civic Hall (17). Tickets are on sale from this Friday priced £4, £3.50 and £3 (Birmingham) and £4 only (the other two venues), and the shows will be recorded for a live album. Rushed out this week is their single 'Princess Of The Night', culled from their hit 'Denim And Leather' LP.

TEARDROP PLAN 1982 EXPLOSION

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES have a new single 'Colours Fly Away'/'Window Shopping For A New Crown Of Thorns' issued by Phonogram on November 6, followed two weeks later (20) by their latest album 'Wilder' — produced by Clive Langer, and featuring the band's recently revised line-up of Julian Cope, Gary Dwyer and Troy Tate, plus David Balfe. The outfit, as featured on the LP, are about to leave for Liverpool to rehearse and break in a new bassist — so it's unlikely that they'll be playing any live shows before the end of the year, but look out for an onslaught in early 1982.

TENPOLE OUTING: 16 EXTRA SHOWS

TENPOLE TUDOR, whose new single 'Throw My Baby Out With The Bathwater' is released by Stiff this weekend, have now confirmed dates for the second half of their autumn tour (the first leg was announced two weeks ago). They play Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (November 17), Durham University (18), Leeds Warehouse (19), Loughborough University (20), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (21), Poole Arts Centre (23), Chippenham Rock Theatre (24), Brighton Top Rank (25), Slough Fulcrum Centre (26), Northampton County Ground (28), Portsmouth Locarno (29), Reading Top Rank (30), Cardiff Top Rank (December 1), Plymouth Top Rank (2), Exeter St. George's Hall (3) and London Hammersmith Palais (7, all tickets £3.50).

Clapton one-off

ERIC CLAPTON plays a one-off concert at Wolverhampton Civic Hall on Wednesday, November 18, with tickets already on sale priced £5.50 and £4.50. Clapton is an ardent supporter of West Bromwich Albion, and the show — which he's been trying to fit into his schedule for some time — is on behalf of WBA footballer John Wile, whose testimonial year it is. There is no possibility of Clapton playing any more UK dates this year.

☐ **CUDDLY TOYS** are back in action, now that leader and singer Sean Purcell has re-shaped the line-up, and they play Leeds Fforde Green (tomorrow, Friday), Cambridge Sound Cellar (Saturday), Chadwell Heath Greyhound (Sunday), Brighton Polytechnic (November 3), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (6) and London Euston The Pits (19), with more dates being set. With their single 'It's A Shame' already on release, their debut album 'Trials And Crosses' is due out on Fresh Records on November 6.

☐ **THE COMSAT ANGELS,** already set for a major London show at the Dominion Theatre next Tuesday (3), have now also set a few provincial headliners — at Bedford Corn Exchange (November 2), Keele University (4), Liverpool Warehouse (5), Belfast Queen's University (7) and Canterbury Kent University (11). Their new Polydor single 'Do The Empty House'/'Now I Know' contains a bonus one-sided single titled 'Red Planet Revisited'.

☐ **JOHN MARTYN,** currently touring the UK, has added another two concerts to his schedule — at Plymouth Top Rank (November 2) and Sheffield Lyceum (7). And following their recent appearances with Hazel O'Connor, Bumble & The Beez are supporting Martyn on all dates.

☐ **THE POINTER SISTERS have added a second London concert to their UK schedule next month — it's at Tottenham Court Rd Dominion Theatre on November 24, the night after their first show at the same venue, and tickets are on sale now priced £6, £5 and £4. The girls have a new single 'Should I Do It', culled from their hit album 'Black And White', issued by Planet (through WEA) on November 13.**

☐ **AFTER THE FIRE, who played a sell-out show at London Rainbow earlier this month, have set two more dates in the capital — at the Marquee Club on November 25 and 26, and it's likely that they'll be recorded for a live EP. Their next album 'Batteries Not Included' is set for New Year release.**

☐ **BILLY CONNOLLY plays an 11-night season at London Cambridge Theatre from November 24 to December 5 (excluding Sunday, 29), under the title of 'The Pick Of Billy Connolly'. Tickets are now on sale at the box-office, all branches of Keith Prowse (£7.50, £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50) and certain other outlets, though there's a £1.25 booking fee at agencies.**

☐ **ROSE TATTOO have added another date to their headlining UK tour, announced two weeks ago — it's at Blackburn King George's Hall on December 4, and all tickets are £3.**

☐ **BOW WOW WOW have slotted four more dates into their current UK tour — at Coventry Warwick University (November 12), Lancaster University (13), Leeds University (14) and Cardiff Top Rank (15). And a major London date will be added at the end of their schedule, details to follow shortly.**

☐ **GILLAN have added two more dates to their marathon UK outing, starting this weekend — at Poole Arts Centre (December 17) and Chippenham Rock Theatre (20). Their second night at Edinburgh Odeon, originally announced for November 8, is now brought forward to November 6 — but their second night at Manchester Apollo (November 2) is now cancelled.**

anti-pasti

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OCT 30 BIRMINGHAM - CEDAR BALLROOMS
OCT 31 MANCHESTER - UNIVERSITY
NOV 1 ROTHERHAM - CLIFTON HALL
NOV 2 BLACKBURN - KING GEORGE'S HALL
NOV 5 DERBY - THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS
NOV 6 RETFORD - PORTERHOUSE
NOV 10 CARDIFF - TOP RANK
NOV 11 HULL - TOWER BALLROOM
NOV 12 MIDDLESBOROUGH - GASKINS
NOV 13 SCARBOROUGH - TABOO ROCK CLUB
NOV 14 LONDON - RAINBOW
NOV 15 PORTSMOUTH - LOCARNO
NOV 16 BRIGHTON - TOP RANK

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ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT

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QUEEN CAROLINE ST., W6
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Sat 31st October (Adm £2.00)
HUANG C NUNG
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Sun 1st November (Adm £1.50)
PANIC
+ CAST 5
& Jerry Floyd

Mon 2nd November (Adm £1.50)
DEEP MACHINE
Featuring Kevin Heybourne ex-Angelwitch
Plus Guest & Jerry Floyd

Tues 3rd November (Adm £1.50)
SECTOR 27
+ support & Jerry Floyd

Wed 4th November (Adm £1.50)
AMAZON
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Thurs 5th November (Adm £2.50)
Welcome back
TYGERS OF PAN TANG
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Hamburgers and other Hot and Cold Snacks available

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967
LIVE MUSIC.BAR.DISCO.RESTAURANT.VIDEO

THURSDAY 29 £3.00
WRECKLESS ERIC
FRIDAY 30 £3.30
SIAM
SAT 31/HALLOWE'EN NIGHT £3.30
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
+ EMPTY VESSELS
FREE BOTTLE OF 'CROWS BLOOD' TO ANYONE COMING IN A 'TRICK OR TREAT' HALLOWE'EN COSTUME

MONDAY 2 £1.75
BLOOD DONER, THE GO NEW PRANKSTERS
TUESDAY 3 £2.00
MARI WILSON
WITH THE IMAGINATIONS
WED4/JAZZ FUNK NIGHT £3.00
MORRISSEY-MULLEN BAND
THURSDAY 5 £2.50
ANY TROUBLE

Launching Party and Benefit for Tower Hamlets Unemployed Centre with
THE MEMBERS
plus
THE PUFFIN CLUB
RIO + THE ROBOTS
and Special Guests
SATURDAY OCTOBER 31st 7.30
QUEEN MARY'S COLLEGE
MILE END ROAD, LONDON E3
(nearest tube MILE END)
£3.00 & £1.00 Unemployed (with cards)

160-162 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON SW1E 5LB
TEL. 828 9441
Opp. Victoria Tube Station

THE Venue

Main Band on at 9.00 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 29th Oct & Friday 30th Oct £3.50
DEFUNKT
+ 23 Skidoo

Saturday 31st Oct £4.00
JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALLSTARS

Late Night £3.50
HALLOWE'EN FANCY DRESS BALL

Monday 2nd Nov £3.00
CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT

Tuesday 3rd Nov £2.50
Last London Show
THOMPSON TWINS

Wednesday 4th Nov £2.00
FLYING PADOVANIS
+ White Bros + Support

Thursday 5th Nov £3.00
THE GO-GO's
+ Jools Holland & His Millionaires

COMING SOON

Friday 6th Nov £3.00 — ALEX HARVEY
Saturday 7th Nov £4.50 — ODYSSEY
Sunday 8th Nov £4.50 — JOHN HOLT
Monday 9th Nov £3.00 — RANKING DREAD
Wednesday 11th Nov £4.00 — TITO PUENTE LATIN SEPTET
Thursday 12th Nov £2.50 — TV21 + Airstrip One
Friday 13th Nov & Saturday 14th Nov £4.00 — MINK DE VILLE
Wednesday 18th Nov £3.50 — DAVID LINDLEY
Thursday 19th Nov £3.00 — JAMES 'BLOOD' ULMER + The Higsons

Cheques not acceptable. All ticket prices include free brochure.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

DEPECHE MODE
POSITIVE NOISE
BLANCMANGE
PALAIS SCHAUMBURG

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUN/MON 15th/16th NOVEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245.
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

The STAR
296 LONDON RD. CROYDON

Open 7 nights a week
Phone
01-684 1360

Thursday 29th October £1
HERSHEY AND THE 12-BARS
with Steve Waller of Manfred Mann fame on guitar

Friday 30th October £1
S.A.L.T.
+ Diamond Chestnuts
The occasional blues, featuring **Little Stevie Smith** — Harmonica player to the greats.

Saturday 31st Lunchtime Free
SOUTHERN COMFORT
Backing band for Long John Baldry. More blues than the Blues Band plus natty brass section.

Saturday 31st October £1
NATIONAL GOLD
+ Slowtrain
At last hard rock has hit Croydon! Not to be missed!

Sunday 1st Lunchtime Free
STAR CORPS
featuring Nicky Barclay

Sunday 1st November £1
BRIAN KNIGHT RHYTHM 'N' BLUES BAND

Tuesday 3rd November £1
SLOWTRAIN
+ Support

Wednesday 4th November £1
STAR CORPS
featuring Nicky Barclay

GOSSIPS HEAVY METAL SOUND CLUB

● EVERY SUNDAY — CARDINAL WOLSEY HOTEL'S
"Night Club", Fair Green, Hampton Court
7.30-10.30. *DJ Alan Goff*

● EVERY TUESDAY — TENNESSEE NIGHT CLUB
The Broadway, Wimbledon
8-12 (doors shut 10.30) *DJ Tony Simons*
Over 18's. Free Membership. Neat Denims please.
GREAT SOUNDS PAST AND PRESENT

PVK Presents
BRIAN KNIGHT
(legendary slide guitarist)
AND HIS BAND
at
Thursday 29th October
RAILWAY — Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, N8
Saturday 31st October
NEW MERLINS CAVE, Margery St, WC1
Sunday 1st November
STAR — 296 London Rd, Croydon
Tuesday 3rd November
KENSINGTON — Russell Gdns, Holland Rd, W14
R & B

THE BASEMENT BAR
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

HAPPY HOUR 7–9
Thursday 29th October £1.25
Psychedelic Night
FUTURE DAZE + The Silence
Friday 30th October £1.50
PANIC BOTTOM + Apocalypse
Saturday 31st October £1.50
THE CHEFS + MOOD ELEVATORS
Sunday 1st November £1.25
LONG TALL SHORTY
+ Eddy Steady Go + The Variations
Monday 2nd November £1.25
Radio Zodiac nite
BONSAI FOREST
VIOLENT MARRIGE
THIS ISSUE
Tuesday 3rd November £1.00
PRECINCT + London Secret
Thursday 5th November £1.50
LE MAT + Regency

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
LONDON UNDERGROUND

THU. 29 OCT. Reggae band with refreshingly less percussion and a vocalist in Valentino head band and pirate pants.!!

THE HIGSONS
FRI. OCT 30. "All palm trees and dangling curtain rings," said N.M.E. "The Higsons blend the warm and the weird." Sure the band plays a kind of dislocation funk, but the curtain rings?!

JANE AIRE & THE BELVEDERES
SAT 31. Sweet soul vocalist. Her set is Motown influenced - approach and delivery being tight & American. It's great for dancing. UK bands could learn a lot.

SUN 1st. RESULT + THE ATTIC + EN ROUTE
MON. AIRSTRIP ONE + BOUNCING SLUGS + DANZIG
TUE. 25th STREET + THE TRIP + STEP BY STEP

THE CHEFS
WED. NOV 4. Top 40 pop minus the sugar coating and naive love sentimentality. Can rock out, too. Witness their single: '24 Hours'

THE 45s
THU. Nov. 5. Darlings of the 'beat group boom' who said, sounds, "have thrown together every kind of R&B/wall of sound pop, and the result is... irresistable."
KING St. & JAMES St. COVENT GARDEN
PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1927
PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

Brunel University S.U. ENTS — THE Brunel Kingdom ROOM — PRESENTS
R.A.R. in association with H.C.R.C.

WRECKLESS ERIC plus support — FRIDAY 30th OCTOBER 8pm — ADMISSION £1.50

"THE CUT PRICE ROADSHOW"
featuring: **FRANKLIN** (HYPNO-ILLUSIONIST)
plus **T.J.4** (TRAD JAZZ)
plus POWERHOUSE ROADSHOW **"CHEAP LAGER"**
FRIDAY 6th NOVEMBER 8pm — ADMISSION £2.00

THE HIGSONS plus SUPPORT — SUNDAY 8th NOVEMBER 8pm — ADMISSION £1.00

R'n'B **HERSHEY AND THE 12 BARS** plus SUPPORT — WEDNESDAY 11th NOVEMBER 8pm — ADMISSION £1.00

BAR AVAILABLE TO CLUB MEMBERS
Nearest Tube Uxbridge: M40 two miles. Tickets from S.U., Kingston Lane, Uxbridge (39125)
ALSO FROM PETE'S GIG SHOP HIGH ST UXBRIDGE

FRIARS
AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY

SATURDAY OCTOBER 31ST 7.30PM

JOHN MARTYN
and his band
+ BUMBLE + THE BEEZ
+ Special Guests
MARILLION

Tickets £3.25 available from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Old Town Records Hemel HEmpstead, F L Moore Dunstable & Luton, D J Holland Bletchley & Leighton Buzzard, Hi-Vu Buckingham, Music Market Oxford, or £3.25 at door on night. Reservations Aylesbury 84568/88948. Live Membership 25p.
NEVER SAY NEVER

MCP presents

Judas Priest
ODEON THEATRE HAMMERSMITH
SAT & SUN 21st & 22nd NOVEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 £4.00 £3.00 Available from B/O Tel 748 4081 and usual agents

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 29th October £1.50
THE BLUE CATS + King Kurt

Friday 30th October £1.50
IVOR BIGGUN/THE D-CUPS + The Helicopters

Saturday 31st October £2.00
THE ROLLING ROCK REVUE:
Ray Campi, Ravenna & the Magnetics, Johnny Legend, Johnny Le Maslen

Sunday 1st November 50p
MIMMS & GOLD (Folk Duo)

Monday 2nd November £1.50
THE GORILLAS + The Almost Brothers

Tuesday 3rd November £1.25
O'MALLEY ex Kokomo + Rythm Methodists

Wednesday 4th November £1.25
WEAPON + Tank (HM Nite)

Paradise Present
WOODSTOCK REVISITED
SATURDAY 14th NOVEMBER 2.00pm
at THE Rainbow THEATRE

Splodgenessabounds
Vice Squad
Angelic Upstarts
Charge
Anti-Pasti
Eraserhead
Auntie Pus
The Wall
Kids Next Door
Chron Gen

TICKETS £4.00 inc VAT
AVAILABLE FROM RAINBOW BOX OFFICE | PREMIER BOX OFFICE 240 2245
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS 439 3371 | AND USUAL AGENTS

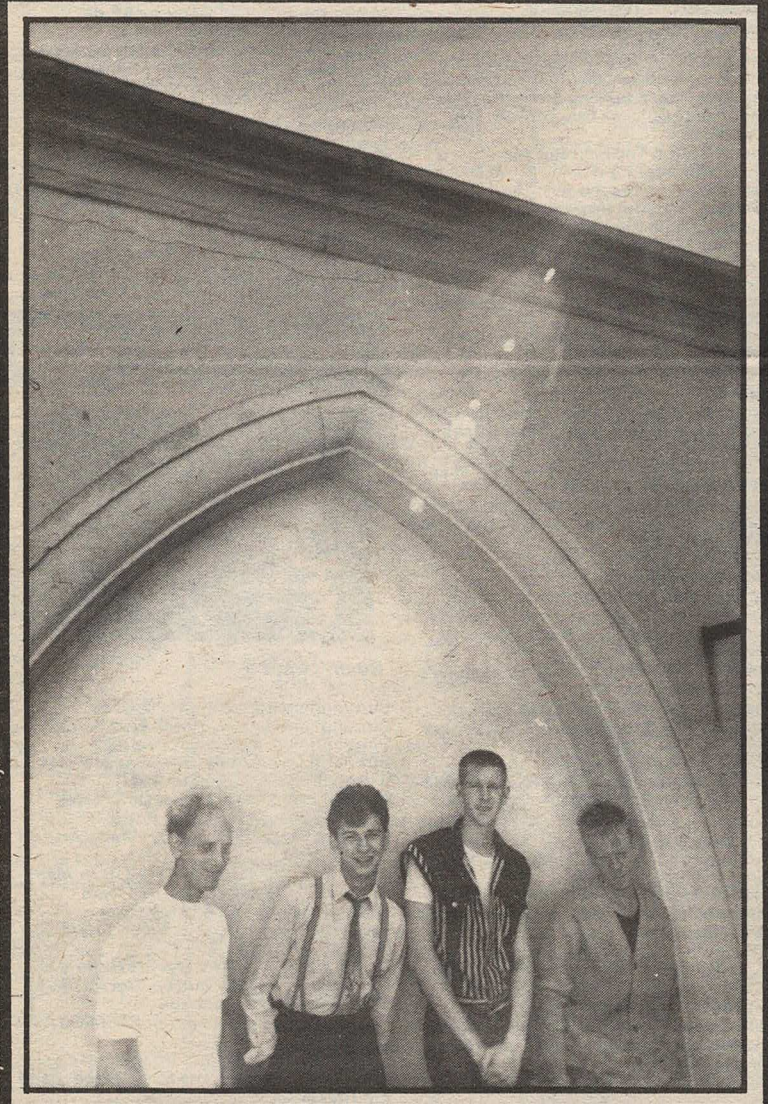
ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel: 0602 412544
Open 8 pm — 2 am

Thursday 29th October £2.00 adv
GO-GO'S
+ JOOLS Holland and His Millionaires
Friday 30th October £4.00 adv
GILLAN
+ BUDGIE + Nightwing
Thursday 5th November £2.50 adv
DEPECHE MODE
Friday 6th November £4.50 adv
KOOL AND THE GANG

Saturday 7th November £2.50 adv
BAUHAUS
Thursday 12th November £2.00 adv
ALTERED IMAGES
Friday 13th November £2.00 adv
NINE BELOW ZERO
Friday 20th November £3.50 adv
STRANGLERS
Thursday 26th November £2.50 adv
LINX
Friday 4th December £2.50 adv
ASWAD
Saturday 5th December £3.00 adv
ROSE TATTOO

Must be 18 years of age or over. Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Way Ahead Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, AW Associates, Lincoln — In the Groove, Arnold — Rock It, Ilkeston — or by Post from ROCK CITY. PLEASE ENCLOSE SAE.

Nationwide Gig Guide



Depeche Mode. Pic: Anton Corbijn

Tenpole Tudor — and a touch of Madness. Pic: David Corio

ANOTHER frantic week of gig activity, with dozens of big names already on the road, and several more top acts about to join the autumn frenzy. This week's newcomers to the circuit are a contrasting bunch, with something to appeal to virtually every taste.

Most contemporary of the batch are DEPECHE MODE, who follow their recent chart breakthrough with a major tour, kicking off in Newcastle (Saturday), Edinburgh (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Bristol (Wednesday). Another band who've now graduated into the big league are TENPOLE TUDOR, and they're headlining an extensive outing, initially appearing at New Ross (Sunday) and Ayr (Tuesday).

For hard rock and metal freaks, Canadian outfit RUSH are already assured of capacity houses when they begin their latest concert series at Stafford on Thursday and Friday. In much the same mould are GILLAN, whose marathon trek — commencing on Friday in Nottingham — takes them right through to Christmas, with Budgie supporting.

MOR is well catered for by CLIFF RICHARD, who starts his 1981 jaunt with a three-night stint at Glasgow Apollo from Monday. Funk 'n' disco fans will welcome the return of KOOL & THE GANG, whose latest UK schedule gets under way in Bristol on Sunday. And folk is represented by STEELEYE SPAN setting out on a month-long tour at Ipswich on Sunday.

Finally, R&B receives a boost from one of the great names of the golden era, FATS DOMINO. Together with his full entourage *(Sid and Doris Domino — Ed)* he plays a one-off at London Hammersmith on Saturday.

Thursday 29th

The Sound: Coventry

Aberystwyth Arts Centre: **Showaddywaddy**
Barrow Champers: **The Cheaters**
Birkenhead Gallery Club: **Alex Harvey Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railways Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bournemouth Moat House: **The Nashville Teens**
Bracknell South Hill Park Centre: **Sphere/The Quadrants**
Bradford College: **Poison Girls**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Tiffany's: **Bad Manners**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Legendary Tenfoots**
Brighton New Regent: **Shake Shake/Carved To A Noise**
Bristol Granary: **Rage/Bailey Bros.**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **Alvin Stardust (for three days)**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Marillion**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Carmarthen Trinity College: **Any Trouble**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Long Tall Shorty/The Crowd**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colchester Essex University: **Level 42**
Corby Recreation Club: **We're Only Human**
Coventry Warwick University: **Nine Below Zero**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Sound**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Greg Lake Band / Voyager**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Madness/The Belle Stars**
Croydon Cartoon: **The London Apaches**
Dewsbury The Entertainer: **The Gents**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Morrissey Mullen**
Exeter Boxes: **In The Red**
Hickstead Cinderella's: **Haircut One Hundred**
Hull New Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Starcore with Nickey Barclay**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Carla Bley Band**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Scars**
Leeds Bierkeller: **Anti-Pasti**
Leeds Fan Club at the Bierkeller: **Anti-Pasti/Chron Gen/The Vice Squad**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Cuban Heels**
Leicester Polytechnic Arena: **Farm Life/Volkswagens**
Liverpool Blue Coat Rooms: **Crass/Annie Anxiety/Dirt**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Tangerine Dream**
Liverpool The Dolphin: **The Chase**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Bayswater Plaza Hotel: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wreckless Eric**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **National Girl**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **George Coleman Octet/Hannibal Marvin Peterson-Don Weller Quintet**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Gay Brown/Free Moeny**
London City Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Transporter/Things In Bags**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **London Underground**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Euston The Pits: **Stolen Pets/Zeitung-Da**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Blue Cats/King Kurt**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Mothers Ruin**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **John Rangecroft Trio/Lol Coxhill**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Future Daze/The Silence**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **L'Homme De Terre/Channel A**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Force**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Apocalypse**
London Marquee Club: **OK Jive**
London Marylebone Sherlocks Disco: **The Regals**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Heart Patrol**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Ebony Rockers**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Santana**
London Soho Pizza Express: **John McLevy/Jack Emblow Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **True Life Confessions**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Strand King's College: **Rio & The Robots**
London Stratford Green Man: **E.L.34**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Janis Ian**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **24 Hours**
London Victoria The Venue: **Defunkt/23 Skidoo**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampsted Moonlight Club: **The Room/Really**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Blue Chip**
London W.1 (Wardour St.) Club Left: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Terry Smith Blues Band**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **20th Century Blues**
Manchester Gallery: **The Freshies**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Revillos**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Pete Townshend Sings (!)/Glen's Smelly Feet**
Neath The Central: **The Dynamos**
Newcastle Festival: **Jnr. Walker & The All Stars**
Newcastle Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: **R&B Spitfires**
Norwich Jacquard Club: **Red Star Belgrade**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Go-Go's**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Theatre Of Hate**
Oxford New Theatre: **Donovan**
Oxford Sandpipers: **Back Door Man**
Paignton Festival Theatre: **George Shearing**
Paignton The Coverdale: **Clamp Down/Dayon Beat**
Peterlee Norseman: **Spider**
Portsmouth Locarno: **The Au Pairs**
Shamley Green Arbuthnot Hall: **Pictures Like This/BSI**
Sheffield Big Tree Hotel: **Madison Blues Band**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Fall**
Sheffield University: **Bow Wow Wow**
Solihull Civic Hall: **Speech Majors/Active Restraint/Dismal Jackets**
Southampton Manhattan Club: **The Mets**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Rush**
Stevenage The Swan: **Spring Offensive**
Stockport Smugglers: **Joules**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **Blurt**
Wokingham Angie's: **Jeep**
Worksop (Dinnington) The Dragon: **The Mirror Crack'd**

Friday 30th

Gillan: Nottingham

Aberdeen University: **Girls At Our Best**
Bath Moles Club: **Shake Shake**
Belfast Queen's University: **Carlene Carter & The CC Riders**
Birmingham Aston University: **The Go-Gos's**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Anti-Pasti**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Crass / Annie Anxiety / Dirt/ Conflict / Flux of Pink Indians**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Every Readys/ Desperate Dan**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Babylon Rebels**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **Dr Hook / Sundace**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Selly Oak Hospital: **Xpertz**
Birmingham Star Club: **D-Go-Tees / Square Club Cabaret**
Birmingham Star Hotel: **Cilla Fisher & Artie Trezise**
Brentwood Hermiet Club: **The Exciters**
Brighton Dome: **Herb Miller Band**
Brighton Lewes Rd Inn: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Brighton Quadrant Hotel: **Crush The Clocks**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Au Pairs**
Bristol Trinity Institute: **Black Roots**
Bristol University: **Scars / Alternative Cabaret**
Burgess Hill The Junction: **The Mets**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **La-Rox**
Carlisle Mick's Place: **Spider**
Canterbury Technical College: **The Freshies**
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **The Dynamos**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Dark Star / Desolation Angels**
Cheadle Youth Club: **Stilts**
Chichester Festival Theatre: **Donovan**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Energy**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Eric Bell Band / Briton**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Pencils**
Dudley JB's Club: **Close Rivals**
Dundee Tayside Bar: **Strutz**
Dundee University: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **The Significant Zeros**
Evershot Clay Pigeon: **Chalice**
Farnborough Technical College: **The Silence / Future Daze / The Clouds**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Gillingham Centre Hotel: **Rage / Bailey Bros.**
Glasgow Shawlands Academy: **H2O**
Guildford Surrey University: **Nine Below Zero**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Dawn Watcher / Blind Date**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Altered Images**
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Dance Band**
Lancaster University: **Bauhaus**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **The Cult Maniacs**
Leamington Bath Place: **Jah Baddis**
Leeds Brannigan's: **The Exploited**
Leeds University Union: **Carla Bley Band**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **Air Condition**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Bad Manners**
London Barking North-East Polytechnic: **The Fall / The Nightingales / UT**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Siam / The Clocks**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Gerry McAvoy & Friends / The Battz**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Steve Kuhn-Sheila Jordan Band / John Surman's Brass Project**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Philip Jap**
London City Polytechnic: **Morrissey Mullen / The Beatroots**
London City University: **Weapon Of Peace**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rick Smith & The Villains / Far Canal**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Higsons**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Sad Among Strangers / Treatment**
London Euston The Pits: **The London Apaches / Step By Step**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ivor Biggun / The Helicopters**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Newtown Neurotics/Alien Kulture**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Panic Button / Apocalypse**
Lonond Hammersmith Odeon: **Greg Lake Band / Voyager**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Hambi & The Dance / Transporter**
London Hayes Brook House: **Mothers Ruin**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **OK Jive / Fay Ray**
London Holloway North Polytechnic: **The Raincoats**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Rhythm Method**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Whirlwind**
London Marquee Club: **The Byron Band**
London Marylebone Sherlocks Disco: **The Crying Shames**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **The Colours Out Of Time**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Joe Concorde Band / Macondo**
London Oxford Circus College Of Fashion: **The Creamies / Donna & The Kebabs**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Blackout/ The Instant Automatons**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **The La Four (also Saturday and Monday)**
London School Of Economics: **Way Of The West**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kenny Davern, Dick Wellstood & Bobby Rosengarden**
London Southall White Swan: **The Wailing Pumas / Ingonito Blues Band**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Shea Ramah / Watching The Wolves**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Ricky Cool & The New Band**
London Stoke Newington Town Hall: **Black Slate/The People**
London Strand The Coalhole: **The Cannibals**
London Stratford Green Man: **Hotline**
London SE1 Guy's Hospital Medical School: **The Swim**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **The Shadows**
London University Union: **The Sound / Eyeless In Gaza / Everest The Hard Way**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Talkover**
London Victoria The Venue: **Defunkt / 23 Skidoo**
London Wandsworth The Roundhouse: **The Staggering Monkeys / Splendour Of Rome**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Nightdoctor/ The Deadbeats**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Stole Thunder /Raw Deal**
London W14 Sunset Jazz: **Johnny Mars Band**
London WC2 School Of Oriental & African Studies: **The Ivory Coasters**
Manchester University: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Manchester (Whitworth) Rawstrons Arms: **Sly Move**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Alex Harvey Band**
Newbridge Rugby Club: **Ohibo Paronti**
New Brighton Empress: **Dennis Delight**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Madness / Belle Stars**
Northampton Nene College: **The Lemon Kittens / Religious Overdose**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **The Mo-dettes**
Nottingham Rock City: **Gillan / Budgie**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Tom Paxton**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Level 42**
Nuneaton Griff & Coton Sports Club: **I**

Nationwide Gig Guide

Oxford Caribbean Club: **The Difference**
Oxford Headington Site Main Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Oxford New Theatre: **Janis Ian**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Vetoes**
Poole Dorset Institute: **Pink Flem**
Poole Wessex Arts Centre: **John Martyn / Bumble & The Beez**
Ramsgate The Royal: **Ghost**
Reading Central Club: **Gregory Isaacs**
Reading University: **Bow Wow Wow**
Redditch Palace Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Retford Porterhouse: **Theatre Of Hate**
Rhondda Leisure Centre: **Showaddywaddy**
Ripon College of Ripon & York St. John: **The Cheaters**
Rugeley Youth Centre: **The Starlings**
Sanquhar Town Hall: **VHF**
Selby Le-Gigalo: **The Gents**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Gary Glitter**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Revillos**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Active Restraint**
Shrewsbury Harper Adams College: **Any Trouble**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Boxcar Willie / Skeeter Davis**
Solihull Civic Hall: **Afrika Star**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Rush**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Martian Dance**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Wreckless Eric**
Wallasy Leasowe Castle Hotel: **Paul Costello & Friends**
Weston-super-Mare Old Pier: **Good Grief**
Weymouth Ossmington College: **Back Door Man**
Wokingham Angie's: **Ian Campbell Blues Band**
Wolverhampton Gifford Arms: **Sub Zero**
Wrexham Racecourse Club: **Dave Berry**
York University: **George Shearing**

Saturday 31st

Fats Domino: London

Aylesbury Friars: **John Martyn/Bumble & The Beez/Marillion**
Bath Pavilion: **Bow Wow Wow**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **The Kindergarten/Rene Magritte**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Last Detail**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Dr Hook/Sundance**
Birmingham University: **Afrika Star/Xpertz**
Bolton Blackrod Community Centre: **Xtract/Peruvian Drumstix**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Tom Paxton**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Mets/Greeting Number 4**
Bristol Arnolfini Gallery: **Carla Bley Band**
Bury Elizabethan Suite: **Boys Of The Lough**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Nine Below Zero**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Cuddly Toys/The Newtown Neurotics**
Canterbury Kent University: **OK Jive**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Purple Hearts**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Corby Festival Hall: **Max Boyce**
Cosford Cavaliers RAF Club: **Energy**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
Croydon Cartoon: **Talk Like That**
Croydon The Star (lunchtime): **Starcore with Nickey Barclay**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **Rush**
Derby Lonsdale College: **The Freshies**
Dudley JB's Club: **The Cuban Heels**
Dumfries Nith Hotel: **VHF**
Durham University: **Gary Glitter**
Ebbw Vale Leisure Centre: **Showaddywaddy**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Ghost**
Glasgow Leon's Waterfront (lunchtime): **The Bitter Lemmings**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Girls At Our Best**
Glasgow University: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Halifax Elland Cricket Club: **Dave Berry**
Harrow Headstone Hotel: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Hastings Pier Ballroom: **Die Laughing**
Hertford Castle Hall: **Roy Weard's Last Post**
Hull Tower Cinema: **Alex Harvey Band**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **The Exciters**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Boxcar Willie/Skeeter Davis**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Martian Dance**
Leeds University: **Gillan/Budgie**
Letchworth Youth Centre: **Made In England**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Bauhaus**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Stun The Guards**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Juice On The Loose/The Empty Vessels**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chris Thompson & The Islands**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Brotherhood Of Breath/Dollar Brand**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Biddie & Eve/Tim Bat/This 'n' That**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Skank Orchestra**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Edukators/Ton ton m'ecoute**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Jane Aire & The Belvederes**
London Euston The Pits: **Guilt Edge/Taxi Annie**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ray Campi/Ravenna & The Magnetics/Johnny Legend/Johnny Le Maslon**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Greenwich White Swan: **White Noize**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Chefs/Mood Elevators**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Fats Domino and his Band**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **La-Rox/Sharp 19**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Siam/Killer Wales**
London Holborn The Basement: **The Reflections/The Mysterons/They Should Have Died Years Ago/The Innocent Bystanders**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Stiff All-Stars**
London Isleworth Milford Arms: **Some Burglars**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Future Daze/The Silence**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **The Escorts**
London Marquee Club: **Huang Chung**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **The Members/Rio & The Robots**
London NW1 The Cellars: **Johnny Doughty**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Tropicana**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Stagestruck**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kenny Davern, Dick Wellstood & Bobby Rosengarden**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Red Beans & Rice/Fast Eddie**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Stratford Green Man: **Hotline**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **The Shadows**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Talkover**
London Victoria The Venue: **Jnr Walker & The All Stars**
London Wapping Star Club: **The Helicopters**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Icarus & Friends**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Big Heat/Kill Your Sons/Vaguely Divine/Praxis/The Blackout**
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W14 Sunset Jazz: **Rocket 88**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Brian Knight Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Janis Ian**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Spider**
Manchester Mayflower: **Crass/Annie Anxiety/Dirt**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Theatre Of Hate**
Manchester The Gallery: **Stilts**
Manchester University: **Anti-Pasti**
Newcastle The Mitre: **Tokyo Rose/The Halcyon Days Are Over**
Newcastle University: **Depeche Mode**
New Romney Seahorse: **Mothers Ruin**
Northampton Black Lion: **C-Saim**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Sound**
Norwich Labour Club: **Vital Disorders**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Rage/Bailey Bros**
Oldham St Joseph's Social Club: **The Astronauts/The Relatives/Accident On The East Lancs/Media Premonition**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **Sherpa Ten Sing/V80**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **A Blue Zoo**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Poison Girls/Polemic Attack**
Reading Bulmershe College: **The Great Mistakes**
Reading University: **The Higsons**
Retford Porterhouse: **After The Fire**
Rochdale Gracie Fields Theatre: **Randy Edelman**
Selby Le-Gigalo: **The Gents**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Level 42**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Assyne**
Shrewsbury Masonic Arms: **The Breed/The Buzz**
Southampton (Shirley) Park Hotel: **The Press**
Southampton University: **Chas & Dave**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Herb Miller Band**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Lipstick**
Torquay Imperial College: **Back Door Man**
Totnes Civic Hall: **The Fall/Noise Annoys**
Walsall Town Hall: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Weston-Super-Mare Old Pier: **Heads Together**
Weymouth Pavilion: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Windsor Jethro's Wine Bar: **We're Only Human**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **The K K Khan Band**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Dance Band**
Workington The Matador: **The Cheaters**

Sunday 1st

Revillos: London

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackpool J.R.'s: **Spider**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **Alien Kulture / Fun With Household Objects**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Kool & The Gang**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Cuddly Toys**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Drivers**
Dumfries Ball Castle: **H20**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Janis Ian**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Girls At Our Best**
Glasgow Rock Garden: **Plastic Flies**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Marillion**
Harlow Square One: **Attila The Stockbroker / The Survivors / The Condemned**
Harrow Football Club: **The Tremeloes**
Harrow The Roxbrough: **Apathy**
Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: **Hot Gossip**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Steeleye Span**
Irvine Amanda's: **Duff Party**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Lancaster University: **Gillan / Budgie**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Tiffany's: **Theatre Of Hate**
Little Sutton Municipal Golf Club: **Bernard Wrigley**
Liverpool Bluecoat Rooms: **Carla Bley Band**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Twisted Nervez**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Salt**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers (lunchtime): **The Skank Orchestra**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **The Weathermen / Jimmy The Hoover**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Results / The Attic / En Route**
London Deptford The Duke: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Finchley Torrington: **Tour De Force**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Minns & Gold**
London Fulham King's Head: **Johnny G Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **John Martyn / Bumble & The Beez**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Eye Witness / Preset**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cobras**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Flat Tops**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Gordon Giltrap**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pamela Knowles**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Revillos / The Electric Guitars / OK Jive / Stolen Pets**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Funky B's (lunchtime) / Nightwork (Evening).**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Randy Edelman**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Herb Miller Band**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Diz & The Doormen**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Danse Macabre**
Mansfield Leisure Centre: **Alvin Stardust**
Martlesham The Black Tiles: **The Clues**
Nelson Municipal Hall: **George Shearing**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
New Ross Leisure Centre: **Tenpole Tudor**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Boxcar Willie / Skeeter Davies**
Plymouth Top Rank: **The Fall / Noise Annoys**
Pontefract Blackamore Head: **Saracen**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Yetties**
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: **Sub Zero**
Reading Top Rank: **Bad Manners**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Black Heart / The Spivs**
Romford (Harold Hill) Redhouse Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Rotherham Clifton Hall: **Anti-Pasti**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Sound**
Slough (Cippenham) Alexandra's: **Travellin' Shoes**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Odyssey**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Madness / Belle Stars**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Naked Lunch / Tin Soldier**
Stoke Crewe & Alsager College: **The Cheaters**
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: **Tom Paxton**
Winsford Civic Hall: **Max Boyce**
Wokingham Angie's: **25th Street**

Monday 2nd

Cliff Richard: Glasgow

Barrow Civic Hall: **Max Boyce**
Bath Moles Club: **Blurt**
Bedford Corn Exchange: **The Comsat Angels**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Haircut One Hundred**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Hollywood**
Birmingham Sloopy's: **The Solicitors**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Anti-Pasti**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Kool & The Gang**
Brighton Centre: **Rush**
Brighton Top Rank: **Bauhaus**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Bristol Valley Club: **Back Door Man**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Montage Real Estate/Mandrake**
Coventry The Belgrade: **ATC/The Big Red Band**
Coventry Warwick University: **Carla Bley Band**
Croydon Cartoon: **Kimbo**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Boxcar Willie/Skeeter Davis**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Spider**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Depeche Mode**
Edinbutgh University: **Girls At Our Best**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Bitter Lemmings**
Harrogate Adelphi Cinema: **Rage/Bailey Bros.**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Lancaster Styx Club: **The Precautions**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Blood Donor/The Go/New Pranksters**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Monsters/The Reactions**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Mass/Dif Juz/The Visitors**
London City University: **Richard Jobson**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Airstrip One/Bouncing Slugs/Danzigs**
London East Dulwich Cherry Tree: **The Cannibals**
London Euston The Pits: **Rubella Ballet/Burma Blur**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Gorillas/The Almost Brothers**
London Fulham King's Head: **John Spencer/Johnny G**
London Fulham Peterborough Arms: **Dave Evans/Steve Tilston**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **25th Street/Admit One**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Juan Foote 'n'The Grave**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Barbara Jay/Jules Rubin (for a week)**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Hot Gossip**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Fear Of Flying/The Cut Outs**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Scorch**
London Victoria The Venue: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
London Wembley Arena: **Dr. Hook/Sundance**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **Victian Terranta**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Strange Persuasion**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Whisky A-Gogo: **Aztec Camera**
Luton Cesar's: **Jnr. Walker & The All Stars**
Luton The Mad Hatter: **Ztorm/C.I.D./Johnny Was**
Maidenhead Ivy Leaf Club: **The Tremeloes**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Tom Paxton**
Manchester Golden Garter: **The Real Thing (for a week)**
Northampton The Slipper: **State Of The Act**
Oxford Scamps: **OK Jive**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **Odyssey**
Plymouth Top Rank: **John Martyn/Bumble & The Beez**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Bad Manners**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Nine Below Zero**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Madness/Belle Stars**
South Shields Legion Club: **The Toy Dolls**
Sunderland Annabelles: **Zap/Primordial Beat/Sister Ray**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **Alvin Stardust**

Tuesday 3rd

Kool & The Gang: Southport

Ayr Pavilion: **Tenpole Tudor**
Barrow Civic Hall: **The Dooleys**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **The Solicitors**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Janis Ian**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Frog Island Band**
Bristol Colston Hall: **John Martyn / Bumble & The Beez**
Bristol Crest Hotel: **Jeep**
Bristol Locarno: **Bauhaus**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Bumpers / Solar Corona**
Chester Edwardians Club: **The Precautions**
Croydon Cartoon: **Fool**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Tom Paxton**
Cudworth The Victoria: **E-Plus**
Dartford Railway Hotel: **Shegul**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Herb Miller Band**
Exeter University: **Bad Manners**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Cliff Richard**
Gloucester Barge Seamington: **Alan Burnham Band**
Huddersfield Cinderella's: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Aztec Camera**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Fall**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Honey Bane**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **25th Street / The Trip / Step By Step**
London Euston The Pits: **Tank / Steve Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **O'Malley / Rhythm Methodists**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Fish Turned Human**
London Hammersmith Phroggs Wine Bar: **Nickey Barclay & Pete Graham**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Mirror / Shell Shock**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Ska-dows**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The 45's**
London Plaistow North-East Polytechnic: **King Trigger**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers (for three days)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Drastic Measures / John Vincent's Lonely Heart**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **The Comsat Angels / The Mo-dettes / The Cuban Heels**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Thompson Twins**
London Wembley Arena: **Dr Hook / Sundance**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Gillan / Budgie**
Manchester Fagins: **Depeche Mode**
Manchester Placemate: Level 42
Newcastle Casablanca: **The Toy Dolls**
Northallerton Centre: **Rage / Bailey Bros.**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Go-Go's**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Saracen**
Preston Guildhall: **Max Boyce**
Reading University: **Richard Jobson / The Au Pairs**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Madness / Belle Stars**
Southampton Top Rank: **Odyssey**
Southport Theatre: **Kool & The Gang**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **Hot Gossip**
Wellingborough Fir Tree: **The Tremeloes**

Wednesday 4th

Rush: London

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham University: **Level 42**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackpool Gaiety Bar: **The Fall**
Bletchley White Hart: **State Of The Act**
Bradford University: **Black Roots**
Brighton Conference Centre: **Madness / Belle Stars**
Brighton Sussex College: **Back Door Man**
Brighton Top Rank: **Theatre Of Hate**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Bad Manners**
Bristol Locarno: **Depeche Mode**
Bristol Polytechnic: **The 45's**
Bristol University: **The Electric Guitars**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Au Pairs**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Bauhaus**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice / Cyrus**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Crayford Town Hall: **The Silver Street Band / The Carbs**
Croydon Cartoon: **Jenny Darren Band**
Croydon The Star: **The Marines**
Derby Gossip Club: **The Tremeloes**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Cliff Richard**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Sleep / Just So Stories**
Harrow The Headstone: **The Gatecrashers**
Hereford Rotters: **Red Star Belgrade**
Hull City Hall: **Boxcar Willie / Skeeter Davis**
Keele University: **The Comsat Angels**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Squares**
Liverpool Pickwicks Club: **The Room**
London Bayswater Plaza Hotel: **The Breakfast Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Stolen Pets**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Simon Purcell Trio**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Chefs / 24 Hours**
London Euston The Pits: **Profecy**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Exciters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Weapon / Tank**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Swim / The Signals**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Re-Flex**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Burlesque / Michael Paulson**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Benny Waters & Waso**
Londen Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover / King Kurt**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Accelerator**
London Victoria The Venue: **Fad Gadget**
London Wembley Arena: **Rush**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Vogue**
London W.1 (Greek St.) The Kilt: **24 Hours**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Kool & The Gang**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: **Richard's Ear**
Manchester University: **Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
New Romney Seahorse: **Silent Movies**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Carla Bley Band**
Oxford New Theatre: **John Martyn / Bumble & The Beez**
Oxford Scamps: **Marillion**
Plymouth HMS Raleigh: **The Nashville Teens**
Sheffield City Hall: **Gillan / Budgie**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Hannibal Marvin Peterson / Don Weller Quintet**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Hot Gossip**
Shrewbury Crystal Goblet Band: **The Bread**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Dr Hook / Sundance**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The New Brendas**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Alan Rice**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Nine Below Zero**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **The Toy Dolls**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Moscow Philharmonix**
York TA Centre: **Pigbag**

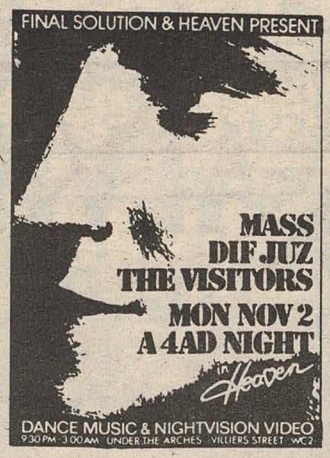
LIVE ADS

THE 100
★ CLUB
100 Oxford St. W1

Thursday 29th October
EBONY ROCKERS

Tuesday 3rd Novermber
CHELSEA
CHARGE
ERAZERHEAD

FINAL SOLUTION & HEAVEN PRESENT



MASS
DIF JUZ
THE VISITORS
MON NOV 2
A 4AD NIGHT
in Heaven
DANCE MUSIC & NIGHTVISION VIDEO
9.30PM-3.00AM UNDER THE ARCHES VILLIERS STREET WC2

DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT RD.W.1.
Derek Block presents
THE COMSAT ANGELS
THE MO-DETTES
PLUS
THE CUBAN HEELS
TUESDAY 3rd NOVEMBER 7.30pm
TICKETS £3.25 £2.75 AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01.580.9562
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE & ALL USUAL AGENTS

DOMINION THEATRE
LONDON W1
Derek Block presents
THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
EVEREST THE HARD WAY
MONDAY 9th NOVEMBER 7.30pm
Tickets £3.50 £3.00
IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01-580 9562
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, & USUAL AGENTS

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
DEREK BLOCK IN ASSOCIATION WITH T.B.A. PRESENTS
Nils Lofgren
plus GUESTS
TUESDAY 10th NOVEMBER 7.30pm
TICKETS £4.75 £4.25 £3.75
IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE (01-748-4081/2)
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, & USUAL AGENTS

DEREK BLOCK PRESENTS
THE LAST PERFORMANCES OF
PROJECTED PASSION REVUE
Featuring
DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS
Plus Dancing from
TORQUE
And Comedy & Chat from
GUEST COMPERE
THE OLD VIC
WATERLOO ROAD, LONDON SE1
7.30 - FRIDAY-SATURDAY-SUNDAY - 13th 14th & 15th - NOVEMBER
TICKETS ARE £4.00 - £3.50 IN ADVANCE - AVAILABLE FROM L.T.B., PREMIER, KEITH PROWSE, STAR GREEN AND THE OLD VIC (NO TELEPHONE BOOKINGS)

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Derek Block presents
Tempe Tudor
plus GUESTS
MONDAY 7th DECEMBER 7.30pm
TICKETS £3.50
IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01-748-2812 KEITH PROWSE;
PREMIER BOX OFFICE; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & ALL USUAL AGENTS

London Cinemas

classic West End Presentations

CLASSIC PROGRAMME INFORMATION TELEDATA 01 200 0200

classic 1 2 3 HAYMARKET 839 1527
(Piccadilly Circus Tube)

1 SOUTHERN COMFORT (X)
Progs 1.05 (not Sun), 3.30, 5.55, 8.20
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

2 "They hit the road . . . the road hit back!"
GOODBYE PORK PIE AA
Progs 1.20 (not Sun), 3.35, 5.55, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 John Carpenter's
ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK AA
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 1.20 (not Sun), 2.55, 5.30, 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

classic 1 2 3 4 CHELSEA 352 5096 Kings Road
Last performances bookable

1 ZEFFIRELLI'S
ENDLESS LOVE AA
Progs 2.45, 5.45, 8.40

2 1981 Royal Film Performance
CHARIOTS OF FIRE A
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 2.30, 5.35, 8.25

3 'DISNEY'S
SLEEPING BEAUTY (U)
3.20, 6.20, 9.20
+ PABLO & THE CHIHUAHUA (U)
2.00, 5.00, 8.00
Last perf. not bookable

4 FELLINI'S CITY OF WOMEN X
Progs 2.05, 5.05, 8.10

classic LEICESTER SQ.
(Charing Cross Rd.) 930 6915

RED NIGHTS OF THE GESTAPO (X)
Sun & Week 2.50, 5.55, 9.05
TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE (X London)
1.15 (Not Sun), 4.20, 7.30

classic 1 2 3 4 5 OXFORD ST. 636 0310
(Opp Tottenham Court Rd. Tube)

1 ZEFFIRELLI'S
ENDLESS LOVE AA
Progs 1.15, 3.35, 6.00, 8.30
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 James Bond is back
FOR YOUR EYES ONLY A
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 12.45, 2.55, 5.35, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

3 MICHAEL CANE
ESCAPE TO VICTORY (A)
IN DOLBY STEREO
Progs 1.30, 3.35, 5.55, 8.20

4 QUARTET (X)
Progs 1.50, 3.55, 6.05, 8.25
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

5 TIME BANDITS
Progs 1.10, 3.30, 5.55, 8.20 A
Late show Thurs, Fri & Sat 11 pm

The NEW classic 1 2 3 TOTTENHAM CT. RD.
(Tottenham Court Rd. Tube) 636 6148

1 FELLINI'S CITY OF WOMEN X
Progs 2.45, 5.25, 8.15
Late show Thurs, Fri & Sat 11 pm

2 STRIPES (AA)
Progs 1.45 (not Sun) 3.35, 6.00, 8.30
Late show Thurs, Fri & Sat 11 pm

3 The JANITOR AA
+ RECLUSE (U)
Progs 2.40, 5.15, 8.00
Late Show Fri & Sat 11 pm

WARNER WEST END

LEICESTER SQUARE 439 0791
LICENSED BAR FULLY AIR-CONDITIONED
5 Cinema Complex

1 JOHN BOORMAN'S EXCALIBUR AA
Progs: 2.30, 5.15, 8.05
Late Show Sat 11 pm

2 MEL BROOKS HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I AA
Progs: 1.10 (not Sun), 3.30, 5.50, 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

3 SEAN CONNERY in OUTLAND AA
A Ladd Company Release Through Warner Bros. A Warner Communications Company. Released by Columbia EMI Warner Distributors Ltd
Progs: Wk 1.45, 3.55, 6.10, 8.30. Sun 3.30, 5.40, 8.00

4 NINJUTSU - THE SUPREME MARTIAL ART !
ENTER THE NINJA X
Progs: 2.40, 4.35, 6.35, 8.35

5 ALTERED STATES X
Progs: Weekdays 1.10 (not Sun) 3.15, 5.45, 8.15
Late Show Fri & Sat 11 pm

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC SHAFTESBURY AVE
Sep perfs. All Seats Bkble Excl. 1st & 2nd perfs. Mon-Fri. Bar. Pkg nearby

1: Mel Brooks
HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I (AA)
Wk & Sun 2.0, 5.20, 8.20 Late show Sat 11.15

2: PATERNITY (AA)
Wk. & Sun: 2.20, 5.30, 8.30 Late show Sat 11.30

ABC 1,2,3,4 EDWARE ROAD

1: SOUTHERN COMFORT (X)
3.15, 5.55, 8.40 Sun: 5.55, 8.40
Progs 2.35, 5.10, 7.50 Sun: 5.10, 7.50
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15

2: ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK (AA)
3.40, 6.15, 8.50 Sun: 6.15, 8.50
Progs 3.0, 5.30, 8.0 Sun: 5.30, 8.0
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15

3: KRAMERvs KRAMER (A)
Wk & Sun 4.35, 8.50
THE JAZZ SINGER (A)
2.25, 6.30Sun: 6.30
Late show Sat 11.15

4: Mel Brooks
HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I(AA)
1.50, 4.10, 6.35, 9.0 Sun: 6.35, 9.0
Progs 3.30, 5.55, 8.15 Sun; 5.55, 8.15
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15

ABC 1,2,3 BAYSWATER (Queensway)

1: SOUTHERN COMFORT (X)
Progs 2.15, 5.0, 7.45 Sun: 5.0, 7.45
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.00

2: Mel Brooks
HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART i (AA)
Progs 1.15, 3.05, 5.35, 8.05 Sun: 5.30, 8.0
Late Show Tonight & Sat 11.15

3: Steven Spielberg's
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Progs 2.0, 4.50, 7.45 Sun: 4.45, 7.35
Late show Sat 11.15

ABC 1,2,3,4,5 FULHAM ROAD
Seats Bkble Last Sep Prog. L'end Bar
Doors open 15 mins prior

1: HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I (AA)
Sep Progs. Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0 8.30

2: RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Sep Progs. Wk & Sun 2.0, 5.0, 8.30

3: THE FOUR SEASONS (AA)
Sep progs. Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30

4: PATERNITY (AA)
Sep Progs. Wk & Sun: 2.05, 8.50

5: SOUTHERN COMFORT (X)
Sep Progs. Wk & Sun 2.05, 8.40
Special Offer Monday Only — All Seats £2 at all above cinemas for a season

ENQUIRIES for all ABC West End & Greater London Cinemas.
RING TELEDATA 01-200 0200 (24 HRS)

THE GREYHOUND
900 High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex
Nearest B/R Goodmayes or Chadwell Heath N98 night bus to Central London
Admission £1.00 (£1.50 Fri & Sat)
8pm — midnight
10.30pm Sunday

Thursday 29th October
Mod Night
LONG TALL SHORTY
+The Crowd

Friday 30th October
Heavy Rock
DARK STAR
+ Desolation Angels

Saturday 31st October
Halloween Fancy Dress
PURPLE HEARTS
+ The Hankes

Sunday 1st November
CUDDLY TOYS

Monday 2nd November
Heavy Rock
MONTAGE REAL ESTATE
+ Mandrake

Tuesday 3rd November
Psychedelic Night
BUMPERS
+ Solar Corona

Wednesday 4th November
Kosmik Rock
CHEMICAL ALICE
+ Cyrus

Thursday 5th November
Psychedelic Night
SCARLET PARTY
+ MILES OVER MATTER

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

OCTOBER
28, 29 Janis Ian
30 Greg Lake
31 Fats Domino

NOVEMBER
1 Revillos
1 Randy Edelman
1 John Martyn
2, 3 Dr Hook
3 Comsat Angels
5 Au Pairs
6 Rush
7, 8 Kool & The Gang
8 Theatre of Hate
8 Styx
9 Bauhaus
9 Psychedelic Furs
10 Nils Lofgren
12 Tapper Zukie
12 Enigma
12, 13 The Nolans
13, 14 Dexys Midnight Runners
15 Depeche Mode
15 Iron Maiden
17 Stranglers
18 Chris De Burgh
19 Madness
19 Orchestral Manouevres in the Dark
21, 22 Judas Priest
22 Level 42
23 Rick Wakeman
23, 24 Pointer Sisters
24 Gary US Bonds
25 Peter Skellern
25-27 Thin Lizzy
28 Glen Campbell
29 9 Below Zero
30 Shakin' Stevens

DECEMBER
1, 2, 4 ELO
4 Stranglers
4-6 Linx
5, 6 Human League
6 Shakin' Stevens
6 Billie Jo Spears
7 Tenpole Tudor
7, 8 James Brown
8 Echo And The Bunnymen
13 Pretenders
14, 15 Joan Armatrading
16, 17 Duran Duran
19 Rose Tattoo
20 Christmas on Earth
20 Slade
20, 21 U2
21, 22 Gillan
23 Toyah
23 Elvis Costello
24,26 Blizzard of Ozz

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
POSTAL APPLICATION ENCLOSE SAE PLEASE.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thursday Bogart: MURDER INC 7.30
+ THE AFRICAN QUEEN 5.40, 9.00
Friday Marilyn Monroe in
SOME LIKE IT HOT 5.10, 8.50
+ WHERE'S POPPA 7.15 11.30
ALL NIGHT PSYCHEDELIA II
THE BRITISH EXPERIENCE
GLASTONBURY FAYRE + POP DOWN
+ THE COMMITTEE (Pink Floyd Music)
+ SAN FRANCISCO
+ MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR + MORE
Saturday HALLOWEEN ANIMATION PROGRAMME 1.30, 4.30, 7.30
11.15 Romero's
NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD + SHIVERS
Sunday Visconti double: Dirk Bogarde in
THE DAMNED 3.20, 8.10
+ THE INNOCENT 1.10, 6.00
Monday CB double: CONVOY 3.40, 7.15
+ WHITE LINE FEVER 2.05, 5.40, 9.15
Tuesday PANIC IN THE STREETS 1.00, 4.20, 7.40
+ CRY OF THE CITY 2.40, 6.00, 9.15
Wednesday HEARTBEAT 3.05, 7.05
+ GLORIA 1.00, 5.00, 9.00
Thursday THE WILD ONE 2.50, 6.05, 9.20
+ REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE 1.00, 4.15, 7.30

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

MARSHALL ARTS PRESENTS

LEO KOTTKE

DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT RD. LONDON W1
WEDNESDAY 11th NOVEMBER AT 8pm
TICKETS £4.50, £3.50, £2.50
AVAILABLE FROM THEATRE BOX OFFICE (01-580 9562)
USUAL AGENTS OR ON THE NIGHT (Agency tickets are subject to booking fees).

MCP by arrangement with ITB presents

GREG LAKE

plus guests *VOYAGER*
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRIDAY OCTOBER 30th 8.00pm.
Tickets £4.50, £4.00, £3.50, Available from b/o Tel: 01 748 4081/2 and usual agents

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SUNSET JAZZ
3 NORTH END CRESCENT, W14
Tel: 603 7006

Thursday 29th October
TERRY SMITH BLUES BAND
Friday 30th october
JOHNNY MARS BAND
Saturday 31st October
ROCKET 88
Wednesday 4th Novermber
NEW BANDS FROM ART SCHOOLS
Thursday 5th November
HOT SOX
Friday 6th November
BLUES BLASTERS

THE ANGEL
on Lambeth Walk SE11
01-735 4309
(Lambeth North Tube)

Thursday 29th £1
APOCALYPSE
+ The Ploy
Friday 30th *Rockabilly night* £1
FLAT TOPS
+ MICKY MURPHY
Saturday 31st *Psychedelic Night* £1
FUTURE DAZE + SILENCE
Sunday 1st £1
TIN TIN & THE DETECTORS
Every Tuesday Free
DOWNBEATS
Every Wednesday 50p
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS
Thursday 5th £1
BABY AND THE MONSTERS
Fri 6 — Red Beans & Rice
Sat 7 — Plain Characters
Sun 8 — Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 29th £1
NATIONAL GOLD
+ Behaviour Red
Friday 30th £1
GERRY McAVOY
and friends, including
JACKIE LYNTON
+ The Battz
Saturday 31st £1
SALT
+ Ready Rubbed
Sunday 1st £1
CAPITAL DANDIES
+ Were Only Human

Monday 2ns £1
THE MONSTERS
featuring Bo-Bo Phoenix & Miles Rossi
+ The Reactions
Tuesday 3rd £1
HONEY BANE
+ Tea Boys
Wednesday 4th £1
STOLEN PETS
+ Howard Jones
Thursday 5th £1
NIGHTWORK
+ Support

PERRY HAINES PRESENTS

OPENING NIGHT
Saturday 31st October
with
HAIRCUT 100
PLUS
DJ **STEVE LEWIS**
AND
MYSTERY GUESTS

FREE MEMBERSHIP ADM £2.50
ALL DRINKS 50p to 10.00 pm
BEST DRESSED SNAPPED FOR I.D. MAG

LONDON'S NEW DANCE CLUB
EVERY SATURDAY

ROX

ROYALTY SOUTHGATE N14
1 min Southgate Und. Stn.
Tel. 01-886 4112

Rainbow THEATRE
OUTLAW AND McINTYRE PRESENT

IRON MAIDEN

PLAYING MANTIS
D.J. NEAL KAY
SUNDAY 15th NOVEMBER 7·30pm
TICKETS £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
FROM BOX OFFICE KEITH PROWSE; PREMIER BOX OFFICE; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

Harvey Goldsmith and Outlaw Present

GARY. U.S. BONDS

+ SUPPORT
Hammersmith Odeon
24th November 8pm
Tickets £4.50, £4.00, £3.50
Available from Box Office and usual agents

THE OLD QUEENS HEAD
133 Stockwell Road, London SW9

Thursday 29th October £1.50
MIRAGE
+ Taxi Annie
Friday 30th October £1.50
SHEA RAMAH
+ Watching the Wolves
Saturday 31st October £1.50
RED BEANS & RICE
+ Fast Eddie

Monday 2nd November £1.00
PAUL THANES FEAR OF FLYING + Cut Outs
Tuesday 3rd November £1.00
DRASTIC MEASURES
+ John Vincents' Lonely Hearts
Wednesday 4th November £1.00
This month's residency with
TALKOVER
+ King Kurt

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the STAR 296 LONDON RD. CROYDON
01-684 1360

presents on
SATURDAY 14th NOVEMBER

CHAS 'N' DAVE

in concert
with support band
SCORPIO
Tickets £3.00 on sale from 7.30 pm on the night.

KINGS HEAD
4, Fulham High St., SW6
736 1413

Thursday 29th £1
MOTHERS RUIN
Friday 30th £1.50
THE 45's
Saturday 31st £2
Halloween Night
RICKY COOL AND THE NEW BAND
Sunday 1st £1
JOHNNY G
Monday 2nd £1
ME AND G
Tuesday 3rd £1
RYE AND THE QUATERBOYS
Wednesday 4th £1
TAKEAWAYS
Thursday 5th £1
LONDON APACHES

---

24 HOURS
Le Kilt
at Greek Street
WED 4 NOV
FANCY DRESS PARTY
ARABIAN STYLE
£2 9 pm-3 am

LSE ★★★★★★★ ents present ★★★★★★★

WAY OF THE WEST

+ I Glorious
Fri October 30th
All tickets £2.00
Doors open 7.30
LSE Houghton St., London W1

Paradise Productions Present

ALVIN LEE
DARK STAR

Plus Special Guests
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Tuesday, 17th November, 1981
at 8.00pm
Tickets — £4.00, £3.50, £3.00 inc VAT
Available from
HAMMERSMITH ODEON BOX OFFICE — 748 4081.
and usual agents.

"The Seven Tour" MCP presents

MADNESS

plus Special Guests The Belle Stars
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
THURS. 19th NOV. 8.00 pm.
Tickets £4.00
Available from Box Office Tel. 748 2812/2
and usual agents
N.B. Over 18's only
(All postal applications to include a S.A.E.)

KENNEDY STREET
ENTERPRISES LTD Presents

The Pointer Sisters
and Support

NOV 22	BIRMINGHAM Odeon	£5, £4, £3
NOV 23	LONDON Dominion Theatre	£6, £5, £4
NOV 24	LONDON Dominion Theatre	£6, £5, £4
NOV 25	EDINBURGH Playhouse	£5, £4, £3
NOV 26	MANCHESTER Apollo	£5, £4, £3
NOV 27	LIVERPOOL Empire	£5, £4, £3

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kiltorch and t.b.a. present

KOOL & the GANG

SUN. 1st NOV. 7.30 BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
Colston Hall Box Office, tel. 0272 291768
WED. 4th NOV. 7.30 MANCHESTER APOLLO
Apollo Box Office, Ardwick Green, tel. 061 273 1112/3
tickets £5/4/3

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
DECEMBER 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 27th and 28th

LINDISFARNE'S CHRISTMAS SHOW '81

Tickets £4.50, £4.00, £3.50 and £3.00 available as follows:— 19th, 20th and 21st only from City Hall Box Office. Telephone 320007.
22nd, 23rd, 27th and 28th by mail order only. Crossed cheques or P.O.'s payable to L.M.P. Ltd., should be sent together with a S.A.E. to Lindisfarne Christmas Show, P.O. Box 1LT, Newcastle NE99 1LT.

Wise Moves Concerts Presents

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS

Plus support

BIRMINGHAM
SAT 7th NOV
Imperial Cinema,
Moseley Rd, Moseley
021-440 2283
Tickets available from Virgin & Inferno Records, Birmingham & Coventry
NO AGE RESTRICTION

MANCHESTER
SUN 8th NOV 7.00–10.30
Rottres
Oxford Rd, Manchester 1
061-236 4934
Tickets available from Virgin Manchester & Piccadilly Records, & outgoing agencies
OVER 16s ONLY

Tickets at both venues priced at £2.50 adv or £3.00 on door

Strictly one application

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THE RAINCOATS
THIS HEAT
DAGARTI

Holloway Rd. Theatre
Polytechnic of North London
Oct 30th 8.00-11.30 £2.50
Tickets available Rough Trade,
Honky Tonk, Bonaparte

THE PITS
The Green Man, Euston Road, N.W.1.
Licensed 8.30-1am — Opp. Gt. Portland St. Tube

Thursday 29th October £1.50
STOLEN PETS
+ Zeitung-Da

Friday 30th October 1.50
THE LONDON APACHES
+ Step by Step

Saturday 31st October £1.50
MIRAGE
+ Taxi Annie

Monday 2nd November £1.50
RUBELLA BALLET
+ Spiral Model

Tuesday 3rd November £1.50
TANK
+ Steve Lynton Band

Wednesday 4th November £1.50
Reggae night with
PROFECY
+ DJ Ronnie Williames

DJ — Beef Box

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 (Phone 468287)

THURSDAY, 29th OCTOBER
CUBAN HEELS

THURSDAY 5th OCTOBER
NICO
Ex Velvet Underground
+ ERIC RANDOM
+ THE BEDLAMITES

THURSDAY 12th NOVEMBER
FAD GADGET

THURSDAY 19th NOVEMBER
TENPOLE TUDOR

Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

MOONLIGHT — STARLIGHT
100 West End Lane W6 Sundays 7.30—10.30

Thursday 29th October £1.50
THE ROOM + Really
Friday 30th October £1.75
NIGHTDOCTOR
+ The Deadbeats
Saturday 31st October £1.75
ICARUS + Friends + Deadbeats
Sunday 1st November £1.50
THE MONSTERS
featuring Bo Bo Phoenix
+ Mike Ross + Stolen Pets
Monday 2nd November £1.75
WRECKLESS ERIC
+ Fay Ray
Tuesday 3rd November £1.50
THE SHOPPERS
+ Dead Sea Sound
Wednesday 4th November £1.75
ROOT JACKSON AND THE GB BLUES CO
+ Fu-Cha
Thursday 5th November £1.75
CROWNS OF THORNS
+ Martin Besserman

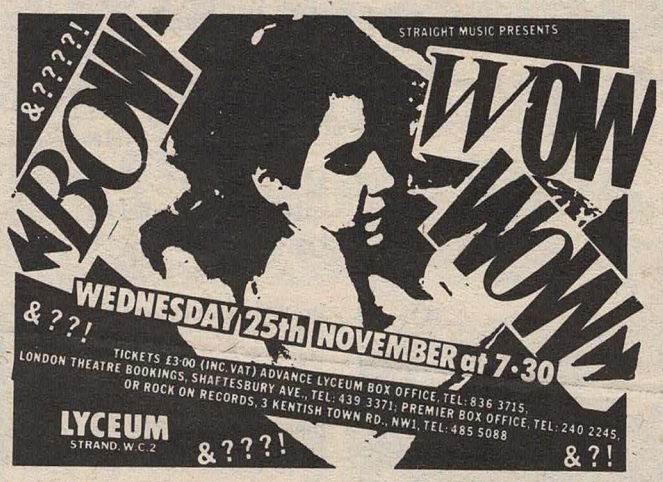
Thursday 29th October £1.50
L' HOMME DE TERRE
+Channel A
Friday 30th October £1.50
PANIC + Transporter, Featuring Claire Hamill
Saturday 31st October £1.50
*** La-ROX***
+ Sharp Nineteen
Sunday 1st November £1.50
EYE WITNESS + Preset
Monday 2nd November £1.50
25th STREET + Admit One
Tuesday 3rd November £1.50
SHELL SHOCK
Wednesday 4th November £1.50
THE SWIM + the Signles
Thursday 5th November £1.50
NEON BLONDDES
+ 1942

LIVE ADS 261 6153

Golden Agency Presents
THE IDIOT BALLROOM
at the Windsor Castle, Harrow Rd W9
Westbourne Pk tube
Every Tuesday 8-12
NOVEMBER 3
KING TRIGGER
BLUE MIDNIGHT
INSTANT AUTOMATONS
Compere — Uncle Vince
Sound — Sir Alias Sound
FREE

Spuming Out Ectoplasm presents
THE REFLECTIONS
THE MYSTERONS
'THEY SHOULD HAVE DIED YEARS AGO'
+ **THE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS**
at **THE BASEMENT**
SHELTON ST, HOLBORN
on SAT 31st OCT 7.30
— 11.00
Admission £1.50

ROCK FOR JOBS
GIVE US A FUTURE
Rock Concert
13th November 1981
7.30 pm at the
DOME, BRIGHTON
Starring
GARY GLITTER
Specials guests
Otway and Barrett
plus Chelsea
Tickets £3.50 each, special rates for unemployed persons and students.
Available from
Dome booking Office,
29 New Road, Brighton.
Telephone 682127
Postal bookings accepted.


STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
&????!
BOW WOW WOW
WEDNESDAY 25th NOVEMBER at 7·30
&??!
TICKETS £3·00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088
LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
&???!
&?!

ARIVA — Downstairs at Ronnie Scott's
SUNDAY NOV 1st
£2.50 — 9.00 pm

THE OPENING PARTY!!!
ZIGZAG CLUB
22-24 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, LONDON W9
BOW WOW WOW!
DANCING DID
REFLEX
ZEITUNG DA!
LIGHTS - SOUND - VIDEO - FILM
MEMBERS FREE — MEMBERSHIP AVAILABLE
MONDAY 16TH NOVEMBER 7 P.M.
GUEST TICKETS £6.00 — ADVANCE ONLY
From ZIGZAG Magazine, 115 Great Portland Road, London W1 & usual agents

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
OUTLAW PRESENTS
LEVEL 42
MORRISSEY MULLEN
D.J. MICK BROWN
SUN 22nd NOV 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3·50
FROM BOX OFFICE KEITH PROWSE; PREMIER BOX OFFICE;
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

101 CLUB
101 St Johns Hill. Tel 01-223 8309

Wednesday 28th October £1.00
MASKED ORCHESTRA
Thursday 29th October £1.00
TRANSPORTER
Friday 30th October £1.50
RICK SMITH AND THE VILAINS
Saturday 31st October £1.50
EDUKATORS
Sunday 1st November £1.00
THE CLOCKS
Monday 2nd November £1.00
THE BREATHERS
Tuesday 3rd November £1.00
DOUBLE AGENT
Wednesday 4th November £1.00
THE COAT CLUB

EXCITERS NOVEMBER TOUR

Thursday 29th Oct — HORN OF PLENTY — St Albans
Friday 30th Oct — HERMIT — Brentwood
Saturday 31st Oct. — CRANBROOK — Ilford
Wednesday 4th November — GOLDEN LION — Fullham
Firday 6th Nov — 101 CLUB — Clapham
Saturday 7th November — HORN OF PLENTY — St Albans
Tuesday 10th November — CARTOON — Croydon
Friday 13th November — 3 RABBITS — Ilford
Saturday 14th November — CRANBROOK
Sunday 15th November — ELECTRIC STADIUM
Wednesday 18th November — KINGS HEAD — Fulham
Thursday 19th November — CLARENDON — Hammersmith
Saturday 21st Novemner — HORN OF PLENTY — St Albans
Tuesday 24th November — OLIVERS — Leytonstone
Friday 27th November — HALF MOON — Herne Hill
Saturday 28th November — CREEPERS — Hastings
Sunday 29th November — DINGWALLS

BOOKINGS RING 3464109

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 28th October £1.00
KID CAIRO'S MASTER PLAN
Thursday 29th October £1.00
THE FORCE
Friday 30th October £1.25
RHYTHM METHOD
Saturday 31st October £1.25
HALLOWEEN PARTY
STIFF ALL STARS

Sunday 1st November £1.00
THE COBRAS
Monday 2nd November £1.00
JUAN FOOTE 'N' THE GRAVE
Tuesday 3rd November £1.00
"Skas on 45"
THE SKA–DOWS
Wednesday 4th November £1.00
RE–FLEX

MCP & Kiltorch presents
Rose Tattoo
plus Guests

APOLLO THEATRE, MANCHESTER
WED. 9th DECEMBER 7.30 pm.
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B O Tel. No: 061 273 1112 3

ODEON THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM
FRI 18th DECEMBER 7.30 pm.
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B O Tel No: 021 643 6101

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
SAT. 19th DECEMBER 7.30 pm
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B O Tel. No: 01 748 4081

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'PRETTY SET DEVICES'
C60 £1.50
Cassette

Write to
S/Z Gharbawi
67, Eaton Sq.,
London SW1

Make the effort

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT
THE SOUND

EVEREST THE HARD WAY
EYELESS IN GAZA
7.30 PM · FRIDAY · OCT 30TH · UNIVERSITY OF LONDON · MALET ST · WC1
ADVANCE TICKETS £2.50 FROM ULU · SMALL WONDER · HONKY TONK · BONAPARTE (KINGS X) AND ROUGH TRADE

SAMBA MUSIC PRESENTS
LIVING LEGEND
JOHN HOLT
ALL THE WAY FROM THE U.S.A.

LONDON — VENUE VICTORIA 8TH & 15TH NOV 7.30PM
BIRMINGHAM ODEON — SAT 14TH DEC
MANCHESTER — SAT 21ST NOV PVS CLUB
HUDDERSFIELD — FRI 14TH NOV CLEOPATRA INT
NOTTINGHAM — SHERWOOD ROOMS THU 26TH DEC
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL FRI 4TH DEC
CARDIFF SOPHIA GARDENS — FRI 20TH NOV

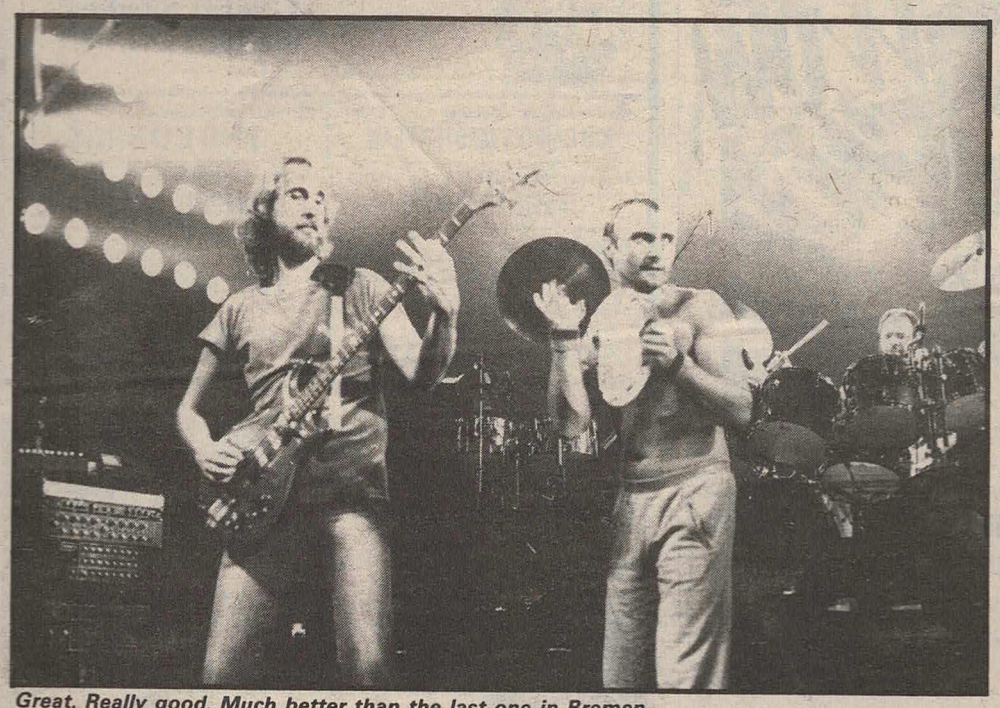
REGGAE SUPERSTAR — ALL TICKETS IN ADVANCE — + BLACK ROOTS
WORLD ENTERTAINER — ALL TICKETS IN ADVANCE — + SUPPORT
WORLD ENTERTAINER — ALL TICKETS IN ADVANCE — + SUPPORT
REGGAE SUPERSTAR — ALL TICKETS IN ADVANCE — + SUPPORT

JOHN HOLT

WORLD ENTERTAINER — ALL TICKETS IN ADVANCE — + FULL SUPPORT
WORLD ENTERTAINER — ALL TICKETS IN ADVANCE — + FULL SUPPORT
REGGAE SUPERSTAR — ALL TICKETS IN ADVANCE — + FULL SUPPORT

NEW DISCO 45 "GHETTO QUEEN" ON CREOLE

THE OLD GREY WHISTLE



Great. Really good. Much better than the last one in Bremen . . .

Running coach shuttles across the continent for major rock concerts has become a lucrative concern for tour operators Mead Gould. CHRIS BOHN joins the Genesis Fan Club on a ride to Cologne but finds himself as much off the bus as on it. DAVID CORIO sensibly took the train.

THE PICK UP

THE BUS has already bottled through South London's endless grey suburbs and signalled on to the coast road to Dover before I realise what I've let myself in for. The sun has risen, waking the out-of-town riders from the ghostly dreams of a night spent huddled up in the dirty wet heat of Victoria Coach Station's waiting room with the vagrants and bag ladies, and they're now beginning their early morning devotions.

Though this is the age of the Walkman, not everyone has cottoned on yet, meaning the rest of the bus must share in them. That nobody complains about the strains of Genesis wafting through the bus alerts me to the reality of being a lone non-believer surrounded by devotees on a pilgrimage to Cologne to see their heroes. The destination appears to be irrelevant, though it will figure in future boasts. The concert will undoubtedly be recorded and played back on the next continental hop so that newcomers can puzzle over its origins — just as the daytrippers are doing at the moment with the music drifting through the bus. Nobody is so uncool as to air an official release in these rarefied circles.

One of the joys of fandom is, of course, the game of one-upmanship. If on the surface Genesis aren't the sort of group to encourage this sort of thing, their followers are as engrossed with the minuteae of possession as the youngest teenybop fan. Genesis's audience might argue that their dedication is based purely on musical appreciation and nothing so crass as personality cults, but in essence the two manifestations are the same.

Genesis's fan worship comes across in a way soberly suited to the participants: on this bus they're predominantly male, average out about 20 and are middle class in attitude. Apart from the likeably classless heavy metal crossover fans, bedecked in patches and scarves, they're for the most part sombrely dressed, their allegiance confined to "tasteful" sweatshirts and unobtrusive badges.

They'd rather express their devotion through their knowledge and accumulation of data, dates and tapes. The collector sitting behind me personified the Committed Genesis Fan. A member of Genesis Information, through which rock tour operators Mead Gould booked this exclusive nine-coach strong Old Grey Whistlestop to Cologne, he took advantage of priority booking arrangements to get tickets for all their London and Birmingham concerts. If those weren't enough, he's already been on a similar outing to Amsterdam, and is playing back a tape of it on his stowaway.

"My parents' house was burgled yesterday," he reveals, " and all my equipment was stolen. So I had to rush around to get a new one for the Cologne concert."

How can he afford all these concerts, let alone a replacement Stowaway?

"I can't," he says. "At least not anything else. I spend all my money on these trips. Luckily I've got a job with very flexible hours."

Hasn't he got enough with the Amsterdam tape? Apparently not. He shows me a 100-strong list of live recordings that quickly become the envy of the rest of the coach. Why the need to have everything?

"Not everything," he replies, "sometimes the sound mixes aren't very good so I don't bother."

But aren't most of the concerts exactly the same from tour to tour?

"No, they're not," he contest indignantly. "Some nights something goes wrong and they sometimes make mistakes. So each one is different in some way."

Mistakes? Divine intervention, surely?

THE MARK UP

OVERWHELMED BY all this dogged devotion I escape it during the crossing by joining tour operators Martin and Peter Gould and gang in the bar. A couple of amicable Southend wideboys, they sussed the profit to be made in continental rock hops sometime last year and since then have been operating outings to European capitals for the likes of Rush, Motorhead, Whitesnake and Genesis. This year they've more ambitiously flown people over to the US for The Rolling Stones. So far only one has been an outright failure: Mike Oldfield.

The trips do vary in value. This Cologne outing is relatively cheap at £67 for the price of a coachtrip, one night in an average hotel and a ticket — considering a normal return ticket to the city can cost £44 alone. But the Lowland journeys through Belgium and Holland seem a bit excessive, costing between £40 and £60, depending on whether you stay overnight or not. Prospective travellers should bear in mind that Magic Bus runs regular services to Amsterdam and Brussels for £24 and £18 return respectively.

Of course, taking an organised all-inclusive trip has the advantage of knowing you've got a ticket before you get there, and the convenience of being ferried from Hotel to hall to home. On a trip of the scale of this Genesis venture, it can't be too easy to come by 450 concert tickets.

"Aha," laughs Martin Gould. "That is the 64,000 dollar question."

It goes unanswered.

To their credit, Martin, Peter or both brave the gale-force crossings with their customers to ensure everything — bar the crossing — runs smoothly, and seem to be in it as much for the novelty as the money. The trips are well-organised but leave little free time to warrant the hard travelling to exotic locations. Not that this troubles the fans, the destinations being a poor second to the concert itself.

The following night an incredulous Martin Gould tells me that most of the travellers started queuing up at midday to get the best places in the vast sports hall.

"It was a bit rotten really," he grins wickedly. "They'd been queuing up from midday, then at five o'clock security guards erected barriers and made them queue up behind it. As it was too long to shift everybody back, all those trapped in front of the barrier were forced to the back of the queue!"

THE SET UP

AT BREAKFAST The Collector is uncommonly pleased with himself, secure in the memory of last night's act of devotion that distinguishes him from most everybody else in the dining room. The bus had pulled into Cologne the previous evening, giving the passengers the chance to wind down from a hard 12 hour journey before the concert the following day.

Most spent the time in the bar discussing Genesis moments like football supporters savouring favourite goals. Others checked out the crass clubs of the city's kitsch old town quarter. Not The Collector though.

"Did you make it down there last night?" he asks. Resisting the temptation to insolently ask where, I respond negatively.

"We did," he continues triumphantly. "We blagged the security men, who let us in once they knew we were English, and we caught the last three numbers!"

Needless to say they were great. Really good. Much better than the last one in Bremen. The security men said that fights broke out there when they played the new songs. And the Dutch had the temerity to boo the new stuff at Amsterdam.

"Phil acknowledged that it wasn't the English fans that were booing though, and in

HAPPY JAMMING TOGETHER?

Gang Of Four
The Jam
Wasted Youth
Way Of The West

The Rainbow

FINSBURY PARK lurks in one of those deftly tucked away semi-black regions of London which don't quite reach the low necessary to initiate vague promises of improvement, but scrape near enough to induce despondency and depression. Out of the neon glare of the cheap-thrill sleaze joints and late-night chippies looms the grand and archaic Rainbow, venue for the CND benefit.

Inside the foyer genuine attempts at apathy-withdrawal reach out from all corners, with mass bombardment of posters, newsletters, badges and T-shirts. A rickety 'Legalise Cannabis' stall attracts rather more attention than its relevance to the cause suggests, but strategically positioned leaflet distributors turn this to their advantage, and dole their ware onto the perked-up dope fiends.

The main hall is cold and musty, and only about a quarter full. The ceiling stretches interminably upwards, an acoustic nightmare, with echoes thrown around emphasising the emptiness. The Lemon Kittens have already finished by eight, and someone sends in the clowns; two Andy Pandy clones who play-act their way through a variety of juggling tricks with more wit than competence. The audience warms to them and laughs in the right parts.

Way Of The West, visually unexciting except for the fluorescent glow from the bass player's orange and black wig, are competent, tight, and often danceable, their single 'White Boys' showing Pete Carney practising a Sting-like croon over

Weller, weller, weller, what a surprise . . . *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

STOP

Bremen, they refused to play an encore."

That'll teach them. How did the three songs compare to Amsterdam? Were they radically different?

"No, but Tony Banks kept going off between songs. Why? I don't know."

Perhaps he had diarrhoea, I suggest. Judging by the reaction he's beginning to sniff a rat so I beat a tactical retreat.

The reception of the new material on 'Abacab' is invariably poor, The Collector's response aside:

"I like it, though I seem to be the only one who does!"

He's not the only fan to make that claim, though others are more reserved in their judgment. "I don't like it as much as the others," says Mike, from Bromsgrove, *yet*. I generally like something that takes a bit longer to get into."

The pop element of 'Abacab' has been received by their rock-inclined audience like a smack in the mouth, not only because the songs are generally shorter than their earlier pseudo-symphonic pieces, but also because it represents a shift away from the purportedly complex arrangements to simpler rhythmic structures.

That such minute changes should cause such a ruckus would be surprising in any other context but their own. Genesis have spent the last ten years nurturing a massive conservative audience who consider pop to be fickle and rock to be more meaningful. Genesis could play, they've always met classical criteria of composition and virtuosity. What's more, they're stable, apolitical, asexual and atypical of any particular time they happen to be living through.

What might once have been a unique approach — the severing of blues rock roots way back in the late '60s, English formalism as opposed to American loose jamming — became a pattern which they've resolutely refused to disturb, alter or develop. Rock fans who've felt betrayed over the years by pop's perpetual changes could always safely gravitate towards Genesis. Hence the three quarters of a million applicants for their upcoming British tour. Going by the people I talked to on the bus, people who like Genesis don't generally like (pop) music.

Genesis shouldn't be surprised by their audience's animosity towards this late change in their career. They created their own conservative market and now they're rightly suffering for it. Live, Collins as frontman goes to ridiculous lengths to convince it of its value. His vaudeville approach has always been likeably at odds with the group's conservatory image, but this time his efforts to ingratiate, which incorporate long justifications in English and German, are more foolish than comic.

I was going to ask Phil Collins and the rest about these changes in an interview arranged before we left London. But no passes had been left with the security, and when I'd finally struggled through to keep the appointment backstage I was stopped by their manager Tony Smith.

Grinning like a seasick shark, he delights in telling photographer Corio and I that no definite arrangements have been made and the group won't talk to us anyway. Their refusal stems from the suspicion that we'll twist anything they say to make them look stupid, he says. Additionally, if he or Phil Collins had met me shortly after my review of their 'Duke' LP in *Melody Maker*, they'd have punched me in the mouth. Collins himself saunters past, throws a tightlipped glance in our direction and goes straight into the dressing room.

This interview would have been the chance for Genesis to answer back, I point out, but Smith isn't having any of it. He wheels out a member of the group, at my request, to tell it to me straight, and the apologetic Mike Rutherford says something about him betraying himself if he talked to us after promising himself he never would, because of the things we've said in the past.

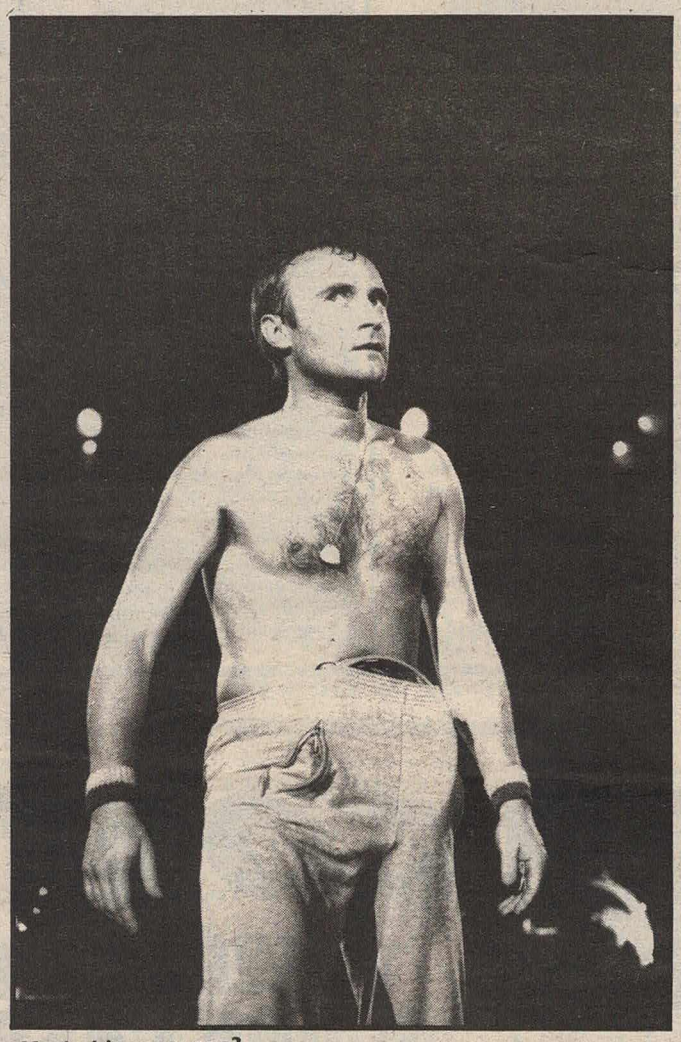
I show him a list of roughed-out questions (based on the comments made earlier) and he seems to think they're fair enough. Smith and the rest think otherwise.

"They're slanted," says Smith.

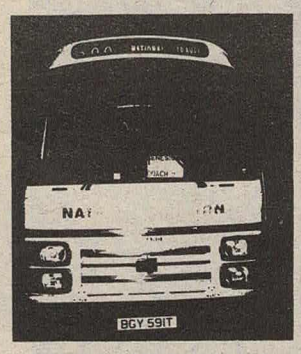
"No they're not, they're pointed."

"But what have they got to do with music?"

Seeing that we're pursuing a pointless line, Corio and I concede that we've dutifully entreated enough and leave. "Enjoy the concert," Smith fires between the gritted teeth of his smile, before slamming the dressing-room door behind him.



Musical box, anyone?



THE PUT DOWN

THE SILENT majority speaks and its mouthpiece is Genesis! So what does it have to say? Only what it wants to hear. And what does it want to hear? Only what it already knows. And what does it already know? Only what the mouthpiece has already said.

Maybe a metaphor will make the peculiarly self-sufficient relationship clearer: imagine Genesis as a helpless hospital casualty connected to a tube dripping in feed and another extracting bodily wastes. Only the two tubes are connected so that one is the source of the other.

a soft dub background and *"Don't say that's just for white boys"* pronounced over a seductive merge of sax and beat. They may not be terribly radical or inspirational, but it's only pretence that renders mediocrity offensive.

The announcement of an impending speech from 'Margaret Thatcher' doesn't raise the favourable response the promoters perhaps anticipated. Thatcher's stereotyped well-worn parody, complete with over-powdered wig, over-pressed suit, and over-practised bleat, appears on the platform, and a cliched more - at - home - on - a - 7.30 - ITV - comedy repartee follows, falling flat over itself en route. The CND determination doesn't mix with gangling jokes, or perhaps the audience recognises a line between entertainment and pap crap like this. Either way, the lady is speedily enlightened on this fact in not the most polite of ways.

A visit to the bar indicates the arrival of the Wasted Youth freaks, either with Quant-stencilled mouths poised in supercilious smiles and eyes on each other's hairstyles, or with thick leather jackets and matching opinions that Wasted Youth are at all 'passionate' or 'different'.

The suitably anorexic bass player, deathly white skin stretched taut over prominent cheekbones, sets off the podge of the singer, who seems to base himself on a paragon of Rep Butler. Wasted Youth's set is a medley of blind guitar bash, drum crash, and bass thrash, glossed over with a superficial glam and tarted up with the singer's ludicrously vain posturing. He preens, ruffles his hair when no-one's looking, and blasts false American accent at his gaping eulogists. Every leap is a cue for the bubbling turmoil beneath to pogo for their lives. These people would smirk superiority at head bangers, but the floodlit stage on which the five men contort themselves and lunge and swipe emotionlessly at their instruments looks very similar to a Reading stage to me, and the frenzied mob, spurred to near unconsciousness by the sheer amplitude of sound, seems no different from the noise-drugged festival crowd. Aesthetically, I suppose the fuss and truss of Wasted Youth is attractive, but at the moment they look too much like yer average rock band to be worth noticing.

(I remember 'I Remember You', Wasted Youth in their youth. What happened?)

The next move is the Surprise Announcement: "Ladies and Gentlemen — The Jam!"

That they are unexpected is obvious from the absence of those caterpillar-like parkas that materialise from nowhere and ooze into the corners of The Jam's annual Rainbow bashes . . . or perhaps the Mods have undergone evolution, and are now New Psychedelics or Knickerbocker Glory Boys.

The Jam have for a long time trodden the uncomfortable path of a band who have 'made it' in the commercial context, but want to maintain their 'standards'. This they make more difficult for themselves. With each new single, they move a further step from the glorious passion of 'All Mod Cons', each choppily delivered appearance on *TOTP* seems more slick, Weller pouting belligerence in place of the once spirited anger. As they jump onstage, they launch into 'Going Underground', and the invigorating, driving pace suggests the old Jam power, but the next track features uncomplimentary punctuation from a token two-man brass outfit, and the third and last (it's lucky they weren't billed or the five-minute set would have enraged the audience) sees the greasy Vaughan Toulouse dragged on.

This last insult, evoking memories of such 'happily jamming together' gigs as Hazel O'Connor with 3/4 of the Stranglers, saves the channelled anger of The Jam from seeming redundant, instead veering the whole three-track set towards joke status. Bands like The Jam shouldn't play if there's only time and means for such a quick and groomed gesture; live, their magic moments rest heavily on the merits of either their heady third LP brilliance, or the more subdued elements of later works like the haunting 'Butterfly Collector'.

And then come the Gang of Four. King and Gill jerk manically to and fro, and their sound jerks with them. Clutching their guitars like machine guns, they career across the stage, white limbs flailing, bodies shaking, faces twitching erratically. The noise juts and jolts, bare and edgy, vocals and guitar used sparingly. Occasional spaces in sound open in which to watch their physical contortions, then fill with controlled chaos. The Gang of Four don't exaggerate mess, they use it in short surges. If they unleash an urge to lash, slash and slice, they tie it up again before it goes wild. The Gang of Four aren't boring or bored, an antithesis to the belief that establishment = predictability.

So the CND benefit ends. Is it a success? Is attention paid?

Somewhere across the ocean a fading actor tires of Space Invaders.

Leyla Sanai

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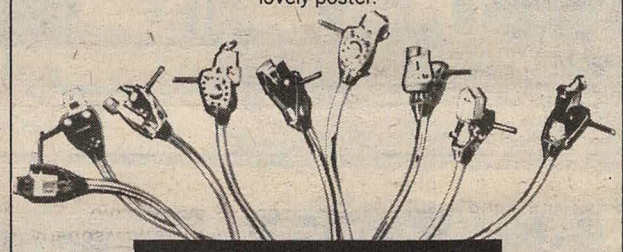

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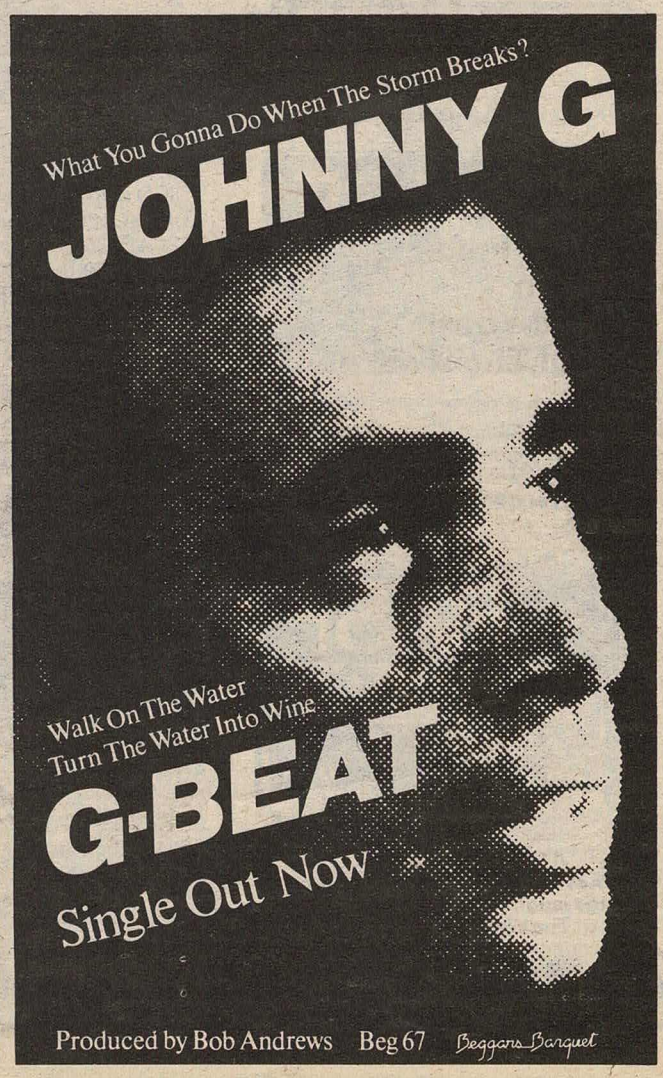
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Joseph Hill *Pic: David Corio*

CULTURE CLASH

Culture

The Venue

CULTURE IS built around one person: vocalist Joseph Hill. Tonight, though, he has ten other people with him, including two backing singers, a brass section, a percussionist, two guitarists, a rhythm section and a keyboards player. The one plus ten interlock, groove and move; but never clash or thrive on tension.

The sounds are country reggae, pastoral and, in spite of the heavy political themes, light — "Fresh from Jamaica", as the MC announces. There's something very 'grown' and organic about Culture: meditative and relaxing. The point of reggae like this is that it doesn't have a point, a shape, a climax; even so, you're left wanting something a little more wound-up, momentous and apocalyptic, not least because of Hill's constant references to Babylon and what he calls his "newsflash" about Brixton.

Culture's songs, though, are still very much in the lyrical mode of the 'Two Sevens Clash' album of four years ago, and this isn't the best way to transmit a musical 'newsflash', but more a means of getting into a pleasing rut.

The rather empty Venue got into the spirit of things: absorption and passive consumption were the order of the evening. Most of the black people there seemed content to sit at tables, tapping their feet: they'd probably danced at enough blues for one year and wanted to watch a band for a change.

By comparison, a lot of whites (especially in couples) tried dancing. They probably thought they were "skanking' or whatever, But it was more like something with a 'w' in, these figures jerking around like their bums were surgical appliances and they needed the boots to match.

Meanwhile Culture just kept being pleasing. Merely.

Paul Tickell

HISTORIAN UNEARTHS
YE OLDE ROCKE MUSICKE

The Lightning Raiders

Old Queens Head

YOUR LIGHTNING Raider is one of a band of five and he's been around (average age 30), having had on-off one-off associations with Alex Harvey, Cook and Jones, Johnny Thunders, The Pink Fairies and others. He's been dragged up through the English school of hard rock, is never seen in socks, doesn't wear underwear, has a fondness for leather and has adapted very nicely to straight legs.

There's only one band who've come up this way and stuck and meant anything: Motorhead. The Lightning Raiders have a good try and fail. Maybe this is because they haven't found a way to put over some of their more serious themes. Or maybe it's because they're just too serious: they do a lot of talking about paranoia. Who's Afraid Of William Burroughs?

At least their reading matter and paranoid observations about paranoia are anglicised on their anthem and current single 'Criminal World'. It's an incongruous process, though: the ultimate effect is of Tom Robinson harping on about panic in the streets. The Raiders are hardly impeccable liberals, it's just that vocalist Gass has a one-dimensional voice. He's the joker in this pack (two metallic guitars and a solid seasoned rhythm section) of wild boys playing in the desperate fear that they'll wake up one morning shaking all over under a pile of r'n'r deadbeats.

Gass *will* insist on trying to reproduce Jagger-like frissons and 'Beggar's Banquet' blown-out mannerisms. In this way the whole show doesn't so much take on edge, as inflate and grow shallow at the same time: r'n'r mythology repeats itself, and we're well beyond the bankruptcy stage and into cartoons. Matters aren't helped by punkoid invitations to riot on acid — give 'em the tabs, Barney.

As for when the band start singing about the laws of love . . . Even those tired old Stones would have started from a more outre outlaw premise. But for The Raiders the whip never comes down. See what I mean about Tom Robinson?

Paul Tickell

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Top to bottom: Karole Armitage, Rhys Chatham, A. N. Other

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ART'S COOL!

ANARCHO-PRANCING "GREAT", CLAIMS CRITIC

Rhys Chatham/ Karole Armitage

Riverside Studios

I'VE ALWAYS had a ready sneer up my sleeve for experimental slummers building limp monuments to Art with a capital 'F' upon original ideas made magnificent by their lack of pretence.

With a determinedly open mind, I take my seat. A thousand Jeremys and Fionas sit, squawking, behind me. This is an item from The Riverside's 'Dance Umbrella' season, featuring 'avant-garde' New York ballet dancer and choreographer Armitage, and 'experimental composer/performer' Chatham. He's from New York too. They, plus three other dancers, a drummer and three guitars, are to present "an audacious combination of contemporary classicism and punk rock" called 'Drastic Classicism'. Believe me, tasteful ones, I know what you're thinking.

I'd like you to know that it was great.

I'd like you to know that we were stupid to let Jeremy and Fiona get hold of all the tickets. I'd like you to know that this *truly* all-action extravaganza of roaring rhythm rock and anarcho-Nureyev prancing would add an inch to the cockiest mohican that Discharge could show you. I got quite excited.

Chatham presents himself as a low-key, short-haired US scruff. He wanders on in T-shirt and jeans, smoking a casual fag, looking lean. Preceded by a silent introductory 'proper ballet' flit from Armitage and partner Joseph Lennon, Chatham, in near-darkness, plugs in. Jeremy and Fiona anxiously note the bludgeoning promise of the speaker cabs' low buzz. Chatham's drummer saunters on. Chatham and drummer scream into a blaring, measured, tightened surge of textured guitar rasp, and tense, hurtling backbeat of fabulous clenched intensity. The dancers chase each other on, in simple, worn-out clothing props, two more guitars join in, and the ensemble take it all from there.

The basic thrill lies in the coupling of the pure, purging blast of the soundtrack to the extraordinary energy and equally relentless kaleidoscope of interpretation by the dancers. The overkill noise, honed to a climactic roar (and totally unposed) is the skeleton upon which what I assume are the shapes and movements of 'correct' ballet are disrupted, corrupted, bruised and savaged. The apparent incompatibility of the forms is the lynch-pin of its power. Not so much a fusion as a violent collision and crushing together to create a truly uncontrived explosion.

This is no place for academic chin-stroking. This is rare, sheer excitement, each piece building to a blurred frenzy of noise and colour, so wildly possessed, you just can't watch it all at once.

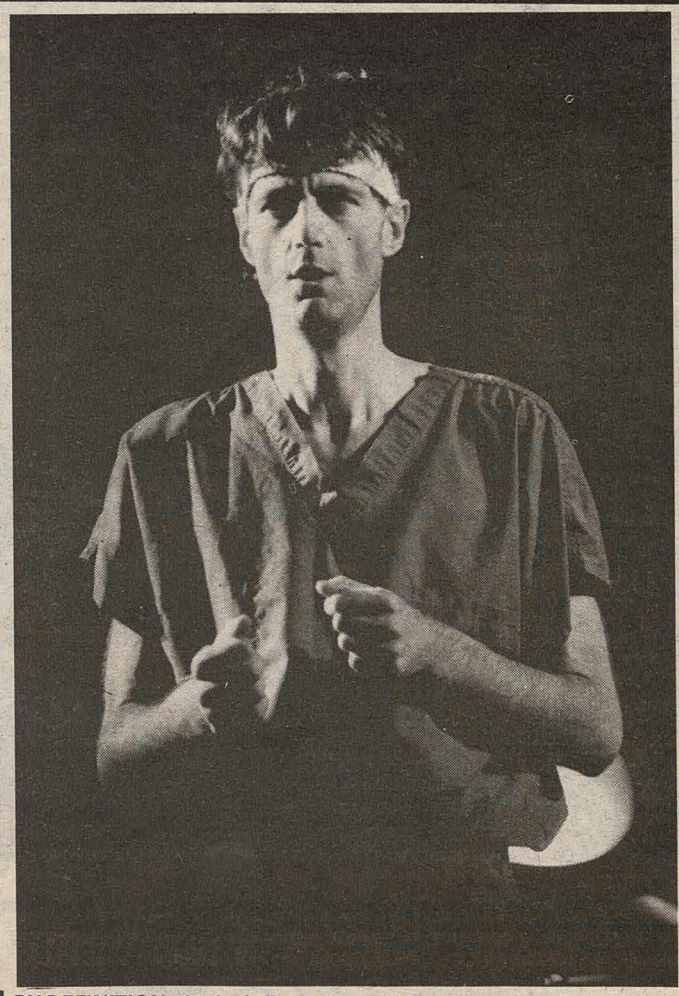
Part one suggests rough, crazed, undisciplined attack. Part two (where kitsch costumes are added, a short film thrown in, and an entrepreneurial punkette with a camera presents a cool contrast) provides a view of the camper end of the punky spectrum. The power does not dissipate throughout a shattering ninety minutes.

The complete integration of music and movement is startling. The implications for dreary standard rock presentation, glaring. The impact on this natural-born sceptic enormous.

I really did emjoy it.

Jeremy and Fiona are not quite so sure.

Dave Hill



BY DEFINITION, the 'cult figure' is an object of intense devotion within his small circle of admirers, and almost totally unknown outside of it. Such a cult is Peter Hammill. That small circle, however, was enough to fill out the Venue and — given the performer's warm rapport with them, bleakness of some material notwithstanding — all the elements of a Hammillite's dream evening were present. Drawing songs from the last four LPs, Hammill and band repaid the assembly's loyalty, earning an infinity of encores in the process.

Through some quirk of Peter's, support act Hambi And The Dance went on afterwards, not before. In consequence, they faced a sadly-diminished crowd, comprising in the main on hard-core late night inebriates. Hambi battled their indifference with cheerful chutzpah, and exceptionally fine music. Taking in the singles 'Too Late' and 'L'Image Craque', the delivery was stiff in parts, but stirring stuff for the most part. Strongpoints were the soaring soul-vocals of Hambi himself, and the calculated bash of new drummer John Maher (from Buzzcocks and Wah!). The two of them looked pretty cool, too.

Peter Hammill ***Pic: Anton Corbijn***

Paul Du Noyer

Adam and the Ants, E.L.O., Beatles, Jacksons, Sheena, Diana Ross, Police. They're all on Radio Luxembourg.

SUNDAY
Tony Prince's **Top 30 Disco Show** 9-11pm

The Golden Jackpot in **The Golden Hour** with Rob Jones–11pm

MONDAY
The Brasso Show and the **Chart Champions** 7-9pm

The Top 30 Airplay Chart with Rob Jones 9-11pm

TUESDAY
Britain's Top 30 with Bob Stewart 9-11pm

Lots of prizes in the Golden Jackpot 11-midnight

WEDNESDAY
Brasso with a **Top Disco's Top 20.** 9pm

The Beatles Hour. 10pm

Night Tracks with Benny Brown 1-3am

THURSDAY
Top of the Pops as on TV with Rob Jones 9pm

The Number Ones Show 10pm

FRIDAY
Stuart Henry's **Rock Show** 8-10pm

The Sensational Sixties Show 10-midnight

Tony Prince's **Midnight Disco Party** and Top 20 Imports

SATURDAY
Golden Oldies from Stuart Henry's Haunted Studio 8-10pm

RADIO LUXEMBOURG
More Charts, less chat
RTL 208 RADIO TELE LUXEMBOURG

ANTI-SOCIAL WORKERS

The Marquis de Smith *Pic: Andrea Casarotti*

The Fall

North London Poly

THE FALL is a new thing to me. I know why. It's because they were never served up to me on a media platter. They never came to our shrine bearing images. The Fall fell from the north, bringing with them a prole aesthetic that seemed to come from another planet. In the south, we don't have working men's clubs; in fact, we don't have a proletarian culture at all.

The Fall is the most significant group in England because it is not a humanist group. Nearly every other group on earth is. The Sex Pistols was a humanist project, an invention of capitalist benevolence, and even more of the West's left-wing groups have played along with the humanist scheme of comfort. The Fall's anti-humanism has little to do with the belligerence and bloody-mindedness of Mark Smith. It's far more conceptual, far deeper than that.

Unlike most other Angry Young Singers, usually by proxy, Smith is not a rhetorician. He does not reduce the obscenities of the English class system to the slogans that idiots perpetrate in the name of awareness. He simply kicks us head first into the *shit* of proletarianism — booze, barbiturates, bingo parlours, slates, slags, etc. — and rubs us in it. In re-inventing the north of England, he has only shown us that it has been a grotesque fantasy all along.

Where punk was pure showbiz, international entertainment, The Fall's eyes do not seek your love. Of course, to have Fallen is a "posture" like any other, but it is not a posture that appeals by any "style". And of course, Smith is not exactly "our Mark", his is not the face of a coal miner's son, and maybe the very greasy hair and pullovers are a bit of a con. But it's important that Smith remains indeterminate, for it is his quality of alienness that is so striking. He *is* the problem, the one who fends off the images people lower benevolently onto his shoulders — all that white crap about the white crap. . .

The Fall are not social workers, like the glamorous Au Pairs. They are a very real group, as pure as the first Velvet Underground LP. Mark Smith is a poet who trusts no-one but spies deep under the symbolic order to grasp the *system* of prole culture as it perpetuates itself in all its pristine banality. He has even invented his own banal fictions to bring out from under its flat-cap shell the actual "fantasy" of northern "reality". The end of his 'Totale' mythos was the deceased Roman's MI5-agent son Joe narrating, as Smith puts it, "how his dad came to a bad end because he was still naive enough to believe in people. . ."

The Fall have never played at "realism", but a Fall concert is still a totally political event. Instead of singing *about*, The Fall dramatise, spin yarns, sing nonsense: a free play of cultural contradictions. Their trash aesthetic does not come from pop culture, because their trash is not disposable, it's everywhere, in false nostalgia, inverted snobbery, puritanism, and in the deadening rituals of boozing, betting, and boffing. Smith has collected his trash and treated it with a violent and discomforting humour. Rarely is one treated to such an involved vision. Rare enough are the visionaries, to be sure.

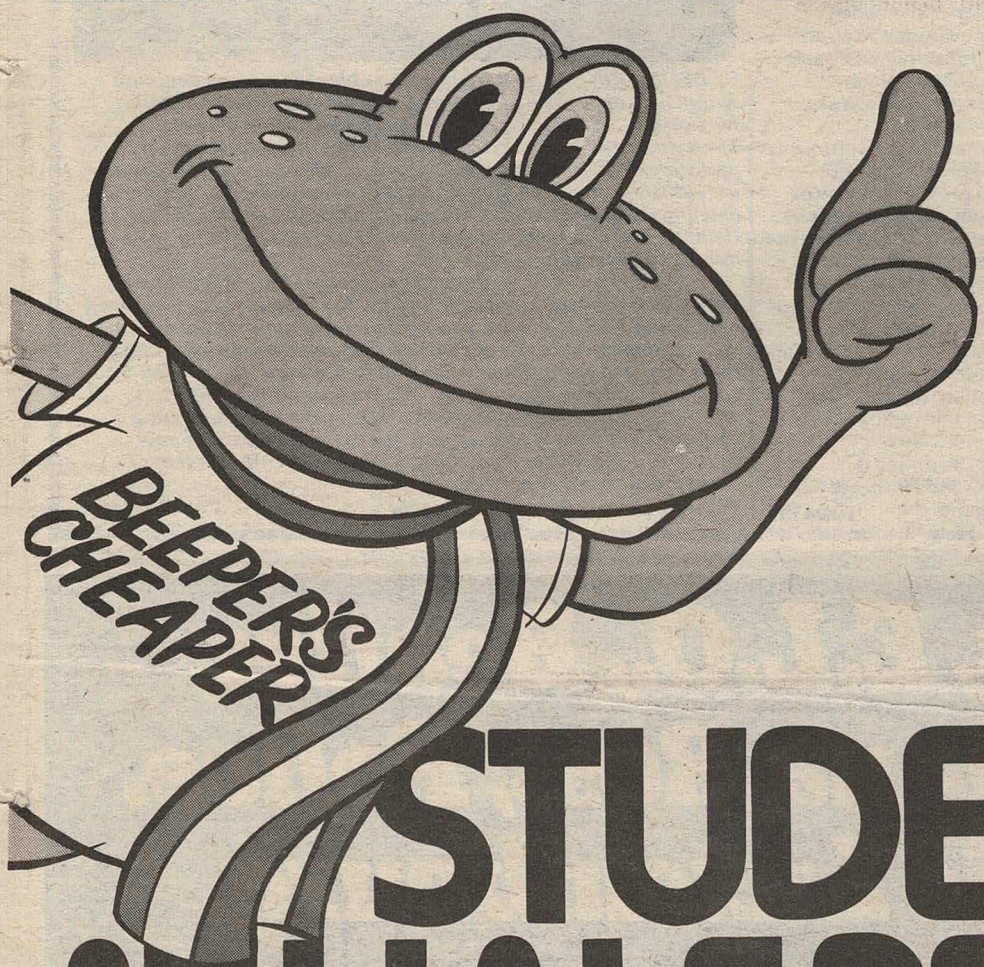
Live, The Fall encounter the immediate problem of having to keep face without betraying an image. On record, Smith's vision surrounds one, untarnished by a visible audience. In concert, tremendous concentration is required, even though the group is superb. The Fall do not contribute to the nation's supply of strong songs and composite melodies, but they are now strong enough musicians for the ascetic trashiness of the sound to become at times almost hypnotic. If The Velvet Underground had taken more speed and less smack, and Lou Reed had been a hillbilly, this might well have been their sound.

In his unhealthy, strangulated way, Smith is singing a kind of folk music, which is why the subdued but grating rockabilly beat that often supplies the accompaniment to his voice is so apposite. In this line, 'Fiery Jack' is exemplary, and 'Fiery Jack' is the set's first song, kicking off a chain of sequels that do not require contrast from one to the next, since the impact is in their combined and overall vitality. Just as The Fall are not stars or strident "individuals", so their repertoire does not consist of classics or non-classics. The songs flow into one another until the sound — coarse and undanceable as it is — becomes literally entracing. At this point The Fall is a frozen spectacle: Smith's indifference to his audience and neglect of stage persona mean that one starts to concentrate on his concentration, listen to his words, absorb the work of his vision.

Smith seems ancient in front of his group. He doesn't smile or nod at them, but then nor do they nod or smile at each other. They are as absorbed as we are, the very inexpressiveness of their adolescent faces is a perfect backdrop to Smith's fanatical delivery. When Mark Riley starts hitting at a tinpot organ on Smith's left, it's as mind-blowing as Cale on 'Sister Ray'. And when it gets as intense as that, the sound of The Fall is nothing short of spiritual.

By 'Middle Mass', they have instilled the desired transformation in their audience — awe and silence. Mark Smith cannot be loved, for what he signifies is the death of the working-class and the destruction of the "traditions" it has maintained to justify the wrongs it has suffered.

Barney Hoskyns



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Reggae Runnings

THE latest album from long serving Jamaican trio **Heptones** is newly released in the US and currently circulating UK import specialists. Entitled 'Street Of Gold' after the group's new rendition of the Gladiators song released on single earlier this year, the set is issued on the Park Heights label out of Brooklyn, NY and features Earl Morgan, Barry Llewellyn and Naggo Morris interpreting previous Heptones titles 'Gee Wee' and 'Cry Cry Baby', plus also a rendition of 'I Cover The Waterfront'. Side two is devoted to a 12 track medley of various Bob Marley titles, intermingled with doo wop ballads such as 'Since I Fell For You' and 'Sincerely'.

Meanwhile, a further posthumous **Bob Marley and the Wailers** album is released this week on the New Cross label out of SE London. Entitled 'Soul Rebel' (NC 001), the set is a 10 track recording featuring the undoctored versions of the material recently assembled by WEA for 'Chances Are', and it bears all the hallmarks of demo work.

Debut LP from **Carlton Liveingston** now available on E1 Bob International, entitled 'Soweto', and featuring Carl's current discomix title 'Living As A Poor Man', plus new compositions 'Red Eye People', 'Class Of '69' and 'Tribute To Bobby' among its nine tracks.

Latest discomix titles include: **Nightdoctor,** 'Romancin'' c/w 'Menelik' (Race RB DIS 001) — produced by Chris Lane; **Rudolph Francis & Ranking Blake,** 'Mr Oppressor' c/w 'Come One' (Clair C001) — a Jim Daddy production; **Barry Brown,** 'Give Another Israel A Try' c/w 'Sweet Sixteen' (Greensleeves GRED 68) — produced by Henry "Junjo" Lawes; **Jean Adebambo,** 'I Want To Make It With You' c/w 'Reaching For A Goal' (Third World TWDIS 46) — produced by Desmond Lyken; **Carl McDonald,** 'This Love Inside' c/w 'Ready For Love' (Makdon 1001); **Leroy Sibbles, Prince Junior** and **Mickie Jarrett,** 'Why Did You Leave?' c/w **Black Ovation Special Mixee,** 'Green Brook Park' (Black Ovation BOR 004) — Produced by Stewart Chin; and **Johnny Osbourne,** 'Give Me Love'; **U Brown,** 'Huggin & Kissing' c/w **Sly and We The People,** 'Hot Jumpers Dub' (D-Roy DRDD 43) — arranged and produced by U Brown.

Current 7" pre-release titles include: **Tony Tuff,** 'Lots Of Loving' c/w **King Tubbys,** 'Operation Choice' (Black & White); **Little Roy,** 'Prophecy' (Tafari); Eek-A-Mouse, 'Once A Virgin' c/w **Joe Gibbs & The Professionals,** 'Modelling Queen' (Joe Gibbs Ultra Sound); **Junior Delgado,** 'Talking About Love' (Volcano); **L Von Cliff,** 'Show Time' (Rebel Force); and **The Supernaturals,** 'How Can We Love?' c/w 'Jah Face) (Tas Co).

TNT Design Group Promotions present a Fashion Gala 81 at The Horsedhow, Tottenham Court Road, London, W1, on Saturday, October 31 — from 8 pm till late — design compiled by **Carol Thompson;** entertainment by **Sledge.** Licensed bar.

Penny Reel

Heptone Barry Llewellyn

Pic: Paul Slattery

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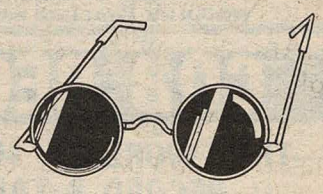
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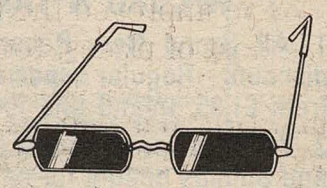
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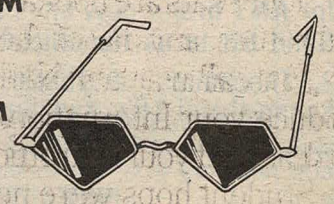
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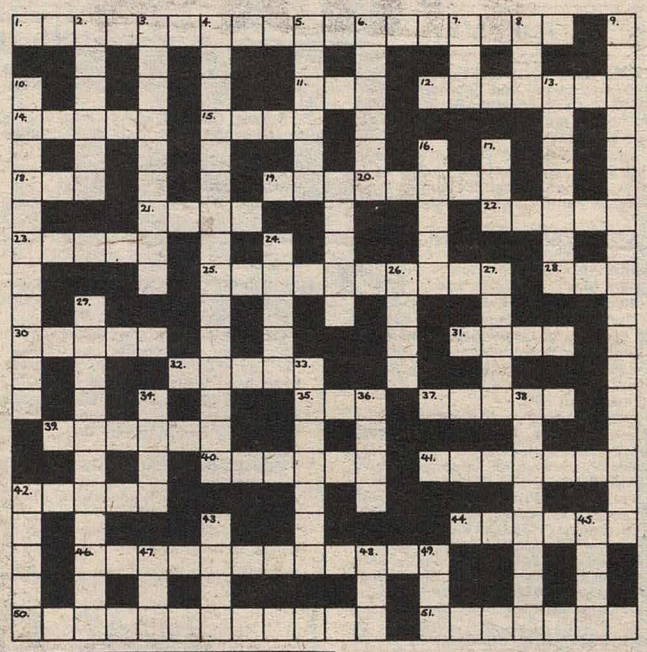

ACROSS

1 Laughing academicians (10,2, 6)
11 Bowie's telly minus numbers. (3)
12 Eno was before and after it. (7)
14 The Stones suggest no.66 for kicks. (5)
15 The shark that stands outside selling tickets at rip off prices. (4)
18 How many pieces at a time for Johnny Cash? (3)
19 Josef K's picturesque label. (8)
21 Rick Wakeman's cousin from Soft Machine. (4)
22 Solitude in reverse from OMITD. (5)
23 We were told to watch her play. (5)
25 Tourists revamped. (10)
28 Bette Davis Carnes. (3)
30 P. Townshend often did this to his guitar. (5)
31 See 29 down. (4)
32 See 24 down. (5)
35 Early breakfast band briefly featuring Hillage. (3)
37 Audible wallpaper to be heard in airports and Wimpys. (5)
39 Art's eyes (covered in fur?). (6)
40 BEF persons, again minus numbers. (7)
41 Wire's healthy miner. (7)
42 This stuff pours out of Mr. Devoto. (5)
44 Sick of Bowie yet? Good. Right, what's his middle name in *The Man Who* etc? (6)
46 This band currently support Tom Robinson in Japan. (3,9)
50 Banshees offshoot. (3,9)
51 The sort of depression that Eddie and the Hot Rods gave us. (7)

DOWN

2 The mother that The Beatles were sons to. (6)
3 Alternatively, the past week. (5,4)
4 Talking headstress. (7,8)
5 Half a Stones album, now a movie. Hopefully lasers can remove both. (6)
6 A reader of *The Face*, (this is non-political). (6)
7 Ecstacy? (3)
8 Simply remove a letter from 22 across, add this name and you have a contemporary mime artiste. (3)
9 First Cockney Rebel album, but can you remember that far back? (3,5,9)
10 40 across don't need this fascist object. (6,5)
13 Escape from John Carpenter. (3,4)
16 The Pistols wanted to know who killed it. (5)
17 The thing that Cyril Fletcher likes to compose. (3)
20 A club or shoes? (5)
24 and 32 across. Described by *Time Out* as the queen of haute couture rock, so she must be. (5,5)
26 Tinker, tailor, soldier, spy creature marked by The Residents. (4)
27 No tennis star, but still an athletico character. (5)
29 and 31 across. Feminist Bowie song? Hardly. (11,4)
33 Quicksilver Messenger ran one. (7)
34 Buzzcocks single wanting to know what do- oops, nearly gave it away. (1,3)
36 Sweet Vincent. (4)
38 O Laurie (this has nothing to do with the Alessi Bros.) (6)
42 The Eagles told us to take it to this. (5)
43 Ray Davis drank a cherry one when he first met Lola. (4)
45 Dr. Robert is making lots of money out of synthesizers. (4)
47 The type of gasm had by Johnny Taylor. (3)
48 Speed measurement for tapes. (1,1,1)
49 Kate Bush did this in your lap. Ugh! (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS.

Across: 1 Flux of Pink Indians, 8 LP, 9 'Dead Ringer', 11 *Amin*, 12 Science, 15 In the can, 17 Barry, 20 Patter, 21 Rated, 23 Deals, 24 Dirges, 26 Crass, 27 Dead time, 30 Relates, 32 Lead, 35 Distortion, 36 P.A., 38 *Escape from New York*.

Down: 1 Films, 2 U2, 3 France, 4 Neil, 5 Nøel, 6 Adam and the Ants, 10 Rip Rig and Panic, 13 Charted, 14 Score, 16 Not, 17 Bands, 18 Jam date, 19 Idols, 22 Oscar, 25 Rim, 28 Desire, 29 Slide, 31 Stack, 33 Site, 34 Logo, 37 No.

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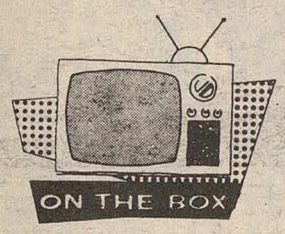


Ian Penman sizes up the small screen

Thursday October 29
MURDER BY DEATH (Directed by Robert Moore 1976). What a great day! *Hazell* repeat in the afternoon, *Minder* repeat late-night and separating them this indulgent, improbable gem. The castlist is seemingly endless — Peter Falk, Alec Guinness, Peter Sellers, Nancy Walker and even Truman Capote — and the concept is an outrageous jab at Hollywood gumshoe genre cliches and conventions. The script is by Neil Simon, but don't let that put you off — after all, who could resist a Sellers character by the name of Inspector Sidney Wang? **(ITV)**

TOM SAWYER (Don Taylor 1973). Adequate musical version of the famous old steamer — let down by over-wholesome Sawyer and Finn but enlivened by the marvellous Jodie Foster as Becky Thatcher and Warren Oates as Muff Potter. Yeah, I reckon I'd kill for that Foster girl too! **(BBC2)**

Friday October 30
SUCH GOOD FRIENDS (Otto Preminger 1971). Another oddball opportunity — and good late-night darkly humorous fare. Husband and wife writing team John Dunne & Joan Didion (sounds like the first line of a nursery rhyme) — who provided an impeccable script for the new Duvall-De Niro *True Confessions* — taking a running smirk at the supposedly 'permissive' mores of modern middle-class America in this one, helped by Elaine May. Preminger's direction is predictably stodgy but the project is distinguished, according to one of our sources, by being "the only American film released by a major company that compares the relative merits of vaginal and anal intercourse." **(BBC 1)**

GIRL IN THE HEADLINES (Michael Truman 1963). Standard Scotland Yard murder mystery, notable for star spangled cast (Ian Hendry, Ronald Fraser, Jane Asher). Standard issue mackintoshes, Jane Asher and a drugs ring complication? Sounds groovy! **(ITV Thames)**

Saturday October 31
THE SHIP THAT DIED OF SHAME (Michael Relph 1956). Late Ealing, when the great Studio was ailing — routine Wartime comedy, notable only for the appearance of Virginia McKenna in a movie totally without lions. *(Can we check this one? — Ed.)* **(BBC 2)**

HARD CONTRACT (Sidney Lee Pogostin 1969). One of those fascinating flops — this one may have worked had Pogostin stuck to writing and let someone more able direct. But the subject — the (im)morality of paid murder — is a good one and the cast (James Coburn, Lee Remick, Sterling Hayden, Karen Black) would make any movie worth catching. **(ITV)**

FLESH AND FANTASY (Julien Duvivier 1943). More than passable old example of the 'portmanteau' showcase (see that Orson Welles-Eamon Andrews *Three Cases of Murder* one recently?) with Charles Boyer, Edward G Robinson and Charles Boyer. Good title, what? **(BBC 2)**

Sunday November 1
ROBBERY UNDER ARMS (Jack Lee 1957). Weary attempt at Australian outback styled 'oater', with Peter Finch ranging around the bush and Ronald Lewis and David McCallum as two (brothers) in it. I wonder who plays the bird in hand . . . **(BBC 1)**

A FRENCH MISTRESS (Roy Boulting 1960). Classic silly Sunday afternoon fare — which, after last week's marvy Norman Wisdom, leads one to suspect a "season" of British comedy. James Robertson Justice's boarding school for boys is invaded by angelic, alluring French mistress. Doubtless offensive stuff to many. **(ITV LWT)**

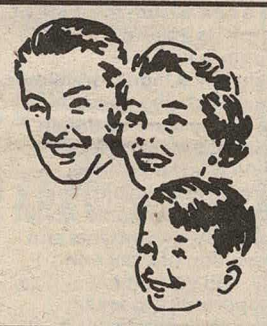
Monday November 2
A STOLEN LIFE (Curtis Berhardt 1946). Not one for the housebound alcoholic for this — first in BBC2's Monday afternoon 'Star Movies' series — features Bette Davis playing identical twin sisters (both in love with one man, fortunately). "Stretches soap opera's symbolic economy to rupture point — Davis is superb in an icy world of schizophrenic otherness and duplicity. Purest furniture polish." (Ian Penman, in "Soap — A Tight Rope of Strope: Anthology") **(BBC 2)** (Note to the discerning viewer: this finishes just in time for Bugs and Wile E Coyote on ITV in *To Hare Is Human . . .*)

IMPASSE (Richard Benedict 1968). The title sums up this aimless adventure yarn — although I was never going to be too well disposed to anything with Burt Reynolds in. Full of boring stunts. **(BBC 1)**

Tuesday October 3
No flicks, but a note to Thames area viewers about new prog from writer Phil Redmond *(Grange Hill)* which Southern put out at 11.30 on a Thursday and Thames at midnight tonight: called **Going Out,** it's what mealy-mouthed liberals would call a 'realistic' picture of teenage life in the UK '81 (ie full of drinking, swearing, dole queueing, groping and goading) and one the commissioning channels are obviously a little afraid of. See *Dangerous Visions,* soon-ish.

Wednesday November 4
CARRY ON UP THE KHYBER (Gerald Thomas 1969). At last I get my opportunity to write about one of those iconographic narratives and . . . I'm stumped. I've tried, Danny's tried, I rung up Jacques Derrida and he's lost for words . . . Really, what can you say? This is one of the very best — so, roll about or writhe away. Awesome, I say. **(BBC 1)**

Ian Penman sorts out circuit releases



THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN (Karel Reisz). Some flicker in Streep's now-archetypal peeping around that cloak disagrees with my taste in imaginary signifiers of sexuality, and I fear I shall have to be dragged, bodily, to The Greedy Media's Latest Event. Meryl has something of *the drip* about her — that same forceful fragility so beloved of Isabelle Huppert — and I yearn for less predictable profiles. But shucks, what do I know? I'm still trapped by the presence of Katherine Hepburn, dear . . . Otherwise: a Rubik's cube of contemporary fleshy bafflement — Pinter squeezing the playwright's points out of a recent history of sexuality and Reisz filing down his low profile past the tide mark. Perhaps I will go and see it . . . Reviewed 17.10.81. **(United Artists)**

GOODBYE PORK PIE (Geoff Murphy). Media gimmix abound around this one, too — heralding a new New Zealand cinema, it seems. The gamble is on the esperanto of youth culture — drugs, music, fast living — and the narrative is on-the-road. Sort of *Herbie Goes To Pot.* Reviewed 24.10.81. **(Brent Walker)**

HONKY TONK FREEWAY (John Schlesinger). Schlesinger goesch schlepstick in a big bad barney of a movie which bombed completely in America and looks set to do the same here. Supporters claim a resemblance to *It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* — and if that's at all true I'll be there in the queue, third in line after Schlesinger's Mum and Monty Smith. Reviewed 24.10.81. **(EMI)**

THE JANITOR (Peter Yates). Another new movie with submerged echoes of the Travis Bickle archetype (you remember Travis — he started all the punks off on that Mohican hairstyle in a Martin Scorsese movie called *Taxi Driver*), *The Janitor* is probably most worth noting as Step Two in the William Hurt ascendancy to fame. Here his voice booms out distinctively, but the dialogue is at times too sharp — too scripted — for effect. Sigourney Weaver is frittered away as well — but this "engaging psycho comedy" *(NME)* has enough points of interest and entrance to pull through respectably. Reviewed 10.10.81. **(20th Century Fox)**

TARZAN THE APE MAN (John Derek). To Reisz's *French Lieutenant's Woman* what a WendyBurger is to a Quail's Egg. Any hope of a stunned or stirring cinematic sexuality flounders under massive glops of the Derek Family's curious polymorphous - perversity - made - public crude crusade. Reviewed 10.10.81. **(CIC)**

TATTOO (Bob Brooks). Bruce Dern's tattoo parlour prowler comes from the Travis Bickle pool as well — but he's a lot less convincing a graft than the Janitor (see above). Not only that, but co-star Maud Adams nearly manages to achieve the impossible and upstage Bo Derek for bad acting. All in all, not a convincing tale of psychosexual enervation. Reviewed 17.10.81. **(HandMade)**

URGH! A MUSIC WAR (Derek Burbridge). If, as Albert Ayler once suggested, music is the healing force of the universe . . . then this film is a bloody great big neutron bomb in the hands of a deranged fascist-nihilist numbskull. So there! Reviewed 24.10.81. **(Osiris)**

VIOLENT STREETS (Michael Mann). Excellent metaphysical crime movie given a dumb title, with James Caan as the cottage industry of thieving being taken over by the scrupulosuly organised hierarchies and mobster hegemonies. Reviewed 19.9.81. **(United Artists)**

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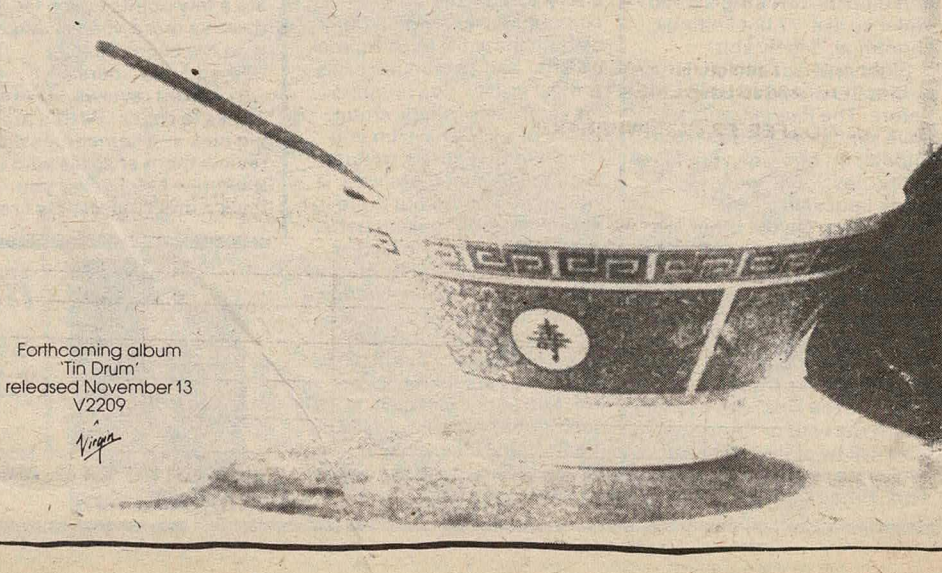

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So who's taking poor Cinders to the ball tonight?

Pic David Corio

Studs And Spikes And Mouth And Trousers

ZIP IT TO US AT GASBAG, NME, 5-7 CARNABY ST. LONDON W1V 1PG.

GASBAG

THE LIVING DEAD

LATELY the *NME* has become a total bore and quite useless. Your coverage of every fad and trend in the rock biz is one thing, but when you start singing praises to the 'new Romantics' and these Carmen Miranda disco kids, whilst putting down bands such as Black Flag, I can only conclude that you've become a bunch of boring old farts yourselves.

I can't comment on the resurgence of hard core punk rock in the UK — such as The Exploited — because I haven't seen first hand what it's like. Personally they don't do much for me. But certainly when you criticise American hard core bands such as Dead Kennedys and Black Flag (two of hundreds), you've recently shown yourselves to be up your own assholes. Your primary criticism is that UK punk moved beyond that ages ago. First of all look at where it's moved on to: no one can tell me A Certain Ratio, Spandau Ballet, or Heaven 17 aren't as useless as ELP, Jethro Dull and the first glitter bands were. Second of all, America's hard core punks are real young. Most of them were 11 years old when 'Anarchy In The UK' hit the charts. They couldn't care less about the hey daze of UK punk. It isn't keeping a dead tradition alive: it's creating a fresh one. These are intensely local scenes, and what we're about is not pseudo-anger (as Vivien Goldman's review of Black Flag's new EP said).

We are angry as hell about what's happening in America today; something about which you know nothing. You judge Americans on the fact that most of our countrypersons are morons into Styx and REO and gurus and all that mellow Southern California shit. Or worse, because this is a country of people like David Chapman and Ronald Reagan. You're right, and that's why punks are so angry here. The hard core is reacting the only way it can; with absolute intensity which, to your bland mentality, seems caricature. It's not.

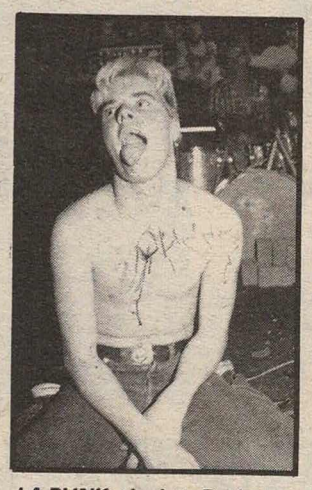
American kids have no faith whatever in politics because our system is totally unresponsive. Do you think what's happening with our political parties (the new party, the realignment of Labour, etc) could happen here? Fat chance. The policies of American government are set in concrete and voting is merely a way of giving this fraud tacit approval. You think your streets are unsafe? That urban life sucks in the UK? In Miami there are more murders, rapes, robberies, etc. in a week than in all of your festering isle in a year. The police are paranoid and abusive beyond belief. Kids (especially punks) have to suffer abuse not only from police, but also from rednecks and hippies. Not King's Road violence like '77 but knifings, shootings, deadly shit!

Right now our society is getting polarized as never before. The Reagan policies have sent a wedge down the middle; on one side you have the professional, wealthy, white educated class, prospering. On the other are the blacks and Latinos, the blue collar worker whose factory safety regulations are being stripped away, the secretary whose career advancement potential is nil, etc. People like myself and wife, like the kids who can't afford Harvard or Princeton, who will be at the mercy of corporate control. The *New York Times* calls NYC's underclass "redundant". Imagine!

We are facing tremendous problems, and punks are real here. We don't give a damn about your so-called progression because here (unlike all your hollow words) it's *because* punk's more than just a pop biz fad that we stick to the basics. When you have the media denigrating you day in/out as we do, and when you feel that as a punk you're a social class to which civil rights don't apply (namely that cultural stereotypes and police abuse are things we must 'accept'), and that the political system is in the hands of Christian/corporate fanatics leading us to war and economic ruin, you tell my why I should give a damn about the *NME*? I think it's about time that we on this side of the pond finally woke up to the fact that the UK is full of shit. We'll leave you to your silly trends and boring pubs and stupid BBC/John Peel etc. We've got bigger battles to fight than you. Until you really find out what's happening here, I suggest you admit your ignorance and shut up.
Sir Alex Guiness, editor of "THE" (fanzine), Washington D.C.

You tremble, citizen? You would tremble a lot more if you knew where they were taking you. I like your pluck but suggest that your battles are no bigger at all — only your battleship; we have to contend with the same fearlessly retrogressive leaders/ leaderenes. Anyway clambrain — we gave you Johnny Rotten . . . you gave us Johnny Carson. Now *you* shut the flak up. — I.P.

I feel it just about exposes the total moral bankruptcy of the *NME* when the best you can do is stoop to nasty personal abuse of your opposition. I am of course referring to Charles Sheer Murder's snidey attack on Garry Bushell (10.10.81) — 'co-incidentally' coming at a time when *Sounds* journalists are taking industrial action and, as you are well aware, not in a position to reply. The abuse was of course irrelevant, not to mention excessively childish. More interesing is why you chose to make such an attack (libel actions aside) at this particular point in time.



Pic: Jenny Lens

LA PUNK: the late Derby Crash heads out.

The reason is simple. The *NME* announced Punk dead three years ago and went on to champion an increasingly pathetic range of hip causes. Garry Bushell didn't. He continued to champion Punk as both the most exciting rock on offer and as working class protest music. You laughed for years, sickeningly smug, yet all of a sudden even you have had to realise that Punk hasn't died, that there's a whole movement out there flourishing and making better music than ever — which is why you've reluctantly started covering the anarchist bands, while feebly trying to write all the others off as Nazis. I'm sorry, but Nazis don't play the Right To Work march, Nazis don't do anti-racist gigs, Nazis don't put out singles attacking the National Insurance Blacklist. Face it — you're way off beam as usual. Oi and Punk is working class rebel music and you won't ever stamp it out.
Luv, Julie Rouman, Business fan.

I was ready and willing to be persuaded by the new zombie Punk as "working class rebel music" until I saw The Exploited on *TOTP*. What one expected was nightmare nihilism, barbiturate terror, bonemarrow-exposed protest . . . what one got was something like a Benny Hill parody — what Mum and Dad *knew* it was like all along. The whole pose of "us *against* the world", of punk as a "world negating" principle, of individual as judge of the world who in the end places social existence itself upon his/her scales and finds it wanting — the monstrous insipidity of this pose was clear long ago. As for relative "total moral bankruptcy" — see our news story about the *Sounds* dispute on page 4. Although speaking for myself, I've never denied being in the red, so to speak. — I.P.

HACK OR QUACK

I used to love *NME*, even at its most rabidly cynical. The vitriol and disdain seemed healthy to me. But lately the paper has begun to worry with what appears to be an attitude of undying confidence in its own (often highly suspect) views. Here are a few points which I feel deserve more of an answer than the usual *Gasbag* off-hand one-liners:

1) Album reviews. You wait weeks to cover LPs that are big hits, and sometimes don't review them *at all* (as with Jim Steinman LP). Even if you think a mega-success is crap, it's your job to let the punters know your opinion. But then, these days *NME* opinions are so ill-infomred. Paul Du Noyer calling the cover art to Meat Loaf's new album the work of a "hack" is absurd. The painting is by Berni Wrightson, a highly acclaimed comic artist who does a lot of stuff for the state-of-the-art comix mag *Heavy Metal.*

2) All this leads me to inherent *NME* racism. You quite rightly condemn white supremacy movements and persecution of blacks and Jews, and yet you never lose an opportunity to make sweeping generalisations about Americans. It doesn't matter that this is mostly tongue-in-cheek. You wouldn't run anti-black jokes would you? Maybe you'd have given Foreigner's LP a proper review if you'd noticed that Jnr Walker was on it!

3) *NME* will take any rubbish from its heroes as long as they're Brits you've decided are cool. Joe Strummer babbling righteously about the music biz's corrupt ranks and their cocaine binges and you printing same *sans* comment is ridiculous! Wasn't the Clash drummer Topper himself convicted of having cocaine and heroin recently?

Don't let the paper get so blinkered that it can't accept criticism. I've noticed that most replies to recent critiques have been of the 'Yes, but can't you see we have a divine right?' nature. *NME* used to be a whale of a rag. Let's save it . . .
Bob Williams, London NW3.

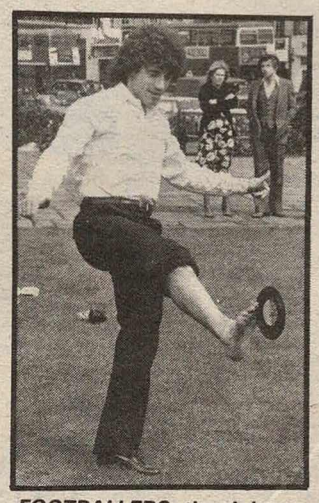
All that rage and then all you can spotlight are ripples about Foreigner LPs! As for this apparently widespread longing for the pre-1976 *NME* — a supposedly sublime balance between the "rabidly cynical" and the totally reasonable — all I can say is it seems rooted in an underlying conservatism; there's half a decade of turbulence and striving between then and now — and you expect exactly the same written reaction? Sheeesh! — I.P.

NME is still the most honest music paper around, but reading Charles Shaar Murray made me realise what you seem to be losing: CSM wrote with understanding and humour about his various subjects. Information and opinion and humour in an easy-to-read style. Would that Burchill and Parsons, Penman and Morley learned from this.

There must be several thousand people who want to write for the *NME*, amongst them some good journalists, people who could communicate information and opinion rather than involved intellectual political theorising. You four in particular seem to think that you are God's gift to Youth. You are paid to be professional communicators — to me all you communicate is an overblown and arrogant sense of your own self-importance. I understand the view that extreme viewpoints provoke comment. Well my comment is this: the *NME* should sack the Gang of Four because they are hypocrites, undreadable and above all trite and boring. I am sure there are ordinary out-of-work kids who could be just as controversial, more thought-provoking and honest, who would not let the privileged position of *NME* journalist inflate their egos.
Andy Dobson, Ipswich, Suffolk.

Is it possible to "communicate opinion" without a smidgen of "self importance"? Is it plausible to expect communication to be air-conditioned free of politics? Is there such a thing as "honesty"? Are words a mirror of the soul? These are the sort of things that plague the *Gasbag* editor — a God-like being, refined out of worldly existence, paring its replies with an air of interpersonal disdain . . . **(contd. page 312,. *I married A Nietzschean Superman*)** **— I.P.**

The NME is always open to new writers, as I hope last week's cover story showed you. Next week: a Young Conservative tells why he joined the Anarchists; A True Story — N.S.



FOOTBALLERS: the sinister cult sweeping the nation's youth.

IT'S A MS.STORY

This evening, who was it asked me if Paul Morley's mumblin' moseisms (re: Grace Jones review) smacked of cack-handed compliments of ham-fisted defences? Whichever, tight and false, like Russell Harty's corsets, without even the dignity of straight ambiguity, Morley comes spilling with a heavy attack of seminal nerves all over clean white paper. I wonder why female drag confuses him so?

By the way, I was there on Friday night: I, too, saw her bugger the young man in the 22nd row — and there was I naively supposing that she rather turned the whole sexual-weaponry fiasco, known and revered by many tour-wide, on its fatuous and humourless little head. In fact I suspected that her wit would

Readers' outbursts serenaded by IAN PENMAN

Left: Penman at the 1979 Robert De Niro Against Nukes Benefit. Pic by Alain De La Mata.

be totally lost on most of the poseurs and piss-artists who turned out, avid as history has every proved, to take a peek and sniff inside — and, inevitably, it was: never mind, never mind.

She *is* selfish, stabbing up and humiliating his own kind; Morley probably *has* a point there. Morley *is* an astute fundamentalist, he deciphers within the limits. Determining to get on top of weeping powerdrives though, coo er! Well now, I for one certainly won't be sticking my tits out (98 inches of uncontrollable fury) by off-loading any of those po-faced feminist diatribes we've all heard and yawned off a million musical times before; like, for instance, the one about the thanatos-orientated, heavy-metal-rape-in-the-earole (oooh 'eck) we get to contend with at times. No. But I do amiably advise young Morley to check out the hole in his soul for emotional leakage, poor thing, 'cos that would never do.

Veronica Scrivner, Islington, N1.

Ah, here it is, the review of the Grace Jones concert that I've been itching to read since seeing her fabulous show on Saturday. But what do I find — not a review at all, but a piece of self-indulgent, pompous crap. Since when has Morley been an authority on morality? Does he really think we're interested in his version of our "bad dream of a world"? I was one of the lucky ones, I got to go, but what of the thousands who would have loved to but couldn't? I suppose they're not interested in what songs were performed, or what the stage show was like.

Simon Veglio, Richmond, Surrey.

Anyone who wanted a perfectly detailed description of the current Grace Jones show got it in my preview of the wonderful thing (via New York) a couple of months ago. Paul's up-date was an abstract parenthesis, whose "point" we worked on together; i.e., that Grace is . . . — I.P.

I'm still waiting — N.S.

VOX POPULI

I just got through listening to both sides of 'Rage In Eden' and I read all the words of the songs carefully. Is Midge Ure feeling alright?

Concerned, Molly, Ragbags, Milwaukee, Winsconsin, U.S.A.

How would *you* feel if Hazel O'Connor had been in hot sexual pursuit all summer? — IP

Although I acknowledge that buyers of singles are often wooed by gimmicks and find it fun that Ultravox's 'The Thin Wall' has been pressed in opaque vinyl, the consumer has no way of spotting scratches and dust on the record's surface. I like to be able to see that the product I am purchasing is at least in pristine physical condition, even before I have come to judge the quality of sound reproduction (on which, surely, the money would be better spent). What will they think of next? Free plastic flowers, tupperware, earplugs with every item perhaps?

Pamela Dixon, Wanstead, London E11.

I hear that Ultravox's next single comes complete with a colour reproduction of Midge's favourite Gustav Klimt engraving. (Hur hur.) — I.P.

VOX STROPULI

You guys, including Errol, just do not know where it's at. Too busy concentrating on Senseless Salsa, Futile Funk and Dreary Disco, you've completely overlooked the new scene going on in numerous clubs around the country: Soccer sound! Yes, we've been active in this 'field' for some time now — dancing every Friday night against the boss's orders to *the* great football records of the past. Who can forget England World Cup Squad's 'Back Home' from 1970? A much-requested, emotional record from our great footballing days. Real soul is featured in 'Ossie's Dream', by far the best football record this year. Other records hardly ever off our turntables are virtually all of Kevin Keegan's back catalogue, Rod Stewart's 'Ole Ola', Chelsea F.C.'s 'Blue Is The Colour' and the great rapping sound of Cloughy's 'You Can't Win 'Em All' — all great sounds to get those studs itching for the dance floor.

And the culture is growing already — 'footballer's chic' is all the rage. Italian suits and shoes, and gigantic knots in their ties, the kids bop around the local nite-spot 'The Goal Post'. In the 'disc dug out' resides resident D.J. 'Roy Ball' with the hippest sounds around, spinning on his 'pitch'. It's all helping to beat hooliganism, as fans meet to discuss their latest records. 'Roy Ball' is a real die-hard soccer soul boy, admitting he was moved to tears by a Jackie Charlton single recorded a few years back.

I reckon you *NME* writers should get out of your grandstand seats and get into the terraces to check out what's happening; already young bands are forming, inspired by the wonderful sounds. Take the 22 strong band 'The Reserves' already picking up a loyal bunch of followers and entertaining them with original songs like 'Stick It In The Onion Bag Stan!' and 'Come Off It Referee!'. There's also 'The Ball Boys' — 16 track-suited teen stars set to break into the Top 20 next year. You'd better hurry — and don't wait till injury time!

Yours, Reggie (of up and coming combo 'The Magic Sponge'), Glasgow.

You wag! — I.P.

Your reviewers seem to think that they are invisible — for a reviewer to criticise an audience (i.e., the Secret Policeman's Ball, Comic Strip, Heaven) they are in fact criticising themselves for not laying themselves open to their surroundings. Andy Gill at the Comic Strip points out that the audience is "smug, trendy and middle class". Catch my drift!? What about old Morley at Heaven for ACR: slumped under the notice board for two hours looking like death warmed up! I had a great time! Leyla Sanai goes on about the "cold snobbery" (whatever that is!) of Heaven. She's probably upstairs with Thrills and Morley snuffling into her Vodkatini! That bar is the journalist's graveyard — I don't think Penman's seen the dancefloor yet.

I say make 'em pay to get in rather than slipping them into concerts on the guest list. That'd give them a good kick in the arse if nothing else will.

Scott, London SW1.

You're too close to me for comfort! — I.P.

Dear Sir or Madam, I am one of your avid readers but I have recently been put off by the 'Artist as a Consumer' page because all the featured artists seem to ignore the fact that women write books and music as well as men. I have looked through them and not one of them mention a female author or musician. I know I'm adopting the most obvious 'feminist' stance, but then that's only because you have adopted the most chauvinistic one. And anyway I'm a man. Hope you take note.

John Tyler, Hove, Sussex.

It's not our fault they're all blinkered. — I.P.

I'm on the dole, but I want a Porsche Turbo, not a Maserati. One must have ambition to succeed, don't you think?

Mervy Baby.

You're on the good foot! — I.P.

BEAT YOU TO THE PUNCHY: FAD GADGET

Pic: Anton Corbijn

T-ZERS

BOY, are we in trouble. **Ted Power's** taken a powder and left *T-Zers* right up Latrine Alley without any paper. But that's not the reason for so many long faces in *NME* HQ — oh no, not by a long shot. The reasons for such widespread gloom and despair go much deeper than Ted knobbing off for his granny's funeral (third time this year). Truth be told, *NME* personnel are shellshocked — and the season's only a quarter of the way in! **Adrian Thrills** and **Phil McNeill** (Tottenham Hostpur) are dumbstruck; **Paul Morley** (Manchester City) inconsolable; **Danny Baker** (Millwall) bemused; **Ian Penman** (Norwich City) suicidal; **Lynn Hanna** (Halifax Town) couldn't give a toss (but she's the exception!); and **Neil Spencer** (Nottingham Forest) thinks that Russia will win the World Cup. Which only goes to show just how serious the situation is.

Any way, enough of them — **Monty Smith** (Gillingham) seems happy enough, by the way — let's get down to some real celebs. **Ringo's** come home! "Had to," said Mr Starr. "My moustache license ran out months ago and there's a court order flying about for its redemption." Oh well, every little bit helps and — stranger than **Sandie Shaw** — you can expect a NEW **Beatles** single at Yuletide. Called 'Leave My Kitten Alone', it dates from 1965 and features **Lennon** on lead vocals. This is quite true . . .

So's this: **Eric Burdon** — who once sang with a group called **The Rattins** — is to star in Comeback (catchy title!), a film currently being shot in LA and Berlin . . .

Real film stars like **Roberts Duvall** and **DeNiro** are content to appear in films like **True Confessions,** a terrific late-40's thriller scripted by **John Dunne** and **Joan Didion** which should reach these shores soon. No more bets are being taken as to whether or not **Lon Pinmoon** will make use of the word 'carnival' in his glowing review. "I like," says Mr Pseudoperson wistfully, "I like to . . . critique . . ."

GAG ON this one-liner: former **Clock DVA** bassist **Jud** is with us no more, thanks to being run over by a bus recently. (Actually, it was heroin what did it — so watch it!) . . .

Star letter of the week is from **Jane Woolgate** of the fabulous **Modettes** (a box of Nair is e'en now winging its way to wherever it is you are now, Jane!). Jane, a happily married mother of five, absolutely refutes suggestions that she and **Paul** ("Whoever he is") of the almost equally wonderful **Au Pairs** had reached Chapter 5 of *The Bible* when spotted together at New York's Mudd Club. "I fear that you may have confused your 'A's and 'U's a little", writes Jane. thanks for crossing our 'P's and 'Q's with regards uo this one, Jane, and we tried to point out the error to **Errol** and his cronies but they were too busy looking at each other's trousers. It's not healthy, I tell you . . .

More legals: **Wasted Youth** are apparently considering taking legal action against **Girl** over their 'Wasted Youth' LP title. **Philip Lewis** of Girl rang up *T-Zers* (Wassamatter, Phil, can't you write?) to protest that not only have Girl been playing their 'Wasted Youth' song for over a year but also that one of the celebrated Wasted Youths actually came round to Lewis' flat a year ago and heard the damn thing. I don't know about you, but not only do I find this boring in the extreme, I think it's well nigh incomprehensible . . .

If you're fed up with *Brideshead Revisited* **(Graham Lock** is; he thought it was a porno show called *Maidenhead Revisited)* try ITV's late night filler *Going Out.* Penman gives it a plug in *On The Box* (page 57). It's not as good as **Bilko** — but what is? . . .

How about a statue of **Elvis Presley** in the House of Commons? Yep, that's the stupid idea of Labour MP **Austin Mitchell,** who thinks that a £25,000 likeness of the Stiff of Rock'n'roll (commissioned by El's fan club, **Sid and Doris Slaughter** of Melbourne, Australia, Australia, we love you, Amen) should find its resting place in the Westminster school for scoundrels. Good idea, Austin! Remember, we're paying his wages just by waking up in the morning . . .

And so to *SFX,* a new C60 audio magazine which promises to give you all the league placings even before the Beeb start with the Teleprinter results. Sounds dodgy to us, but seeing as how **Max Bell** is behind it we're prepared to say: "Aw, leave it out Max — it's a dead duck." Byeee . . .!

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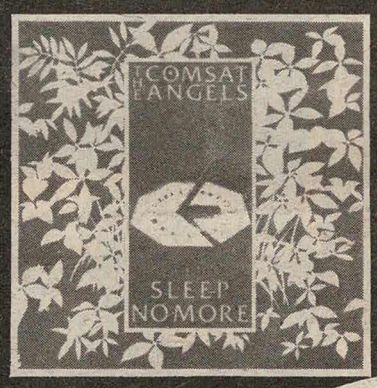

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